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FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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ST. NICHOLAS·

VOLUME XXII.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1894, TO APRIL, 1895.

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ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" BY S. DAVIS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GAMBIER BOLTON. (SEE PAGE 28.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

CHAPTER I.

"UNCLE BIBICHE."

ON a certain June morning in the year 1806, when the sunshine flooded all things, and every nightingale in France seemed practising for the post of court singer, a boy lay at the foot of one of the great chestnuts in the park of St. Cloud.

He was small, disreputable-looking, and dilapidated,— a tramp, and a ragged little tramp at that; but his eye was bright and snappy; his tangled hair, crowned with the wreck of a red liberty-cap, was thick and golden; and his face, though it bore the stamp of poverty as it bore its crust of grime, had that careless, happy-go-lucky air that marks the street-boy of any great city.

His restless eyes took in everything the noble park had to offer. He was evidently on the lookout for some place or some person. But, tired with his ten-mile tramp, and overpowered by the glorious solitude of all out-of-doors— burdened, also, with the weight of the important secret that had led him so far from his dingy home in the narrow Street of the Washerwomen, he had flung himself down at the foot of the great chestnut to talk it all over with himself for want of a listening comrade.

"My faith!" he said, as he closed one eye and squinted the other along the fat tree-trunk, and into the over-arching branches, "but this is n't the Court of the Miracles now, nor yet the Street of the Washerwomen, is it? What big trees! What a lot of room! Lonesome, though, I think, when the night comes down; even the Street of the Washerwomen would be better than this, for there are plenty of people there,— more than a plenty sometimes, especially when that pig of a Pierre comes shoving across the street to tease Babette and set my two fists a-going! But I like *people*. There 's more to see in a crowd of people than in a crowd of trees — more to do, too. But here 's where the Little Corporal's big house is, somewhere among these trees. I wonder where? I saw a pile of buildings on the hill farther along, as I came up here. Perhaps I can find the Emperor there. I must; I must n't say what I came for to any one else. I wonder how one talks to an emperor? Must I say 'Citizen Emperor,' or 'Citizen Little Corporal,' or 'Citizen' what? I must find out before I get up to his house. I 'll have to ask some-

body. See! There 's some one moving through those trees. Hi, there, Citizen! No, it is n't a man; it 's a boy. No, it 's a dog; no, it 's a — my faith, though! what can it be? It 's not a dog, nor a horse, nor a pig, nor yet a — it must be a sheep — or a wolf. There 's another — and another — and more of them; and a man, too. Perhaps they are wolves — the beasts that Mother Thérèse says eat you up in the forest. Perhaps they will eat the man up. What fun! I don't want them to eat me, though. So; I 'll slip behind this big tree, and see what is to be." And, suiting the action to the word, the boy, who, half raised from the ground, had been watching with wide-open eyes the moving figures, scrambled to his feet, and, sheltered behind the big chestnut, peered around the trunk, anxious to see what might be about to happen. For a boy of the Paris streets had but vague ideas as to the ways of forest life, and, though inquisitive, was cautious.

Across the open space that lay between the wide avenue and the grove of stately chestnut-trees came the figure of a man, and at his heels, sniffing and thronging, moved the creatures that were so strange and inexplicable to the peeping city-boy — a dozen of the tame Barbary antelopes of St. Cloud.

They were dainty, timorous, graceful little beasts; but desire had overcome timidity, and they trooped after the man, now crowding all about him, now starting back in alarm as he plunged his hand into his coat-pocket; but at him again they charged when his hand was withdrawn, and one and then another of the antelopes would thrust a brown muzzle into the extended hand, and, with sneeze and snort, lick up the powdery offering it held.

The man was of medium height, long of body and short of legs, rather stout but yet not fat. His age was less than forty; his face was fine and cleanly-cut, though tanned by sun and weather. From his tumbled brown hair rose a plain cocked hat, set well forward on his large head. He wore a long and thin gray overcoat, and in the deep pockets lay the loose snuff, for a taste of which the thronging antelopes were nosing and pushing one another, eager for preference.

The boy behind the tree gazed intently at the curious group that passed him, forgetting his own mission in the interest it excited. Then, remembering his desire, he was about to call out "Hi, Citizen!" and ask how he could see and what he should call the Emperor, when through the trees came the shrill call of a child:

"Uncle Bibiche, Uncle Bibiche — oh, Uncle Bibiche!"

The antelopes, startled by the call, stopped their nosing and pushing, and looked back in alarm; the man with the snuff in his overcoat-pocket also looked back, and his face broke into a smile of welcome.

"So, little pig; it is you, then?" he said. "Do you, too, wish the snuff? Come; come and catch us"; and he broke away in a run, followed by the trooping antelopes.

"Wait, wait, Uncle Bibiche; wait for Baby!" the little runner panted. "Baby wants a ride."

But as he hurried fast and faster after the runaways, his little foot caught in a half-exposed root; he tripped and fell, rolling down the bit of bank where rose the great chestnut-tree behind which stood the boy from Paris.

A cry of surprise that grew into the loud wail of grief broke from the sprawling one, and Uncle Bibiche turned quickly about and hurried toward him. But, before the man could reach the scene of disaster, the street-boy had darted from his hiding-place and picked up the prostrate baby.

"Hi, there, little one! Come up, come up," he said. "So; you are not hurt now, are you?" and he brushed the dirt from the fine clothes of the child.

Uncle Bibiche, too, dropped on his knees and drew an arm about the child, who, even in his grief, remembered the treat he sought: "A ride — Uncle — Bibiche, I — want — a ride," he whimpered.

"Yes, he shall have a ride, so he shall, sha'n't he, Citizen Uncle?" said the street-boy, soothingly, still brushing away the dust.

Uncle Bibiche turned a searching eye upon the speaker. "Well, boy, and how came you here? Where did you drop from?" he demanded.

"Not from the sky, Citizen Uncle," the boy replied glibly. "I am of the city."

"From the city? Then how got you here?" Uncle Bibiche asked.

The boy laughed. "Why, Citizen Uncle, with the same horses the Emperor has to carry him — Shank and Spindle"; and he slapped each stout little leg in explanation.

The man in the gray coat pulled the street-boy's tangled hair: "You 're a bold talker, you," he said. And the child, who had been peering into the dirty face of his rescuer, caught at the word "horses" and echoed them.

"Baby wants horse, too; carry Baby!" he demanded.

"Why, of course, little one; I carry babies every day," the boy responded; and, catching up the child, he began to prance and trot with him, like a mettlesome charger.

The baby laughed, and Uncle Bibiche laughed, flicking at the make-believe horse with his silk handkerchief as though it were a whip, whereupon the child repeated his demand: "Uncle Bibiche, Baby wants to ride sheep now," pointing toward the antelopes.

"So; I said they were sheep," the boy cried. "How do you ride them?"

"Uncle Bibiche knows. Let Baby ride sheep," the spoiled child clamored.

"All right, Citizen Uncle; he 's yours," and the boy sat the little fellow on the ground.

But the baby, grasping Uncle Bibiche's long coat with one hand, with the other clung to his new friend. "Let dirty boy go, too," he demanded.

Uncle Bibiche plunged a hand into his capacious coat-pocket and drew it out, filled with snuff, seeing which action the antelopes thronged about him again. Clapping a hand upon each of the child's shoulders, Uncle Bibiche lifted the small fellow from the ground and set him astride the back of one of the antelopes.

"Steady him on the other side, you boy," said Uncle Bibiche. Then, with the street-boy holding him on one side and Uncle Bibiche on the other, the little rider laughed aloud in glee as, mounted on his queer steed, he rode along the broad, chestnut-bordered avenue of St. Cloud.

But the boy from Paris could not long keep quiet. He remembered his errand, too.

"Citizen Uncle," he said; "might one see the Emperor?"

"Yes, one might," Uncle Bibiche replied. "For example, you?"

"For example, me," the boy declared. "I have business with him."

At this Uncle Bibiche laughed loudly, whereupon the antelope-rider laughed, and the boy from Paris laughed too.

"And what might be your business with the Emperor, bold one?" Uncle Bibiche inquired.

"That is for him to know," the boy answered. "But tell us, Citizen Uncle; what should one call him? Should one say — Citizen Emperor — or — Citizen Little Corporal — or — Citizen what?"

Uncle Bibiche looked across the antelope at his questioner. Then he said to the rider, who was kicking his small legs against the side of his uneasy steed, "Dirty boy wants to see the Emperor, little pig. What shall the boy call the Emperor, eh?"

"Call him Grandpapa," replied the little lad promptly, and then all three laughed gleefully again.

"But it is not to be laughed at, my business, Citizen Uncle," the boy from Paris said soberly. "It is to save the Emperor's skin."

"And from whom would you save his skin, you boy?" Uncle Bibiche inquired.

"That is our business, too — mine and the Emperor's," said the boy, earnestly.

"None may see the Emperor — on business, here — save those who tell their business before they see him," Uncle Bibiche explained. "Tell me your business, and I will get speech of the Emperor for you; for me he will sometimes hear. What would you say to him?"

The boy from Paris looked searchingly at Uncle Bibiche. Then he said: "Jacques has gone for a soldier; Pierre has gone for a soldier. They will fight for the Little Corporal, and perhaps bring back the cross as did one-legged Antoine, who lives just beyond us in the Street of Jean Lantier. Perhaps if the Emperor hears what I have to tell him, he will let me go for a soldier, too. Citizen Uncle, let me see the Emperor." Then he lowered his voice: "A plot; I know of a plot against him. I would save his life."

"A plot? You know of a plot against the Emperor, you boy? What is it? Out with

it!" and the gray eyes looked sternly at the eager, but ragged, little petitioner on the other side of the antelope. "Do you speak truth, you boy?"

"Why should I lie?" the boy said, meeting the sharp gray eyes without flinching. "I have walked from the Street of the Washerwomen for this — not to lie to the Emperor, Citizen Uncle, but to tell him what I know. Let me see him, then. Where is he?"

Uncle Bibiche caught the four-year-old rider from the antelope's back, and stood him on the ground.

"Attention, comrade!" he said, as if giving an order. "Who is the Emperor?"

And the little fellow, standing straight as a ramrod, brought his hand to his forehead in soldierly salute.

"Uncle Bibiche!" he said.

Chapter II.

A prince of the sans-culottes.

The boy from Paris fell back in astonishment. Then he laughed in nervous dismay, and then, in open distrust.

"What! Citizen Uncle the Emperor? Come now, Baby, but that 's a good one! Why he 's not little; he 's bigger than Jacques, and they call the Emperor the *Little* Corporal; and he marches about with his guards, and wears a gold crown on his head. And this one — why, this is only just Uncle Bibiche. You 're playing the fool with us, you little one, are you not, now? Come, then, if you but show me the way to the Emperor, I 'll give you the song and dance with which I pay my toll over the Little Bridge, when I go to the Isle of the City." And, catching the child by both hands, the boy from Paris whirled him about, and danced him around, capering like an imp, and singing the chorus:

"Zig-zag; rig-a-doon
So we dance to the drumstick's tune!"

It was great sport for the little four-year-old, though a trifle rough, perhaps. But he enjoyed it immensely. As for Uncle Bibiche, he laughed aloud and said, "You 're a crazy one, you boy. You caper and sing like a carmagnole. Tell us, who are you?"

The boy stopped short in his mad dance, and a roguish twinkle made his eyes yet more snappy.

"I, Citizen Uncle," he said,— and here he clicked his heels together and brought his hand in salute to his shock of golden hair just as he had seen his little playmate do,— "I am a prince of the sans-culottes!"

Uncle Bibiche made a dash at the boy's ear and pinched it in high glee. "You 're a crazy one, you boy," he said again; and then he added, "So, my children! Here we have the royal family in council — two princes and an emperor. Come, tell us your grand plot."

"UNCLE BIBICHE!"

The boy from Paris straightway became sober. "We are playing the fool too much, we

three. Come, Uncle Bibiche, let me see this Emperor."

"What! you do not believe our little prince here?" Uncle Bibiche said. "Trifler! Must we prove him true?"

Then, taking a silver whistle from his pocket, he blew it loudly. Scarcely had the shrill call died away when two foresters, in a livery of green studded with golden bees, came swiftly beneath the great tree.

"Where are the guard?" Uncle Bibiche demanded.

"Within call, sire," one of the foresters replied.

The boy from Paris started at the word, and looked sharply at the man in the gray overcoat.

"Summon them, you," Uncle Bibiche said, whereupon one of the foresters darted up the avenue, and two long whistle-signals rang out beneath the trees. A moment later, and the measured rhythm of the double-quick sounded on the hard road, and down the broad avenue, with a corporal in the lead, came hurrying a file of the Grenadiers of the Guard. They stopped before Uncle Bibiche and presented arms.

The boy from Paris began to feel uncomfortable. His mouth slowly opened; he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other. But he stood it pluckily, eagerly watchful.

"Corporal," said Uncle Bibiche, sharply, "is this the way to guard our park? How do suspicious characters — for example, this one," and he pointed an accusing finger at the boy from Paris — "get within its limits?"

The corporal of the guard saluted. "The chief forester shall be asked, sire," he said. "His men are not watchful. Meantime, are we to take this rascally one, sire?"

The boy from Paris looked steadfastly on the man in the gray overcoat. Then came the order, "Seize the assassin!" and still the boy did not flinch.

"Assassin, sire? This puny one? Has it come even to that?" and the corporal's hand fell heavily upon the boy's shoulder. And still there came no word in denial or protest.

But protest did come from another quarter.

"Take your hands off my dirty boy," cried the prince. "He picked me up; he held me on; he danced me about. I like him."

The Emperor — for such indeed was he whom the little four-year-old called "Uncle Bibiche" — Napoleon, Emperor of France, whose summer palace was in this beautiful park of St. Cloud — the Emperor smiled down upon the baby prince. "Here is a bold champion," he said. "Come, let the boy go, Corporal. He is Prince Napoleon's prisoner, and my word to you was to try his spirit. But bid the chief forester be more watchful. Withdraw!" and he made a movement in dismissal.

The corporal released his prisoner, saluted, and stepped back.

As he did so the little Prince Napoleon — the son of the Emperor's brother Louis, King of Holland, and his wife Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine — grasped the arm of the boy from Paris, stood before the grenadiers, and raised his hand in salute to the Emperor. "Long live Grandpapa!" he cried. The grenadiers presented arms, and, at the word from their corporal, wheeled about, and marched away.

"Well, my prince of the sans-culottes, how now? May I hear of your plot?" the Emperor asked.

"Citizen Sire," the boy from Paris replied, still a trifle perplexed. "I could not think you were the Little Cor—the Emperor. I would not have danced so — nor so have shaken up Prince Little One, here."

"'T was a good dance, and a healthy shaking up. Come — the plot — the plot," the Emperor said impatiently.

Thereupon in straightforward way the boy from Paris told his story: How, in Citizen Popon's wine-shop, whither he had been sent by Mother Thérèse for the washing of the Citizeness Popon, he had (while hiding in a dark corner so that he might spring out upon young Victor Popon, with whom he was at feud) overheard a conversation between three men who sat at table close by, and how these three conspirators planned to meet that next night, at the stroke of nine, on the old Tower wharf, near to where the gate used to stand, to see the man from England, who had a plan to kill the Emperor, and fill all their pockets with gold. And this, the boy said, was all he had to tell, because, just then, young Victor

"'SEIZE THE ASSASSIN!'"

Popon came hunting about for him, and he had dropped quickly to the floor and crawled noiselessly from his hiding-place, for fear Victor would come upon him there, and he, then, would be set upon by the three rascally ones. And when the next morning came, he had, because he had thought over the matter all night, hastened from his home in the Street of the Washerwomen straight to St. Cloud, to find the Emperor, and tell him what he had heard; because he had no wish that the Emperor should be killed; besides, if they killed the Emperor, what chance would there be for one to enter the army, as Jacques and Pierre had done?

"And so you, too, would go for a soldier, you boy?" the Emperor demanded, when the boy's story was told.

"That would I, Citi—Sire," the boy replied. "My father was a soldier, so Mother Thérèse says—and says, too, for which I hate her, that he was an enemy of the people!—and fought for the king, before the Terror."

"An *émigré*, eh! And what is your name, you boy?"

"The boys of our quarter call me 'mud prince' and 'little 'ristocrat,' sire," the boy from Paris made answer. "But I am Philip, the son of the *émigré* Desnouettes, who came back to France when I was but a baby, and lost his head to sharp Madame Guillotine. I live with

Mother Thérèse, and I tire of it all. If I am mud prince, as they call me, I am to be gold prince some day, so I tell Babette—if but the Emperor will."

"And who is Babette?"

"Oh, Babette is Mother Thérèse's little one, Sire—the only bright thing in our Street of the Washerwomen," young Philip replied. "I have to defend her against that pig of a Pierre over the way. He is ever teasing her, and I hate boys who worry those who cannot strike back."

"A prince and a champion, eh?" exclaimed the Emperor. "And you would be a soldier and fight for your emperor, even as your father fought for his king? Well, perhaps if we could but have you washed, we might find something worth the training, under the dirt. It is on the old Tower wharf they are to meet the man from England. Was that what you said?"

"Yes, Sire,—this very night,—at the stroke of nine—near to where the old gate used to stand," the boy prompted, as the Emperor noted the time upon the memorandum he had made; while little Prince Napoleon, tired of all this talk, tugged at the long gray overcoat, and renewed his demand: "A ride on sheep. Baby wants to ride again, Uncle Bibiche."

But the antelopes, despairing of any further gifts of snuff, had long since trotted off, and "Uncle Bibiche" was occupied with thoughts of other matters.

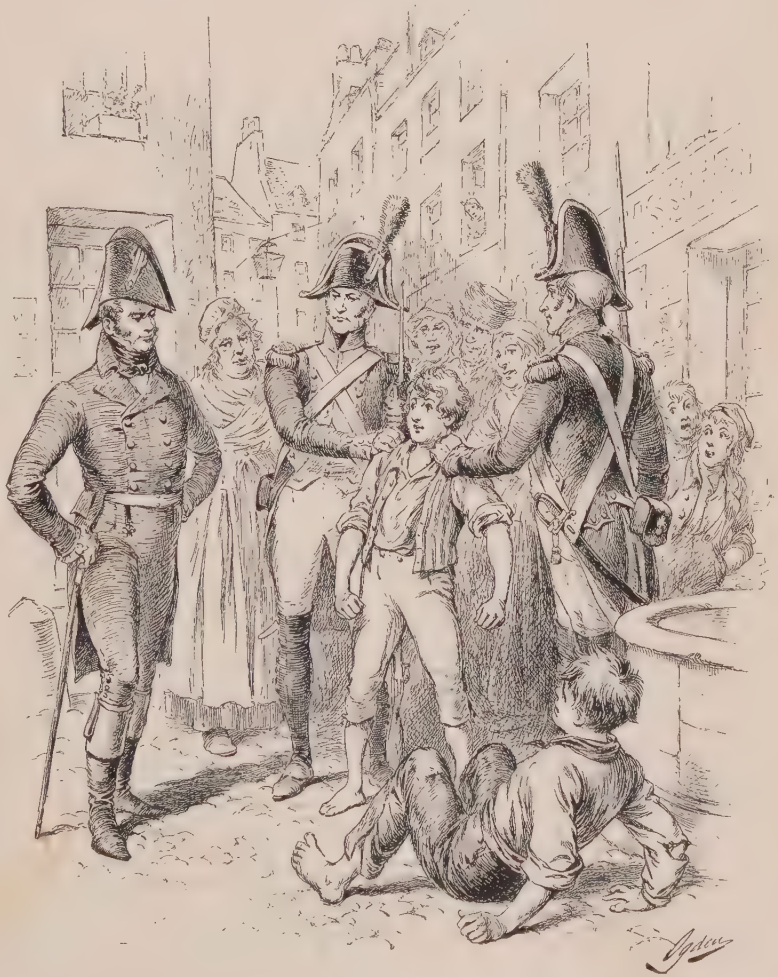
His whistle-call sounded again, and once more the foresters appeared.

"Take this boy to Monsieur Corson, clerk of the kitchen; bid him give the boy a dinner and a gold napoleon; afterward, see that he is returned to the city in a cab. And mind, you boy—not a word of what you have told me to Mother Thérèse, nor to Babette."

"Not even to Babette, Sire," the boy replied.

"For the rest, I will make proof of your hearing, and, should your ears have done me service, they shall hear yet better things. Uncle Bibiche never forgets, does he, Monseigneur Little One?"

But the baby prince replied, as the Emperor caught him up, "Uncle Bibiche forgets Baby's ride."



"'COME, YOU BOY; YOU ARE TO GO WITH US.' THE POLICEMAN SAID." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"So! Does he? Then shall he ride pickaback." And, swinging the child up to the imperial shoulders, the Emperor of France galloped off up the avenue with the son of the King of Holland. Then the boy from Paris followed the foresters to the clerk of the kitchen, and, in the scullion's quarters, had an excellent dinner, received a golden napoleon, and rode back like a prince to the narrow and dirty Street of the Washerwomen, in the slums of Paris.

Here, however, trouble awaited him. The cab and the golden napoleon secured for him momentary glory, though his story that he had seen and talked with the Little Corporal was openly scoffed at by all save Babette.

Mother Thérèse confiscated the napoleon, and regarded the cab as but the ending of only another of "that boy's scrapes," and prophesied, as indeed she generally did once a day, that he would come to no good end, for all her bringing-up. But the boy held stoutly to his promise, and claimed only to have been to St. Cloud and to have talked with the Emperor. It must be admitted that he made the most of this; and, while his glittering story of princes and palaces found an absorbed and loyal listener in little Babette, the boys of the quarter made sport of it all as "one of the mud prince's fairy tales." They even went so far as to say that Philip had snatched the golden napoleon from some sight-seeing countryman on the Boulevard, and that the police would be after him for it; while, as for the cab-ride, they declared that was in return for some job done for a driver who had more room in his cab than money in his pocket.

That "pig of a Pierre, over the way," stoutly asserted, indeed, that the mud prince was "in" with some of the light-fingered gentry of the Court of the Miracles near by,— the thieves' quarter of old Paris,— and would get "come up with" yet. This was the burden of Pierre's taunting song all that afternoon. It was renewed next morning until "the prince" could stand it no longer, and a battle royal ensued by the little stone-coped fountain at the head of the Street of the Washerwomen.

All the street gathered to witness the battle, and opinion differed as to its possible issue, for now Pierre and now "the prince" was down.

But, just as Pierre had been thrown for the last time, and was about to admit his defeat, two gendarmes, or armed policemen, thrust their way through the crowd and "nabbed" the victor.

"You boy, you live with Mother Thérèse, do you not?" one of the policemen inquired.

"To be sure I do," the boy replied, looking defiantly on his questioner — held to be a foe by every street-boy, as all policemen are.

"You are Philip, son of the *émigré* Desnouettes, bound out to the citizeness Thérèse Rapin, laundress, of the Street of the Washerwomen?"

"As all the quarter knows, and you as well," Philip admitted without hesitation.

The policeman turned to a grim man in plain clothes who stood close at hand. "This is our boy, Monsieur the Prefect. I thought I knew him."

"Bring him along then," the prefect commanded.

"Come, you boy; you are to go with us." the policeman said.

"But where — and why?" Philip asked.

"That you will know later," answered the officer. "Come." And with his hand on Philip's shoulder, he led the boy away, following the prefect and the other gendarme.

Then, while one of the boys, proud to be the bearer of evil tidings, rushed down the Street of the Washerwomen to notify Mother Thérèse of what had happened, and while Babette, seeing her only champion dragged away to prison, lifted up her voice in a long loud wail of fear and sorrow, the "pig of a Pierre," rising from the scene of his defeat, danced the mad dance of joy and triumph, and, shaking his grimy fist at the retreating Philip, shouted after him:

"Yah, mud prince, pickpocket! Yah, I told you so!"

And it must be confessed that most of the quarter saw in this only the sequel to the golden napoleon and the "Emperor's cab" story, and echoed Pierre's unfriendly "I told you so!"

But Philip, marveling inwardly at his sudden and unlooked-for taking off, went with his captors without word or question. "The time for talk is when the time arrives," he reasoned shrewdly.

And so speechless, he was marched away — he knew not where nor why.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIRST WINTRY DAY — MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

The Ballade of Belvidere: Knight

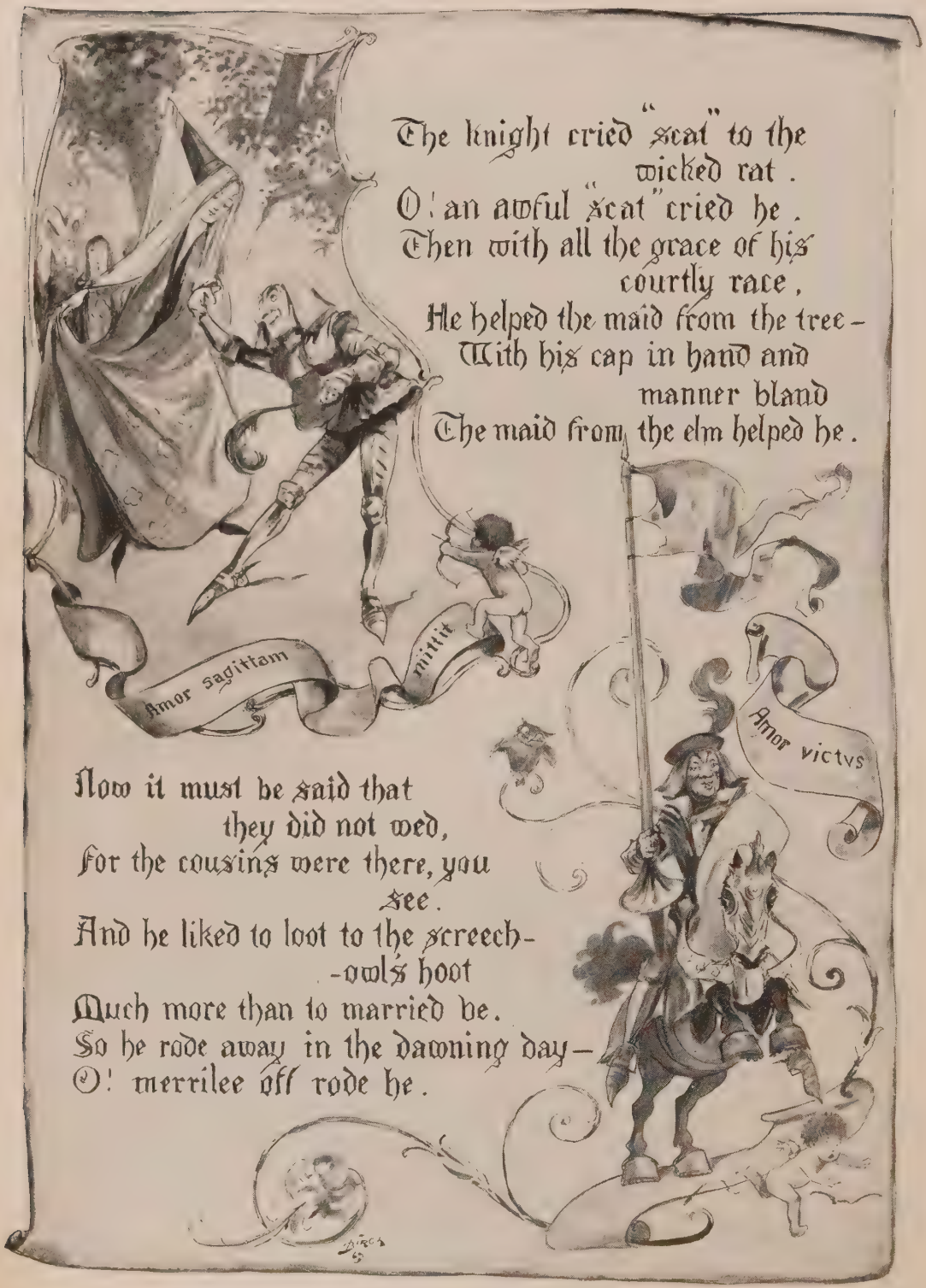
Sir Belvidere was a gallant Knight
O! a gallant knight was he.
At the screech-owl's call from his castle wall
He rode right merrilee.
To pillage and loot at the screech-owl's hoot,
Right merrilee rode he.

Priscilla she was a sweet fair maid,
O! a fair sweet maid was she.
From her snow-white bed when the night was sped
She rose quite airilee:
To care for the stock at crow of cock,
Quite airilee rose she.

Now it happed one night when the moon was bright,
O! a bright young moon was he,
To the screech-owl's hoot to pillage and loot
Gallantly rode Sir B. [song]
And all night long to the night-bird's
He pillaged merrilee.

And when the sun rose, so the legend goes,
He had slaughtered giants three,
Had rescued some dozens of distant cousins,
And had caused a dragon to flee.
An ogre or two he had also slew;
O! a wearied knight was he!

When he heard a cry from a tree hard by,
And glared about, to see
A charming maid who was sore afraid
And gazed most mournfullee
At a rodent stout who frisked about;—
O! a stout old rodent he.



The knight cried "scat" to the
wicked rat.
O! an awful "scat" cried he.
Then with all the grace of his
courtly race,
He helped the maid from the tree—
With his cap in hand and
manner bland
The maid from the elm helped he.

Now it must be said that
they did not wed,
For the cousins were there, you
see.
And he liked to loot to the screech-
-owl's hoot
Much more than to married be.
So he rode away in the dawning day—
O! merrilee off rode he.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

By Brander Matthews.

Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper were New-Yorkers both by descent and by residence, but William Cullen Bryant, who lived at the same time, though a New-Yorker by residence, was of the purest New England descent. Like Benjamin Franklin, the forerunner of Irving and Cooper, Bryant left the town of his birth to become the foremost citizen of a great city. He was born in the village of Cummington, in western Massachusetts, November 3, 1794, just a hundred years ago. He was eleven years younger than Irving and five years younger than Cooper. He survived Irving nearly twenty years, and died in New York in 1878. When he first saw the light, the United States were only fifteen in number, and Washington, the first President, was still at the head of the little nation. He lived to see the celebration of the hundred years of our independence, and the admission of Colorado, the thirty-eighth State.

That he should have lived to the age of eighty-three is the more remarkable, as he had a feeble frame and no great stock of strength. As a little child he was "puny and very delicate in body, and of a delicate, nervous organization." From the beginning he was forced to save himself in every way, and to order his life regularly, denying himself many things which others used freely. To the last year of his life he was regular in his habits, rising betimes, eating little, exercising much, and going to bed early. From his earliest youth he had himself under almost perfect control. In his life, as in his poetry, he was always dignified.

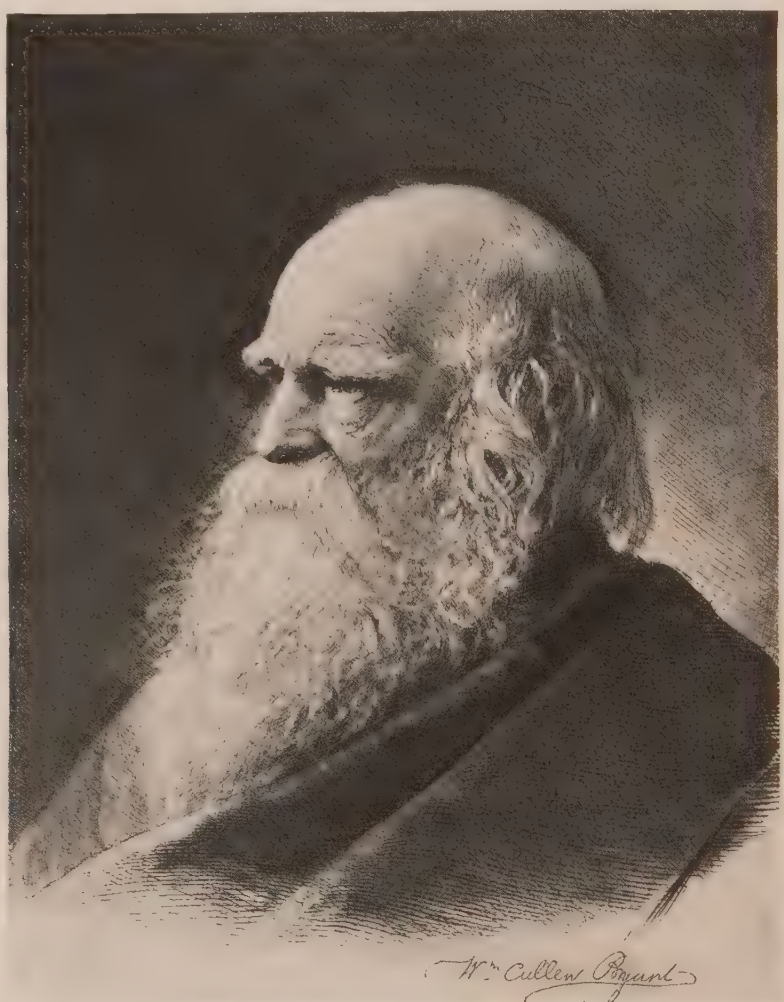
His father was a country doctor, and also represented his native town in the Massachusetts legislature, His mother was descended from John Alden and his wife Priscilla, whose courtship has been told in verse by Longfellow, another of their descendants. Bryant was ready for college unusually young, learning Latin from Virgil's "Æneid" and Greek from the Greek Testament. He began to make verses very early, and when scarce ten years old, so one of his biographers tells us, he "received a ninepenny coin from his grandfather for a rhymed version of the first chapter of the book of Job." Even when he was but a little boy he wished to be a poet. He knew by heart the rude verses of Watts's hymns, and the neat couplets of Pope. It was from Pope that he learned the art of verse; and at the beginning of our century Pope was no bad teacher, for he was an artist in rhyme and rhythm.

In the fall of 1810, Bryant, then not quite sixteen, entered the sophomore class at Williams College. At the end of the collegiate year, he asked and received an honorable dismissal from Williams, intending to enter the Junior class at Yale. But his father could not afford to support him at New Haven, and to his lasting regret the poet was deprived of the profit of a full college course. He spent the summer at home, working on the farm, and reading diligently all the books of his father's library, medical and poetical. A few days before January 1, 1812, he began the study of law; and to law his attention was given for more than ten years. He did not like the law, and he gave it up at the first opportunity; but while it was his calling he did his work loyally and thoroughly.

The *North American Review* was founded in 1815 by a little group of Bostonians, of whom Richard Henry Dana was one; it was a rather solemn magazine, like the British reviews of the time. To this review certain of Bryant's poems were sent; and when one of these was read aloud at a meeting of the editors, Dana smiled and said, "You have been imposed upon. No one on this side of the Atlantic is capable of writing such verse." When they had assured themselves that they had not been imposed

upon, the editors published two of the poems in the *North American Review* for September, 1817. One was called "Thanatopsis," and it had been composed six years before, when the poet was not yet eighteen. It was, as a critic has well said, "not only the finest poem which had been produced on this continent, but one of the most remarkable poems ever produced at such an early age." In the same number of the *Review* appeared also Bryant's verses now known as "An Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood." In 1818 the *Review* published his "Lines to a Waterfowl." Thereafter there was no doubt that the English language had gained a new poet.

Bryant's father died in 1820, and a year later the poet, being then twenty-six years of age, married Miss Fairchild. In 1822 Bryant was asked to deliver the "Phi Beta Kappa" poem at Harvard, and he wrote "The Ages," which pleased its hearers so much that the poet yielded to their requests, and gathered his scattered verses into a volume — a thin little book, but containing poems destined to a long life in literature.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

This earlier poetry of Bryant's has for us a double interest, for besides its own merit, which is great, it strongly influenced several other American poets by opening their eyes to the life about them. In this last quarter of the

nineteenth century it is very hard for us to understand how completely American authors depended upon Great Britain in the first quarter of the century. Not only was everything judged by British standards — everything was seen through British spectacles. Bryant was the first American who discovered that the flowers and the birds of New England were not those of old England. He took this discovery to heart, and acted upon it always; and every later American poet has followed his example. After Bryant's first volume of poems appeared, the nightingale became as absent from American verse as it had always been absent from American woods. "Thanatopsis" is full of a spirit of loving tenderness toward nature. "The Yellow Violet," written in 1814, is probably the first poem devoted to an actual American flower; and it reveals anew the poet's ability to see for himself what no eye had noted before.

In 1825 Bryant gave up the law finally, resolved to earn his living by his pen. He removed to New York, where he was to reside for the next fifty years. He was appointed editor of the *New York Review*, to which he contributed many poems, among them that beginning with the well-known line:

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year.

One of the poems by other authors which he published in the pages of the *New York Review* was the "Marco Bozzaris" of Fitz-Greene Halleck. But the *Review* did not prosper. Before it ceased Bryant became an editorial writer on the *Evening Post*. In 1829 the editor-in-chief died, and Bryant was promoted to his place. He already owned one eighth of the paper, and he was now enabled to increase his holding to one half. This share he retained to his death, and it became increasingly profitable as the years went by. For the last half of his long life Bryant had an assured income from property in his own control. He had to work hard, but he was his own master.

Bryant gave up law for journalism at a time when there was still an old-fashioned primness among literary people and their work: it was a time when authors were called the "literati," when writing verses was termed "toying with the Muses," and when many other affected phrases of this sort were common enough in print. But it was also a time when American authors were beginning to write notable prose and verse which is still read with pleasure. Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York" had appeared in 1809, and his "Sketch Book" was completed in 1820. In 1821 Fenimore Cooper published the "Spy," the first American historical novel, following it two years later with the "Pioneers," the first of the "Leatherstocking Tales."

There was, at that time, a pleasanter and more artistic atmosphere in New York, where these authors resided, than in any other American city. New York, already marked as the commercial metropolis of the country, was also the literary center of the Union when Bryant moved to it. And by the authors and artists of New York Bryant was eagerly welcomed.

Although American literature had thus begun, it was still in its infancy. The reading public was very small, and the magazines were few and struggling. One could hardly earn a living as a man of letters; to support a family by writing poems was quite impossible. There is no doubt therefore that Bryant did well in relying upon journalism for his means of livelihood.

In journalism, as in authorship, character tells for as much as ability; and upon the newspaper he conducted Bryant imposed his own lofty ideals.

In his editorial writings, as in his poetry, the tone is always full of dignity. Calm in his strength, he was both temperate in expressing his opinions and good-tempered. He fought fairly and he respected his adversary. He was never a snarling critic either of men or of measures. He elevated the level of the American newspaper, but it was by his practice, not by preaching. He was choice in his own use of words, and there was in the office of the *Evening Post* a list of words and phrases not allowed in its pages.

The editorial articles which Bryant wrote for his paper day by day for more than fifty years have never been collected, and probably they never will be, though they are a history of the United States for almost half a century. The letters written to the *Evening Post*, when he was on his travels, have most of them been

reprinted. He made a tour on the prairies in 1832, and in 1834 he went to Europe to stay a year and a half, spending his time in France, Italy, and Germany. In 1845 he crossed the ocean a second time, and paid his first visit to England. In later years he went to Europe four times more, once journeying to Egypt and the Holy Land. He also visited Cuba and Mexico. In 1850 he gathered the best of the letters he had sent to the *Evening Post* from abroad and published them in a volume, as the "Letters of a Traveler"; and in 1869 he made a second collection called "Letters from the East." The interest of these two books is due rather to their author than to their own merits, although these are not slight; anything Bryant wrote had a value of its own; but he lacked the ease, the lightness, the familiarity which are to be found in the letters of the ideal traveler. He was a poet; and his best work was in verse, not in prose.

Bryant was also a notable public speaker. Upon a score of solemn occasions the poet was the orator of the day; and these addresses are preserved in a volume of the collected edition of his works. At the death of Cooper, Bryant was invited to deliver a memorial oration, which long remained the fullest biography and the fairest criticism of the creator of "Leatherstocking." At the death of Irving, and of Halleck, Bryant was again called upon, and he again responded with addresses worthy not only of the subjects but of himself also. More than once he was the speaker on great civic occasions when the citizens of New York needed a mouthpiece. His addresses were always written out carefully; they were always stately and impressive, yet were never stiff or labored.

The fame of the orator and of the traveler and of the journalist perishes swiftly, but that of the poet endures. Bryant did not allow his duty to his newspaper wholly to absorb his time. To poetry he was devoted his whole life long, although the body of his verse is not great. In 1831 he published a volume of his poetry containing four score more poems than had appeared in the collection of ten years before. About thirty years later, in 1863, Bryant published what may be called the second volume of his poetry, to which he gave the simple title of "Thirty Poems." His later verses were added in successive editions of his complete poems.

In the course of his travels and of his studies he had made himself familiar with French and German, Spanish and Italian, while he had deepened his knowledge of Greek and Latin. He was fond of translating from the modern poets of other lands, and in this delicate art he was fairly successful, although he lacked the sure touch of Longfellow. In the fall of 1863 he translated the fifth book of the "Odyssey." Encouraged by the way in which it was received, he turned to the "Iliad" and began to translate passages of that. In the summer of 1866 his wife died, and the poet felt her loss keenly; it unfitted him for severe work, and yet made it advisable that he should keep occupied. He again turned to Homer, and in 1870 he published his complete translation of the "Iliad," following it two years later with a version of the "Odyssey." Indeed, Bryant's has generally been accepted as the best of the many recent translations of Homer.

Bryant had long passed three score years and ten when he finished his task of turning the great Greek poem into English verse. He was hale in his old age, exercising regularly, eating sparingly, taking care of himself, and retaining full possession of his powers. In his eighty-fourth year he delivered an address in Central Park at the unveiling of the bust of Mazzini, the Italian patriot. The day was hot, and he spoke with slight shelter from the sun. After the ceremony he walked across the Park to a friend's house, but, as he mounted the steps, he fell back suddenly. He was taken to his own home, where he lingered for a fortnight, dying June 12, 1878.

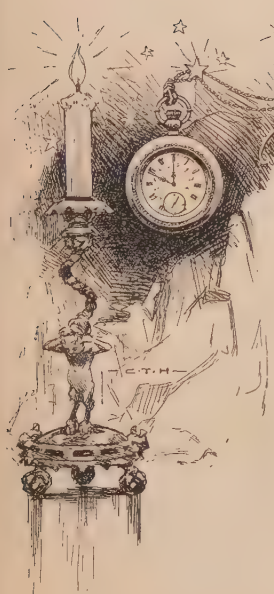
Bryant's place in the history of American literature is easy to declare: He was a pioneer and leader. He was the earliest poet of nature as it is here in the United States, seeing it freshly for himself, and not repeating at second hand what British poets had been saying about nature as it is in the British Isles. The love he bore to nature, like the love he had for his country, was almost a passion. His verse is stately and reserved. There is a lack of lightness in Bryant's poetry—perhaps even a lack of ease.

Yet there is a lyric swing to the "Song of Marion's Men" and a singing quality in "The Planting of the Apple-Tree."

He had a grand simplicity of style, and there is a stern and determined vigor in certain of his stanzas. Take the famous quatrain from "The Battle-Field," for example—

> Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—
> The eternal years of God are hers:
> But Error, wounded, writhes in pain
> And dies among his worshipers.

He lived a noble life, and he remains an example to all men of letters. He did nothing base or mean in literature or in life, nothing small, nothing unworthy of a poet. His hatred of shams and gauds kept his verse simple and clear—undefiled by jingling conceits or petty prettinesses; it is sustained nearly always at the same high level. And his poetry attained as lofty an elevation in his youth as in his age. "Thanatopsis" was written when he was young, and the "Flood of Years" when he was old; and the thought is as deep in the first poem as in the second, and the expression is as free and as noble. It is said that an old young man makes a young old man. It was true of Bryant as a poet: he was mature very early in life and he kept his youth to the end.



My Little Watcher

THE LITTLE WATCHER.

By Edith M. Thomas.

My watch — little watcher, good night!
  You 're as true as steel and as good as gold,
And changeless alike in darkness or light;
  So, wake, while the night grows gray and old.

My watch — little watcher, good morning!
  Yours are the hands that never will shirk;
Three jewels there are your soul adorning —
  I call them Constancy, Patience, and Work.

My watch — little watcher, good night!
  'T is a comfort to have you so very near;
For you seem to say, "All 's right, all 's right!"
  As the beat of your faithful heart I hear.

My watch — little watcher, good morning!
  You 're telling me now, "'T is a precious day!"
If ever a spendthrift I grow, give me warning:
  The hours are slipping too quickly away.

FAIRY FLEETFOOT: "THIS HONEY IS ALL ENGAGED, SIR!"

TOMMY LOOKS AHEAD.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

When I 'm as big as Papa, the thing that puzzles me
Is what I 'll do to make my bread, and just what I shall be.
I used to think conducting on a horse-car was the thing,
With naught to do but take up fares and pull the ting-a-ling.

But Papa says they cannot keep the money that they make.
They have to give to some one else each nickel that they take;
And where there 's profit in that work is more than I can tell,
Unless it 's in the fun one gets in playing with the bell.

And then I thought policeman's work was just the thing for me.
I 'm fond of hitting things with clubs and leaning 'gainst a tree;
But I am told that if one 's caught asleep he has to go —
Though how a man can live without his sleep I do not know;

And as I 'm very fond of rest I 'll never join the force.
A sailor I could never be, because, you see, of course
I 'd have to be away from home so much upon the sea,
I 'd hardly ever have a chance to meet my family.

I could n't quite get used to that, for really half the fun
A man gets out of life is got from playing with his son
At night when supper 's over,— so my father 's often said,—
Before the Sandman comes around and sends me off to bed.

However, with this subject I 'll no longer vex my mind,
Until I get through boying; and, perhaps, I then shall find
Somebody who will pay me well to do just what I please,
So that *my* little boy and I may live a life of ease.

THE MOUSE IN THE WALL.

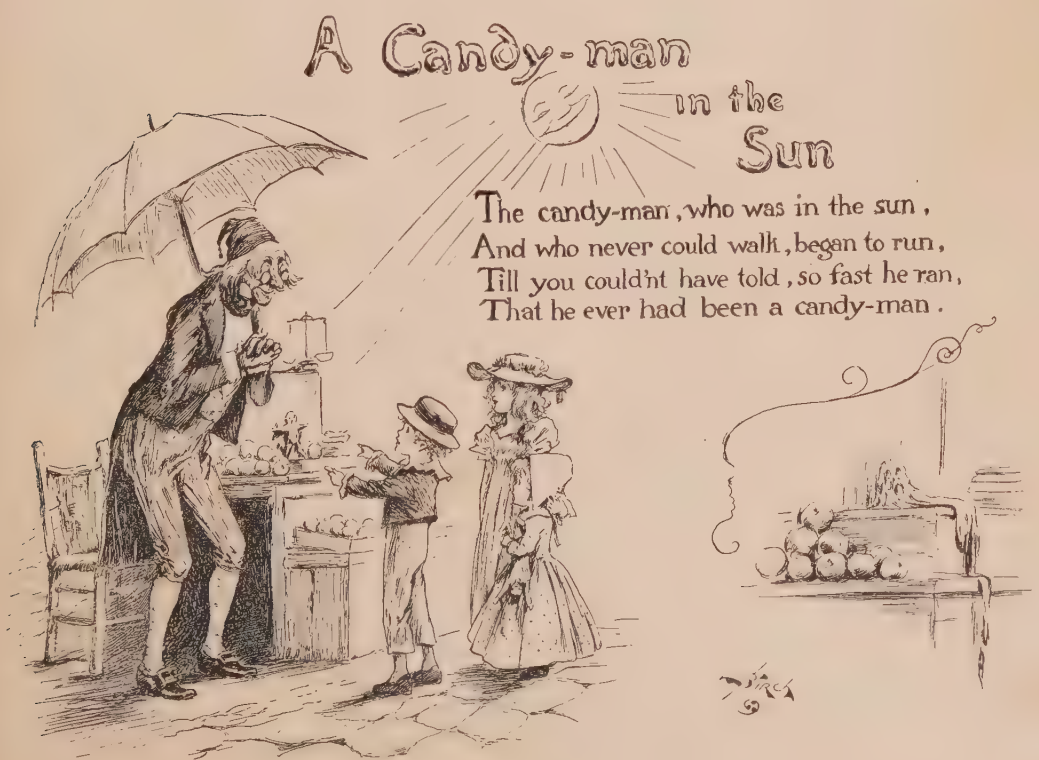
THERE 's a snug little house that I know very well
(Though just where it is I would rather not tell),
And in it live Papa and Mama and Paul
And Dollie and Sue — and the Mouse in the Wall.

The Mouse in the Wall comes out in the night
Just to get the fresh air, and perhaps a cold bite;
But evenings and daytimes he stays in, as snug
As a very small bug in a very big rug.
And whatever happens he knows it, that 's all!
He has very sharp ears — has the Mouse in the Wall.

Why, one time when Paul and Dollie and Sue
Had a bit of a tiff, as the best of us do,
He sat up and squeaked — oh, so loud and so clear,
And with such a good will, that they all stopped to hear,
Till they really forgot why they quarreled at all.
"I settled *that* fuss," said the Mouse in the Wall.

But when, in the evening, they all gather round
The table where books, games, and laughter abound,
And each is intent to please some other one,
And all the house echoes and rings with the fun
Of Papa and Mama, Sue, Dollie, and Paul,
"Now that 's to my mind!" says the Mouse in the Wall.

Minnie L. Upton.


A Candy-man in the Sun
The candy-man, who was in the sun,
And who never could walk, began to run,
Till you could'nt have told, so fast he ran,
That he ever had been a candy-man.

THE GENEROUS SIDE.

By A. T. Dudley.

The foot-ball elections at the Overton school were held the second day of the fall term. For the position of captain, which usually fell to the best player of the senior class, and was always regarded as a high honor, there were this year two candidates — Roy Williams, a popular fellow who had never distinguished himself on the field, and Walter Edner, who was well known as a brilliant player. There was no little astonishment among the lower-class boys when the seniors announced that Williams had been chosen captain.

"I'm awfully sorry, Walt," said Edner's little brother Harry, as the boys sat together in their room some hours later. "Williams can't hold a candle to you, and they all know it. How did it happen?"

"I don't know anything about it," answered Walter, gloomily. "I suppose I 'm not popular, that 's all."

"I heard some fellows say you were too lazy, and thought too much of yourself to make a good captain," pursued Harry with thoughtless cruelty.

"Who were they?"

"Oh, some of my class; they just said what they heard other fellows say. I think it 's mean; you just about won the game for 'em last year!"

There was silence for a moment; then the elder boy said savagely, "Well, we will see what they 'll do this year without me."

"Why? Don't you mean to play?"

"No, I don't," answered Walter. "I ought to have had that office; and if I 'm not good enough for it, I 'm not good enough to play, that 's all."

Edner was a born athlete. Well developed limbs, a quick eye, a hand skilful and swift to move, a mind cool, keen, and resolute — all this and more had nature given him; and yet one thing he lacked — a willing and earnest disposition. He could play like a hero when he would; when things went wrong he was apt to sulk and shirk — a regular school-boy Achilles.

For this reason his classmates, though admiring his natural powers, dared not intrust to him the all-important leadership.

It was a bitter grievance to Edner, and his first angry impulse was to avenge it by refusing to play on the team; but he shrank from pursuing a course which could only result in making him more unpopular and more unhappy still. So he took his place with the rest, and practised as usual.

A month passed by. The novelty of the new term had worn off, and the boys were already looking forward to the match with the rival school over the hills, and speculating upon their chance of victory.

"I 'm mightily discouraged," said Captain Williams, talking the situation over with Tom Walden, his right-hand man. "Edner is at the the bottom of everything. He does n't half play, and he does n't care whether he does or not; and the other fellows imitate him."

"Why don't you talk to him?" asked Tom.

"I don't like to say much, he 's such a touchy fellow; and you know he felt rather sore about that election."

"Well, you 'll have to do something pretty soon," returned Walden. "We shall stand no chance at all with the Fawcett team next month if this thing goes on. It is much better for him not to play at all than to shirk all the time."

So Williams tried to "talk to" Edner, and persuade him to greater efforts. But Edner answered sullenly that he was doing the best he knew how,— he could n't do any more,— and so affairs dragged on for another week, when the crisis came.

It was a sunny day in early October. The eleven had had a hard, discouraging game the day before with a college team, and were feel-

ing sore and dispirited. The playing was weak and careless, Edner being particularly sluggish. "Come, Walt!" sang out Williams, "I don't want to see you tackle like that again. You can get your man low if you want to. Brace up and try!"

"I 'm doing as well as I can," growled Edner, who really was lame and stiff from his exertions the day before.

"I don't believe it," was the answer. "You never used to tackle above the waist, and now here 's 'most every man slipping through your arms."

The next moment an opponent with the ball in his arms broke through the line, and came down upon Edner as he stood in his half-back's position behind the line. "Take him low, Edner, low," cried Williams, as the runner neared him and turned aside to dodge. The half-back plunged, and, throwing out his arms, grasped feebly at the jacket of his opponent, who brushed him off and passed on to make a touch-down. Edner turned and faced the reproaches of his angry captain.

"See here, Edner, this thing has gone far enough. I won't have any more of such shirking baby-work! You are doing us a thousand times more harm than good! Unless you mean to exert yourself, I don't want you here; and you might as well make up your mind about it now as any time."

"Just as you say," retorted Edner. "I 'm not so anxious about playing." And he picked up his sweater and left the field. Next day the eleven practised without him.

The breach thus made grew wider every day. Edner would not return to the field except at Williams's request; Williams vowed he would n't go down on his knees to Edner if he did n't have a player on the team. The school took up the discussion and sided, some with Edner, and some with the captain. Meantime the eleven, crippled by the loss of its best player, and torn by dissensions, was going backward, and fast losing its own confidence and the confidence of the school.

During all this commotion Edner's heart was full of spite and bitterness. At bottom he knew that he was more or less in the wrong; and yet his sense of injury was strong, and the more he indulged it the more his obstinacy increased. As the days slipped by, he gradually settled down into an unhappy state of unconcern about the whole matter. "It was nothing to him whether the game was won or lost. The responsibility was off his shoulders — by good luck — why distress himself over the unpleasant subject?"

"Say, Walt!" cried Harry, running in one morning with a letter. "Sister Alice is coming here this afternoon; going to stop over a train to see us. Is n't that jolly! Too bad though, she could n't have come two weeks later, so as to see the game!"

"It 's just as well," answered Walter. "We are n't going to win, so she would gain nothing by waiting."

Walter welcomed his elder sister warmly that afternoon. He was very fond of her, and had always from childish days looked up to her for advice and help. Three tongues moved fast as they chattered of home and friends and personal matters, both boys plying their sister with questions with all the hunger for news which marks the genuine home-loving school-boy.

"And now, boys," Alice said after a time, "how goes the game this year? It seems to me that I have heard very little, considering the lateness of the season, of that all-important match with Fawcett. Last year you talked of nothing else for a month before the time."

Walter relapsed into silence, and Harry simply remarked:

"We 're going to get beaten, I 'm afraid. Walt is n't playing this year."

"Is n't playing!" repeated Alice, in astonishment. "Why, I thought he was the best half in the school."

"So he is," continued Harry, "but he stopped practising two weeks ago. They elected another man captain, and he did n't treat Walter right at all."

"How was that, Walter?" asked Alice, turning to him.

"Oh, we had a falling out, that 's all," said he, with an air of unconcern, "and I stopped playing. He won't ask me to come back, and I don't intend to go unless he does."

"And so you are going to let your school be beaten?"

"I don't care if it is," answered Walter, his old spirit coming back to him with the renewal of the question. "I 'm not going out there to be ordered about and bullied and insulted by any one."

"Well, let 's not talk about it, then," said Alice, gently. "Of course you must be your own judge as to what is honorable and what is not. Only don't forget your obligation to your classmates, nor allow yourself to be drawn into an action of which you may be ashamed by and by. I always want my brother Walter to be on the generous side; whatever the provocation, he can't afford to be mean, you know."

There was no reply to this, and, the conversation changing, their thoughts were soon a thousand miles away, hurrying on from point to point to make the most of the fleeting moments. But later in the day, when Alice had gone on her journey, her words came back to Walter's mind, and revived in him the old discussion. Did they apply to his case? Was he doing anything unmanly, anything he could ever be ashamed of? Was n't he just standing up for his rights? And then, as he thought of the eleven struggling along to beat Fawcett, weakened by his withdrawal and by the dissensions kept up on his behalf, his resentment softened, and he longed for some way of helping his school to victory. On one side were duty and patriotism and generosity; on the other, a sense of injury and personal pride. So he fought within himself, and the battle was not easy.

Late that evening Williams was surprised by a knock at his door. It was Edner, who had just reached a decision.

"I 've come to talk to you about foot-ball," said he, hesitatingly. "I 've been thinking the matter over to-day pretty hard, and I 've made up my mind I will be on the generous side. I am ready to come out again, and try hard, too, if you want me to."

"Want you to!" cried Williams, grasping his hand with fervor. "I should think we did. You may do anything you want to, if you 'll only play as you used to. I had about decided to go for you myself, to-morrow."

"All I want is to win the game," said Walter; and they sat down and talked for an hour over plans for the game and the changes that could be brought about in the next two weeks. Both went to sleep that night with lighter hearts.

Refreshed by his rest and filled with a new zeal, Edner returned to the field to play better than ever before. But it soon became apparent that there had been a decided retrogression during his absence. The whole team was pervaded by a general laxity and spirit of indifference, against which both the captain's words and Edner's example were alike unavailing.

"Edner," said Williams, as they came home from the field a few nights later, "if only that fuss had n't happened! If it had n't been for that row we might be playing a winning game."

"It 's bad, I admit," returned Walter, "but we may win yet."

"Not as we 're going on now," answered the discouraged boy; "and we are n't likely to improve at this late day. Did you ever see such a dumb team? They have n't a spark of life in them. I 'm afraid it was a fatal thing — that trouble of ours!"

"Well, I don't think it was all my fault," said Edner moodily.

"Well, no, perhaps not," Williams replied, in a tone which seemed to dissent with the words, "but some of the fellows will think it was."

Their roads parted, and each went his way. "Yes, that 's a fact," thought Walter, bitterly; "that 's exactly what they 'll say. It 's because I gave in, and came out again to play, practically acknowledging I was in the wrong by asking him to take me back; and it won't make any difference how well I play myself, they 'll lay it all to me if they get beaten."

Like every long-awaited day, the day of the Fawcett game came at last. The struggle was to be on the home grounds. The rival school came in force to view the contest, and lend the aid of noise and sympathy to their champions. It was a dispirited team that Williams led forth that afternoon. They had worked themselves into a state of dogged determination; but it was rather the determination to die hard, than that hopeful kind of courage that leads on to victory. To Walter, though he had a genuine love for the game, and was never so happy as when deep in its excitement, the day promised little pleasure. If defeated he must bear the

burden of the humiliation; if victorious the laurels would go to the captain. It was hardly worth while to do his best.

A few moments, and all was changed. Once the men were lined out, once the ball in play, the ball to the home eleven. Then Overton in turn tried to advance the ball, and the nervous back stumbled and fell, losing the ball again to the other side. Then cheer on cheer came from the hostile camp, returned by the strong

"HE LEAPED OVER THE WAITING PLAYER'S HEAD." (SEE PAGE 28.)

and the half begun — and everything but the game and his responsibility as right half-back was forgotten. The Fawcetts formed a wedge, and tried to force their way down the field; but their excitement was too great, and they lost lungs of the Overton supporters, and both elevens grew steadier, and played more carefully. Despite their discouragement, the Overtons seemed well able to hold their own. Williams, on the end of the line, was having

more than he could do to handle his opponent; and Edner's companion half-back showed signs of unsteadiness; but the general situation seemed to the sanguine Overtonians not without hope.

Some minutes passed. Fawcett was now slowly working down toward the Overton goal. Greater and greater grew the excitement among players and spectators alike, as the goal was neared. The Overton rush-line was struggling desperately to stop the plunges through the center; Williams, wildly gesticulating and shouting to his men to make a stand, seemed at times to have become thoroughly "rattled." Perhaps the Fawcett captain thought he was; for he made a feint to the right, then sent the half-back, with two to interfere for him, straight at the unlucky Williams, who, blocked off by his opponent, made an unavailing dash for the runner, and fell sprawling. The trio passed on to the half-back, who, almost at the line, tackled the man with the ball, stopped him and carried him to the ground. "Edner! Edner!" burst forth from the exultant Overtonians, as they saw the skilful tackle. But Edner had succeeded only in deferring for a time the inevitable touch-down! A few more rushes and the ball was over the line, and Fawcett had begun to score. They failed to make a goal, but four points were undeniably theirs!

Play began again — Fawcett bold, Overton dispirited. Soon the Fawcetts began in their steady, plodding way to work down the field. A few yards at a time is all they gain, but a second time they approach the Overton goal.

"Five minutes more!" cries the referee.

A FIERCE TACKLE.

Breathless they struggle on either side. Thirty yards, twenty-five, twenty only are left.

"Look out for a goal from the field," shouts Walden, whose quick eye catches the signs of preparation. Almost as he speaks the ball rises from behind the Fawcett line, and sails through the air toward the goal-posts; a whiff of wind catches it and, turning it from its course, drops it lightly on the top of the post, whence it bounces to the cross-bar, then straight into the arms of Edner, who starts up the field but is soon downed.

"A goal!" cries the Fawcett captain; "a goal! a goal!" resounds all about the Fawcett side of the field. But it was not so. Edner had caught the ball a good two feet inside the field.

WILLIAMS IS DISABLED.

The first half is over, and the players are on their way to their quarters for the intermission.

"A narrow squeeze that," said Williams, wiping the perspiration from his face. "Did you ever see anything like it! If I were n't so played out, I 'd feel encouraged."

"Pure luck!" said Walden, "nothing but luck! But we can't have much more of it. What are we going to do the next half?"

"We may hold them this time," answered Williams.

Walden shook his head. "It does n't look much like it; it 's our team that 's tired. What do you say, Edner?"

"We 've got to try something different if we 're going to score," Walter answered. "I say, go round the ends; the Fawcett ends are weak."

"No, they 're not, I can tell you," retorted Williams, who did not fancy the imputation that his opponent was a weakling. "Whatever we do, we can't make any end-play a success, and there 's no use talking about it."

Edner said no more, and they were soon called to the field to begin the battle anew. This time there was less uncertainty and nervousness on both sides. Each team knew what it had to expect from its opponent, and felt only an intense eagerness to win.

For a time it was the same old story. Fawcett, playing a slow, steady game, would creep gradually up toward the Overton goal; then Overton, rallying for a few minutes of spirited and united effort, would raise the hopes of its supporters by a vigorous rally, only to lose by some careless work, and fall back once more. So back and forth went the ball, and the minutes dragged along.

The spectators were losing patience. "Why don't they brace up and do something?" the murmurs ran along the line of Overton supporters, who were now too hoarse and excited to cheer. "Are we going to lose by those beggarly four points?"

The end of the game drew near. A run, a scrimmage, a confused pile of arms and legs and bodies, and Williams was seen limping across the field, rubbing an injured shoulder. A substitute took his place, and Edner took charge of the team.

It was a change, and the spectators crowded excitedly to the ropes with a presentiment that something was to happen.

The new captain, calling the players aside for a minute's consultation, sent them again to their work. Bang! went a half-back against the center; bang! went another against the tackle; and then, with the old signal and a simultaneous start, Edner and the interferers were sud-

denly off for a run around the end. Never did a sprinter dash more sharply into his full speed! Now dodging an opposing tackle, now squirming from an opponent's grasp, now warding off the encircling arms, now, with head down and ball held firmly, he threaded his way unchecked among the foe. At last, with ten behind him, but one more remained between him and the Fawcett goal — the full-back, crouched for a spring. He could not dodge, he could not force him back. With a final effort, he leaped straight forward over the waiting player's head, and, scrambling between the goal-posts, lay panting upon the ball. It was a moment before the onlookers realized what had been done; and then with a yell, more vigorous and discordant than the old field had ever heard before, the tumultuous mob rushed upon the field and raised Walter upon their shoulders. The shouts of triumph echoed and reëchoed until the goal had been kicked, and the players were once more in the center of the field.

Six to four the score was now, and so it remained until the end, when the frantic Overtonians again burst into the field, swarming around their heroes; and among the throng that gathered around the victorious team was Williams — glad that the school had won the match, but feeling rather out in the cold. But as he went forward through the crowd, suddenly he heard Edner's voice above all the wild shouts:

"Three cheers for Captain Williams,—now, boys!"

Then, as the cheering redoubled, the captain, too, was hoisted aloft, and he and Walter exchanged a hearty handshake in the air.

The letter that Walter Edner wrote to Alice that evening I cannot reproduce; it would be too full of technical terms and incoherent words to represent its author fairly. A rough quotation, however, I may be allowed to make:

"And so, my dear sister, it did turn out most gloriously, though I was afraid you had got me into a scrape with your talk about the generous side; and you can just believe that I would n't swap my present position in school for the greatest foot-ball captaincy in America!"

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOGS.

By Frank J. Carpenter.

Some of the finest dogs in the world are owned by Victoria, Queen of England. Her Majesty is particularly fond of animals, and she loves every species of dog, from the largest St. Bernard to the tiny King Charles spaniel, which can be put into a coat pocket. There is a man at Windsor Castle who does nothing else but take care of the dogs, and the royal kennels there are of stone, and the yards are paved with red and blue tiles, and the compartments in which the little dogs sleep are warmed with hot water, and they have the freshest and cleanest of straw in which to lie. There are fifty-five dogs in these kennels, and almost all of them are acquainted with the Queen. She visits them often while she is at the castle, and she looks carefully after their health and comforts. The dogs of Windsor Castle keep regular hours. They are turned out at a certain time each day for their exercise and sports, and they have a number of courts connected with the kennels upon which they scamper to and fro over green lawns. There are umbrella-like affairs on these lawns, where they can lie in the shade if they wish to, and in some of them there are pools of water where the dogs can take a bath, and in which they swim and come out and shake themselves just as though they were ordinary yellow dogs rather than royal puppies.

The Queen has her favorites among the dogs, and some of them become jealous of the attentions she pays to others. Among those she likes best is one named "Marco." This is said to be the finest Spitz dog in England. It has taken

GINA, THE LITTLE POMERANIAN DOG. ENGRAVED FOR "ST. NICHOLAS" BY S. DAVIS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GAMBIER BOLTON.

a number of prizes. Marco is an auburn dog. His hair is of tawny red. He weighs just about twelve pounds, and he has brighter eyes, quicker motions, and a sharper bark than any other dog in the kennel. He is just three years old, and he carries his tail over his back as though he owned the whole establishment.

The Queen's collies are very fine, and a number of them are white. One of these is called "Snowball," and another goes by the name of "Lily."

Another little dog, an especial favorite with the Queen, weighs just seven and one half pounds, or no more than the smallest baby. This is the Queen's toy Pomeranian "Gina," who is one of the most famous dogs of the world. Gina came from Italy, and has won a number of prizes at the dog-shows of England. Gina is a very good dog, and sat as quiet as a mouse while her photograph was taken not long ago.

Among the other dogs of the kennel are a number of pugs, and one knock-kneed little Japanese pug which the late Lady Brassey, the distinguished traveler, presented to the Queen. There are big German dachshunds and little Skye terriers, and, in short, every kind of beautiful dog you can imagine in these famous kennels. The Queen names all the dogs herself; and near the kennels is a little graveyard where these pets are buried when they die.

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

By Howard Pyle.

[*Begun in the April number.*]

Chapter XXIII.

A MEETING.

Bullock's Landing, the settlement of which Jack had spoken, was a little cluster of poor frame-houses on the other side of the wide river, from the Roost. Jack's first plan was to cross the river to Bullock's. From there he thought he might be able to work a passage down to Norfolk, and thence, perhaps, to England. He remembered now that a sloop had been lying there for two days. If it had not left, maybe he could get them to take him as far as Norfolk.

He rowed steadily away into the river, and in a little while the shore he had left behind him disappeared into the darkness of night. All around him was the lapping, plashing water of the river. He guided his course by the stars, never ceasing his strokes. His mind drifted aimlessly as he rowed, touching a dozen different points of thought that had nothing to do with his present hard fortune. Every now and then he stopped to rest himself for a little while. The breathless silence brooded over him, broken only by the ceaseless rippling and gurgle and plash of the water all around him, and of the drip from the wet oar-blades into the stream beneath. Then he dipped the oars and drew the boat around until he brought the north star and Charles's Wain, or the Dipper, over the stern.

It was perhaps an hour or more before Jack came to the further shore of the river. At the point which he reached, the black pine-forest came down close to the water's edge. Here he unshipped his oars, and then stood up in the boat, looking first up the stream and then down, then up again. He thought he saw a dim outline that looked like a group of houses and a sloop, far away up the stream. He sat down, replaced the oars, and began rowing up the shore. It was the sloop he had seen.

Gradually it came out more and more defined from the obscurity. Then he could see the outline of the long, narrow landing. There were signs of life about the sloop and upon the shore. The door of one of the houses stood open, and there was a light within. By and by he could hear the noise of laughing and singing, and boisterous voices. He rowed up under the wharf and lashed the boat to one of the piles. Three or four men came over from the sloop across the wharf, one of them carrying a lantern. They stood looking down at him. After he had made the boat fast he climbed up to the wharf. The man with the lantern thrust it close to his face, and almost instantly a voice, very familiar to his ears, called out:

"Why, Jack, is that you? What are you doing here?"

Jack looked up, and in the dim light of the lantern saw who it was. It was Christian Dred.

"Why, Dred," he cried out, "is that you? What are you doing here?"

"That 's what I axed you," said Dred. "What are you doing here at this time of night?"

"Why," said Jack, "I 'll tell you, Dred, and I 'm mightily glad I 've found you, too. I 'm running away from my master. He used me mightily ill, and he was going to have me whipped to-morrow."

"Who was your master?" said Dred.

"Why," said Jack, "I don't know whether you 'll know anything of him or not. 'T was Mr. Richard Parker."

A little crowd of men had gathered about him by this time, and more were coming over from the sloop. They crowded closely about to see what was the matter.

"Mr. Richard Parker!" repeated Dred. "Was Mr. Richard Parker your master? Why, he was here this very afternoon. The Captain came up here to see Mr. Richard Parker, and that 's why he be here. Why was your master going to beat you?"

"Why," said Jack, "he was away from home, and so I went out gunning to-day. He was going to whip me, but I would n't let him, and while I was fighting him off, he stumbled over a chair and fell down. Then he called a lot of men to come and lock me up, and was going to have me whipped to-morrow. I believe he 'd 'a' whipped me to death. But a friend came and let me get away, and then I took one of the boats and rowed across the river, and so here I be."

"What are you going to do now?" asked Dred, after a pause.

"Why," said Jack, "I thought maybe I might work a passage to Norfolk in this sloop. I 'd seen it from t' other side."

"You come along with me," said Dred.

"I 'll be back again in a trifle or so, Miller," he said to the man who carried the lantern. He pushed his way through the crowd that had surrounded them, and led Jack along the landing toward the shore. Suddenly he spoke. "Look 'e," said he, "we were talking about the pirates. Well, I 'll tell you what 't is, lad; that 's Blackbeard's sloop yonder at the end of the wharf. The Captain has some business up here in the river, and that 's why we 're here."

"The Captain?" said Jack. "Do you mean Blackbeard?"

"Why, yes," said Dred; "that 's what some on 'em calls him. And 't is to Blackbeard I 'm going to take ye now. For, lad, if ye wants to get away, the only thing I can do for to help ye is to get the Captain to take ye along of us, and you 'll have to join with us, and that 's all I can do for you. Will you do that?"

"Why," said Jack, "indeed I will. I 'm glad enough to go anywhere to get away."

Dred was still holding him by the arm; he gave it a squeeze. "Well, we 'll just go up to Bullock's and have a talk with the Captain about it."

They left the landing and ascended a little rise of ground to the house, the door of which stood open, and from which was coming the sound of loud voices and now and then a burst of laughter. Dred, still holding Jack by the arm, led him up to the door of the house and into it.

It seemed to be a sort of rude country store — a wide, barrack, shed-like place. There were a kind of bench or counter, some shelves seemingly empty, and two or three barrels apparently of spirits. The room was reeking hot, and full of

"HE LED JACK UP TO A MAN WHO SAT UPON A BARREL."

men. Some of the men had the appearance of planters or settlers; others looked like sailors.

Dred, still holding Jack by the arm, looked around for a brief moment; then he elbowed his way through the crowd to the other end of the room. He led Jack up to a man who sat upon a barrel, swinging one leg and holding a glass in the hand that rested upon his knee.

Jack knew the man as soon as he saw him. It was the stranger who had come twice to the Roost. He was still dressed in the sort of sailor-dress in which Jack had last seen him, and his beard was plaited into three plaits that hung down over his breast.

As Dred led Jack up to him he did not move, except to raise his eyes.

"Captain," said Dred, "this young man 's just came ashore down at the wharf. I know him well, Captain, seeing as how he came over from England with me, and that we was, in a way, messmates. He 's run away from his master, and says he 'd like to jine with us. He 's a good, able-bodied lad, and very willing, too."

"Don't you come from Mr. Parker's?" said the Captain, in his hoarse, husky voice.

"Yes, I do," said Jack. "He was going to have me whipped, and I ran away from him."

"I thought I knew your face," said the Captain. "And so you 're running away, are you? And he was going to beat you, was he? Well, I dare say you deserved it. What were you doing to have him beat you?"

The crowd pressed close up around them. It was steaming hot. "Stand back," said Dred, "you 're treading all over us."

"Why," said Jack, "I—I was n't really, so to say, doing anything to be whipped for. I went out gunning with the overseer, and while I was gone Mr. Parker came back. He tried to whip me with a riding-whip, but I would n't let him, and then he had me locked up, and was going to have me whipped to-morrow."

"Well," said the Captain, "Mr. Parker and I are very good friends, and I don't choose to help his servants to run away. So I 'll just run across to-morrow, and drop you at Mr. Parker's on our way up the river."

Jack's heart fell away within him like a lump of lead at the words. "Oh, sir—" he began, but Dred gave his arm a warning pinch, and he was silent. Then Dred quitted his hold upon him. He went close up to the pirate Captain, and began whispering in his ear. The pirate listened gloomily and sullenly. "Well, I can't help that," said he aloud to something Dred had said. But Dred talked on to the other, who still sat listening as Dred continued whispering in his ear. Suddenly the Captain raised his elbow and pushed Dred away. Dred leaned forward to whisper some last words as the other thrust him off. "I wish you would n't come here troubling me this way, Chris Dred," said he. "I don't care anything about the fellow; he won't be any use to me. Well, then, take him aboard if you choose, and I 'll think about it to-morrow morning. Now go you back to the sloop. You should n't have left it, as 't is."

Again Dred took Jack by the arm. "Come along, Jack," said he; "'t is all right."

"But he said he was going to send me back," said Jack, as they pushed their way out through the room again.

"Oh, that 's all very well; he won't send you back," said Dred. "You just set your mind at rest on that."

"Tell me," said Jack, "was that Blackbeard?"

"Why, yes," said Dred, "that 's what they call him hereabouts."

Jack awoke almost at the dawn of day. He looked about him, at first not knowing just where he was. The hold of the sloop was full of the forms of sleeping men huddled into groups and clusters. The air was heavy and oppressive. He sat for a while staring about him, then suddenly he remembered everything and where he was. He aroused himself, and, cautiously stepping over the sleeping forms without disturbing them, went up the ladder to the deck above. A thick fog had arisen during the night, and everything was shrouded in an impenetrable mist. It drifted in great clouds across the deck. The ropes and sheets were wet and fuzzy with the misty moisture that had settled upon them. The sails looked heavy and sodden with dampness, and the decks and three boats hanging from the davits were also dripping wet. Two or three of the crew were still upon watch in the early morning. One of them, his hair and

woolen cap white with particles of moisture, lay stretched upon the top of the galley deck-house with a carbine lying beside him. He was smoking his pipe. A faint, blue thread of smoke arose in the mist-laden air. He raised himself upon his elbow, and stared at Jack as he came up on deck. The cook, who was also awake, was down in the galley, and every now and then the clatter of pans sounded loud in the damp silence. A cloud of smoke from the newly lighted galley-fire rolled in great volume out of the stove-pipe, and drifted slowly across the deck and through the ratlines. In the brightening light Jack could see more of his surroundings. There was a large cannon in the bow of the sloop, partly covered by a tarpaulin. There were two carronades amidships. The sloop still lay lashed to the end of the wharf. The shore was hidden in the fog, only now and then just showing a dim, fleeting, misty outline, which the next moment would be again lost in the drifting cloud.

A figure dim and white in the distance stood looking over the stern down into the water. It was very familiar to Jack, and, when presently it turned toward him, he saw that it was Christian Dred. As soon as Dred saw Jack, he came directly forward to where he was. "Well," said he, catching him by the arm and shaking it, "here be you and here be I—'your wonderful man'—and we 're together again, hey?" and Jack burst out laughing.

Gradually the signs of awakening life began to show aboard the sloop. The men were coming up from below. After a while the fat face of a negro woman appeared at the companionway of the cabin. She stood there for a while, looking around her. Then she disappeared again below, and presently the Captain himself came up on deck, from the cabin aft. He, too, stood for a while, his head just showing above the companionway, looking about him with eyes heavy and bleared with sleep. Then he came slowly up on deck. He beckoned to one of the men—a negro—who, in his bare feet, ran and hauled up a pail of water from alongside. Jack watched the pirate Captain as he washed his face in the water, puffing and splashing and spluttering, rubbing it into his shaggy hair. Then he fished out a yellow and coarse comb from his pocket, and, with a great deal of care, parted his hair in the middle and smoothed it down on either side. Then he began plaiting the two locks at his temples, looking about him all the while.

The sound of hissing and sizzling was coming from the galley as Jack walked to the bow, and the air was full of the smell of cooking pork.

During the early part of the morning a rude cart, drawn by two oxen, came out along the wharf. It was driven by a negro. Two men, with carbines over their shoulders, marched beside it. There were two barrels full of fresh water in the cart. A half-dozen of the crew lifted the barrels out of the cart, and rolled them aboard the sloop.

A breeze had come up as the sun rose higher, and in an hour or more—it was about the middle of the morning—the fog began to drift away in bright yellow clouds, through which the luster of the sun shone thin and watery. Now and then the outline of the houses on the shore stood out faint and dim. They looked very different to Jack in the wide light of day. Then the sun burst out in a sudden bright hot gleam. The pirate Captain had gone down below, but Dred and the sailing-master, Hands, were on deck. The boatswain's whistle trilled shrilly, and the great, patched, dingy mainsail, flapping and bellying sluggishly, rose slowly with the yo-hoing of the sailors and the creaking of block and tackle. The lines were cast loose. Dred stood directing the men as they pushed the sloop off with the sweeps. Some of the settlers had come down to the shore and stood watching. "All right!" called Dred; and Hands spun the wheel around. The sloop fell slowly off, the sail filled out smooth and round, and the vessel bore slowly away out into the river. The men on the wharf shouted an adieu, and two or three of the men aboard the sloop replied.

Chapter XXIV.

AT MARLBOROUGH.

Sometime a little after noon, the sloop sailed into the wide mouth of a lesser stream that opened into the broader waters of the James.

"I reckon they 're going to bring her up

back o' the p'int yonder," said one of the pirates to Jack.

"And why do they take the sloop up there?" asked Jack.

"Why, d' ye see," said the other, "there 'll nobody see us back o' the p'int, and what we 've got to do, now we 're so far up the river here, is to keep out of sight as much as ever we may."

"Is n't that a house over on the other side of the river?" asked Jack. "Those look like chimneys that I see."

"Why, yes," said the other, "that 's a place they call Marlborough. They say 't is a grand, big, fine house."

"Marlborough?" said Jack, "— and so 't is a big, fine house, for I 've been there myself, and have seen it. 'T is as grand a house as ever you would wish to see."

"Do you know it?" said the other. "Well, 't is where the Captain 's going to-night."

"What 's he going there for?" asked Jack.

"He 's going to bring off a young lady what he 's going to take down to North Caroliny," said the man.

Jack did not for a moment suppose anything but that the lady of whom the pirate spoke was to be a willing passenger. He only wondered why she should choose to make the trip in Blackbeard's boat.

The sloop lay in the creek all the afternoon. Dred was in the cabin nearly all the time, and Jack saw almost nothing of him. Meantime the crew occupied themselves variously. Six of them near Jack were playing cards intently; he lay upon the forecastle hatch watching them. Every now and then the thrum-thrumming of a guitar sounded from the cabin. As the dealer dealt the cards around, one of the pirates snapped his fingers in time to the strumming of the music. "I tell you what 't is, messmates," said he, "the Captain be the masterest hand at the guitar that ever I heard in all my life."

"To be sure," said another, "he do play well enough; but Jem Willoughby down in Bath Town can give him points how to play."

"Did ye ever hear Jem Willoughby play the fandango?" said one of the half-dozen men who lay at a little distance under the shade of the rail.

"Never mind Jem Willoughby and the fandango now; you play your game, messmates, and never mind Jem Willoughby," said another.

The afternoon slowly waned; the sun set, and a dim gray of twilight seemed to rise from the swampy lagoon. Then the dusk shaded darker and darker to the dimness of early nightfall. Suddenly the pirate Captain came up on deck, followed by Hands and Dred. Dred spoke to the boatswain, who came forward directly, and ordered the crew of the three boats to lower them and bring them alongside. Then there followed a bustle of preparation. Presently, through the confusion, Jack saw that the men were arming themselves. They were going down below into the cabin, and were coming up again, each with a pistol or a brace of pistols and a cutlas. Finally Morton, the gunner, came up on deck, and soon after the crews began scrambling over the rail and into the three boats, with a good deal of noise and disorder. It was after dark when they finally pushed off from the sloop. The pirate Captain sat in the stern of the yawl-boat, Hands took command of one of the others, and Dred and Morton of the third. Jack stood watching them pull away into the darkness, the regular chug-chug-chug of the oars in the rowlocks sounding fainter and fainter as the dim shapes of the boats were lost in the distance.

Everything seemed strangely silent after the boats were gone. Only five men besides Jack remained aboard the sloop, and the stillness seemed almost tangible. The tide gurgled and lapped alongside.

"Where are they going?" Jack asked of one of the men who stood beside him leaning over the rail and smoking his pipe and looking after his companions.

"Why," said he, without looking around, "they be going over the river to a place called Marlborough. They be going to fetch a young lady."

Colonel Parker was away from home. He had gone to Williamsburgh, but there was some company at Marlborough — Mr. Cartwright (a cousin of Madam Parker's) and his wife, and the Reverend Jonathan Jones, minister of Marlborough parish church, a rather sleek, round-

faced man, dressed in sober clerical black, with a very white wig and a smooth clearstarched band of fine semi-transparent linen. Madam Parker and her guests sat at a game of ruff. Miss Eleanor Parker was trying a piece of music at the spinet, playing smoothly, but with an effort at certain points, and then stumbling at the more difficult passages, to which she sometimes returned, repeating them. The four played their game out silently, and then, as the last trick was taken, released the restraint of attentive silence by a sudden return of ease.

"'T was two by honors this time, I think," said Mr. Cartwright to Madam Parker, who was his partner.

"Yes," said she; "I held the queen and ace myself, and you the knave."

"Then that makes four points for us," said Mr. Cartwright as he marked them.

"'T is strange how ill the hands run with me to-night," said the reverend gentleman. "That makes the third hand running without a single court-card." He opened his snuff-box, and offered it to Madam Parker and then to the others, taking finally a profound and vigorous pinch for himself, and shutting the lid of the box with a snap. Madam Parker and her partner smiled with the amused good nature of winners at the game.

Presently the young lady ceased playing, and began turning over the leaves of her music-book.

In the pause of silence there came suddenly a loud and violent knock upon the outside hall door. Madam Parker started. "Why, who can that be?" said she, folding her hand of cards nervously, and looking around the table at the others.

The players looked at one another, and Miss Eleanor partly turned around upon her music-stool.

They listened as the negro crossed the hall to answer the knock. Then came the sound of the rattling of the chain and the turning of the key. Then the door was opened. As the card-players listened they heard the sound of a man's voice, and then the reply of the negro. Then again the man's voice, and then the negro's again — this time speaking, as it seemed, rather eagerly. Then there came a sharp exclamation, and then a noise as of some one pushed violently against the door — then silence.

Suddenly there was the sound of heavy feet crossing the hall. Mr. Cartwright rose from his seat, and the Reverend Jonathan Jones turned half-way round in his chair. The next instant three or four men with blackened faces were in the room. The foremost man wore the loose petticoat trousers of a sailor, a satin waistcoat, and a coat and hat trimmed with gold braid. His face was tied up in a handkerchief. He had gold ear-rings in his ears. "Don't you be frightened," said he, in a hoarse, husky voice; "there 'll no harm happen to you, if you only be quiet and make no noise. But I won't have any noise, d' ye hear?"

The three ladies sat staring with wide-eyed, breathless terror and amazement at the speaker. His companions stood silently at the doorway, each armed with a brace of pistols.

"What do you want?" said Mr. Cartwright. "Who are you? What do you want?" He had grown very pale.

The stranger, though he was armed, did not carry any weapon in his hand. He came out a little further into the room. "Ye see I have nothing to make you afraid of me!" said he, opening the palms of his hands. "So you may see I mean you no harm. But, hark 'e, there 's to be no noise — no screaming, d' ye understand, nor calling for help. So long as you keep still, no harm shall be done to any of ye — man or woman."

"You villain!" cried out Mr. Cartwright, with rising courage. "What do you mean by coming here this way, breaking into Colonel Parker's house, and blustering and threatening? Do you know where you are?" He pushed back the chair from which he had arisen, and looked around the room as though seeking for some weapon.

"Come, come, sir," said the other sharply, and he clapped his hand to the butt of one of his pistols. "Don't you make any trouble for yourself, sir. I say there 'll be nobody harmed if you don't make any trouble. But if you do, I tell you plain, it 'll be the worse for you. I 've got a score of men outside, and you can't do anything at all; and if you make any trouble you 'll be shot, with no good to come of it. I 'll

tell you what we came for — but first of all I want you to understand plainly that no harm is intended to the young lady, and that no harm shall happen to her — and this is it: Young Mistress Parker yonder must go along with us. That 's what we are here for. We 're to take her away with us."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when Madam Parker started up from her chair with a loud and violent scream. Then she fell back again, catching at the table, and overturning one of the candles. The other ladies screamed as in instant echo, and shriek after shriek rang piercingly through the house. Miss Eleanor Parker flew swiftly across the room, running behind Mr. Cartwright, and, flinging herself upon her knees beside her mother, she buried her face in Madam Parker's lap. "You villain!" roared Mr. Cartwright, and the next moment he had snatched up the heavy candlestick that had been overturned. He threw it with all his might at the head of the man. The pirate ducked, and the candlestick flew over his head, striking with a crash against the wall beyond. "What d' ye mean?" roared the pirate. Then, as Mr. Cartwright grasped at the other candlestick, "Don't you touch that candlestick! Ha! would you?" The next instant he had flung himself upon the gentleman, clutching him around the body. Mr. Cartwright struck at the other again and again, trying to free himself. For one moment he had almost wrenched himself loose. The men at the door ran around to their leader's aid. A chair was overturned with a crash, and the next moment the two had stumbled over it and fallen, and had rolled under the table. Mr. Jones, with a face ghastly white, and eyes straining with terror, thrust away his chair and rose, drawing back from the two as they struggled and kicked upon the floor beneath the table. Still the ladies screamed piercingly, shriek after shriek. "Would you?" breathlessly growled the pirate Captain under the table — "you 'd better beware. Here,— Morton,— Dred,— the fellow 's choking me! — ach! let go there!" The men who had run to his aid struggled to drag the two apart, and a dozen or more, all with faces blackened, came running into the room just as they were separated. The pirate Captain scrambled to his feet disheveled and furious. Before he raised himself he tied up his face in the handkerchief again. Then he stood up, feeling at his throat and glaring around him. Mr. Cartwright also arose; his lip had been cut in the struggle and was bleeding. The ladies' screams redoubled. "Be still!" roared the pirate Captain. "Can't you quiet those women?" he cried to his men.

One of the men caught Madam Parker by the arm. "Be quiet, Madam; stop that noise, or 't will be the worse for you," said he, roughly, and at his touch Madam Parker ceased her outcry.

Mrs. Cartwright also ceased screaming, and now sat deathly pale. Mr. Cartwright had been stunned by his fall. He stood with the blood running unnoticed from his cut lip down upon his shirt-front. But the pause was only for a moment. Suddenly again, and without warning, he gave a furious wrench that almost freed him from his captors. "You villains!" he cried hoarsely. "You villains!" He did not know what he was saying. Then suddenly once more all was confusion and uproar. Mr. Cartwright was struggling furiously with the men holding him. Up and down they struggled, scuffling and banging against the furniture. The ladies were not screaming now. Now and then Mr. Cartwright's face was hidden; now and then it showed again, flaming red and distorted with passion. There were then four men upon him. Then suddenly they all fell with a crash. "Hold him down!" roared the pirate Captain, "hold him down."

Then followed a lull. The four men held Mr. Cartwright to the floor. His breathing came thick and hoarse. His face was strained and knotted with fury. Every now and then he made a futile effort to wrench his arm loose.

"I don't know what you all mean, anyhow," said the pirate Captain, "squalling and fighting like that. Zounds!" said he to Mr. Cartwright, as he lay upon the floor,— "I believe you 've broke my Adam's-apple — I do. I tell you," said he to Madam Parker, who, white and haggard and shrunk together with terror, sat looking up at him, "I tell you, and I tell you again, that I don't mean any harm to you or to the young lady. She 's got to go along with

me, and that 's all. I tell you I 'll take good care of her, and she 'll be in the care of a woman who knows how to look after her, and that just as soon as his honor the Colonel chooses to pay for her coming back, then she 'll come. I 've got a boat down here at the shore, and I 'm going to take the young lady off in it, d' ye understand? No harm 'll come to her. But, if she wants to carry any change of her clothes along with her to wear, she 'd better get 'em together. D' ye understand me, Madam?

"As I tell you, I want the young lady to be as comfortable as she can, and if you don't get something for her to wear and make her comfortable, I 've got to take her as she is. Now, Madam, will you get some clothes together? Maybe you 'll send one of your black women to get them."

Madam Parker sat gazing at him without moving; the pirate Captain stood looking at her. "What 's the matter with her anyhow?" said he. One of the men stooped forward and looked into her face. "Why, Captain," said he, "the lady 's dazed like; she does n't know what you 're saying. Don't you see that she does n't understand a word you say?"

The Captain looked around and his eyes fell upon Mrs. Cartwright. "D' ye think ye could get the young lady some clothes to take away with her, Mistress?" said he. "Now, Mistress, will you go and get her clothes for her, or will she have to go with only what she has?"

"Thou shalt not go for them, Polly," cried Mr. Cartwright hoarsely, from where he lay upon the floor.

"But, Edward, she must have clothes to wear," said Mrs. Cartwright.

Mr. Cartwright groaned. "You are breaking my arm," said he to one of the men that held him.

"Why then, Master," said the man, "if you would n't fight us off so we would n't treat you so roughly." And as he spoke he released Mr. Cartwright's arm a little.

"Shall I go, Edward?" said Mrs. Cartwright.

Mr. Cartwright groaned again. "You 'll have to go, Polly," said he; "there 's nothing else to do. But, oh, you villains! Mark my words: You 'll hang for this — every mother's son of you!"

"Why, I like your spirit, Mr. Tobacco-Planter!" said the pirate Captain. "And maybe you 'll hang us and maybe you won't, but we 'll take our chances on that." Then, with a sudden ferocity, "I 've put up with all the talk from you I 'm going to bear, and if you know what 's good for you you 'll stop your 'villains' and your 'hangings,' and all that. We 've got the upper hand here, and you 're the bird that 's down, so you won't crow any more, if you please." Then to Mrs. Cartwright, "Now, Mistress," said he, "are you ready to fetch those clothes? You go along with her, Chris," to one of the men who stood with the others. "As for you," he said to the Reverend Jonathan Jones, "go and stand by the ladies yonder. Maybe 't will make them easier to have a friend near them."

After a while Mrs. Cartwright came into the room again, followed by Dred, who carried a large silk traveling-bag full of clothes. The lady was crying, making no attempt to wipe away the tears that ran down her cheeks. Mr. Cartwright lay helpless upon the floor, where the three men had now bound him securely. The pirate Captain came forward and stooped over Miss Eleanor as she knelt with her face in her mother's lap. "Come, Mistress," said he, "you must go along with us now." He waited for a moment, but she made no reply. "You must go along with us," he repeated in a louder tone, and he took her by the arm as he spoke. Still she made no sound of having heard him. Then he stooped over and lifted her head. Mr. Cartwright caught sight of the face, and felt a keen thrill pierce through him. "She is dead," he thought.

"Come here, Morton," called out the pirate Captain, "and lend a hand. The young lady 's swooned clean away."

Madam Parker made some faint movement as her daughter was taken from her, but she hardly seemed to be conscious of what was passing. Mrs. Cartwright wept hysterically in her husband's arms as they carried the young lady away, leaving behind them the room littered, the chair overturned, and the one candle burning dimly on the card-table. Outside of the house the negroes and the white servants stood looking on in helpless, interested terror from a

distance, hidden by the darkness. Mr. Simms was sitting in his office, gagged and bound in his chair.

Chapter XXV.

IN CAPTIVITY.

Jack sat with the watch upon the deck of the sloop. The vessel lay pretty close to the shore, and the myriad sounds from the dark, woody wilderness seemed to fill the air — the sharp quivering rasp of multitudinous insects, the strange noise of the night birds, and now and then the snapping and cracking of a branch and always the lapping gurgle of water. Jack sat on a coil of rope, watching the twinkling flicker of the fireflies, and listening to the men as they talked among themselves about people whom he did not know. There was a great interest in hearing what they said, and so catching, as it were, a glimpse of lives so different from his own. A lantern swung in the shrouds shedding a dim, yellow circle of light upon the deck, in which sat and squatted the five men left in charge of the sloop.

"It must be pretty near midnight," said another of the men irrelevantly, looking up into the starry sky as he spoke.

"Listen. I hear summat," said another, holding up his finger. "Like enough it be the boats a-coming back."

They all listened intently, but only the ceaseless murmurings of the night filled the air, and always the lapping gurgle of the water.

One of the men — he who had spoken before — suddenly scrambled to his feet. "There they are," said he, sharply; "I heard them."

A breath of air had sprung up from the river, and had brought down with it the distant sound of the measured chug-chug of the oars in the rowlocks.

"Yes, that 's them for certain," said another of the watch, and every one scrambled to his feet. They all stood looking out toward the river. It was a great while before the distant boats gradually shaped themselves into forms out of the pale watery darkness beyond. "There they are; I see them," said one of the men. And then in a minute or so Jack also saw the dim outline of the dark blots upon the water. As the boats slowly drew nearer and nearer to the sloop, Jack climbed up into the shrouds, whence he might obtain a better view of the men when they should come aboard. A few minutes later they were alongside the sloop; the yawl-boat first of all. The men unshipped their oars with a rattle and clatter. Some of them caught the chains just below Jack as the boat slid under the side of the sloop. The other boats came alongside almost at the same time. Jack could see by the light of the lantern that those in the stern of the yawl were assisting a dark figure to arise. He saw that a sort of hushed attention was directed toward where it was. He wondered what was the matter, and his first thought was that some one had been hurt; then he saw that they were helping somebody up to the deck, and then, as the light fell upon the face, recognition came with a sudden keen shock. It was Miss Eleanor Parker, — and even in the dim light he could see that her face was very white. Then he saw that the faces of all that had come in the boats were blackened as though with soot. The pirate Captain had come aboard the sloop. "Easy now," said he, as they lifted the young lady up to the deck. Jack clung to the ratlines, looking after them as they partly supported, partly carried, the fainting figure across the deck. The next moment they had assisted her down into the cabin. Then Jack, who had been lost in wonder, returned sharply to the consciousness of other things. He became aware of the confusion of the boats' crews coming aboard, the rattling and clatter and movement and bustle all around him on the deck. "Look alive, now, Gibbons!" he heard Hands's voice say to the boatswain. "Get her under way as quick as you can." And he knew that the sloop was about to quit its anchorage.

In the morning Jack found that the sloop was beating down the river in the face of a stiff breeze. They had been sailing all night, and had made a long reach. He recognized where they were. The shore toward which they were now heading was the high, sandy bluff that overlooked the oyster banks where he had once gone fishing with Dennis and the negro. He could see in the distance the shed standing upon the summit of the high, sandy bank. It looked very strange and new to him, and at the

same time curiously familiar. It was as though a piece of his past life had been broken out and placed oddly into the setting of his present life.

"Where 's Jack Ballister?" he heard Dred's voice say, and then he turned round sharply.

"Here I am!" said he.

Dred came forward a little distance, then he beckoned and Jack came to him. "The young lady down in the cabin seems very queer like," said he. "She won't say nothing, and she won't eat nothing. Did n't you say as you know'd her at one time and that she know'd you or summat of the sort?"

"Why, yes," said Jack, "I remember her very well, but I don't know whether she remembers me now or not. One time I rode up to Marlborough for my master, and she knew me then."

"Well, look 'e," said Dred, "the Captain thinks as how it might rouse her up a bit if somebody as know'd her was to come down and speak to her."

"I don't know," said Jack, "whether I could do her any good or no, but I 'll try."

The pirate Captain was thrum-thrumming his guitar in the cabin. Jack went down; it was the first time he had been there. The cabin had been fitted up with some considerable comfort, but now it was disorderly. Hands was lying, apparently asleep, upon the bench that ran around the cabin; Captain Teach sat upon the other side of the table. He held his guitar across his breast, and his brown fingers — one of them wearing a silver ring — picked at the strings. Beyond the Captain, a dark figure lay in the berth still and motionless. Jack could see one hand, as white as wax, resting upon the edge of the berth, and he noticed the shine of the rings upon the fingers. The negro woman whom Jack had seen the first day that he had come aboard, was sitting near to the silent figure — she had evidently been brought to act as an attendant upon the young lady. She sat there silent and stolid, her turban blazing like a flame in the darkness of the place. She rolled her eyes whitely at Jack as he entered, but otherwise she did not move. There was an untasted dish of chicken and rice standing upon the table.

Captain Teach looked at him as he entered. He stopped playing as Jack came to the berth where the young lady lay, and kneeled with one knee upon the cushions of the bench. The pirate looked at the lad with curiosity. Jack stood there for a while not knowing what to say. "Won't you eat something, Mistress?" he said awkwardly. No reply. "Won't you eat something, Mistress?" he said again — "a bit of chicken and some rice. Won't you eat it?"

She shook her head without turning around. He stood there for a while in silence looking at her. "She won't pay any heed to me," said he at last, turning toward Captain Teach.

"Ask her if she don't know you," suggested Blackbeard.

"Don't you know me, Mistress?" said Jack. "I 'm Jack Ballister — your uncle's servant." But still there was no reply.

The pirate Captain looked at her for a while in brooding thought. "Oh, very well then," said he, "let her alone; she 'll be sharp enough for something to eat, maybe, by afternoon. You can take the victuals back to the galley."

(To be continued.)

NOON AND NIGHT.

By Frank H. Sweet.

The sunlight flushes the yellow corn,
And the wheat-heads bow and sway;
And the moonbeams patient vigil keep
When the sunlight steals away.
The whippoorwill loves the moonbeam's time,
But the bobolink loves the day.

ALICE.

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

THE SEALS OF OUR SHORES.

(Tenth paper of the series, "Quadrupeds of North America.")

By W. T. Hornaday.

After the sea-lions, the remainder of our pinnipeds belong to what is called the Hair Seal Family, which should be known simply as the Seal Family, as separated from the sea-lions. Like the sea-lions, they are flesh-eaters, living on both land and sea, feeding chiefly upon fish. Their bodies are fat, almost shapeless, and lie upon the ground like bags of meal.

Nearly all the seals have large eyes, rounded heads, short necks, and coarse hair of no value save to the Eskimo. They have no outer ears. Some of them are quite social in their habits, but a few are rather solitary. On the whole, they make an exceedingly varied and interesting group; but, with the exception of the Harbor Seal, the several species are about as unknown to the average American as if they inhabited the planet Mars. The question is, can we better that condition? At all events, the rarest species shall have first place in the trial.

Behold how easy it is for men to remain in gross ignorance of facts that lie at their door, and over which they actually stumble every now and then, without really seeing them. And what is still worse, thousands of people can actually *look* at many things without seeing them!

In 1494 Columbus and his crew landed on a little rocky islet south of Haiti, which they named Alta Vela, to look from its summit for his missing caravels. They saw not the ships, but "they killed eight sea-wolves that were sleeping on the sands." For three hundred and fifty years following the discovery of the West Indian Seal by Columbus, the creature remained absolutely unknown to the scientific world. In 1846 a mutilated skin was preserved and sent to the British Museum, and it was not until 1885 that our National Museum obtained from Cuba the first perfect specimen ever preserved. The species had a very narrow escape from being exterminated before the scientific world had even an opportunity to shake hands with it and say, "How do you do? Pleased to make your acquaintance."

WEST INDIAN SEAL.
(*Mon'a-chus trop-i-cal'is.*)

For many years our naturalists believed that the species had been totally exterminated for its oil. But in December, 1886, Mr. Henry L. Ward and a Mexican naturalist, Professor F. Ferrari Perez, made what scientific men call a re-discovery of the species. It occurred on three tiny islets called the Triangles, situated in the southwestern part of the Gulf of Mexico, and about 150 miles due northwest of the city of Campeachy. There the explorers found what is possibly the only surviving colony of West Indian Seals, basking lazily on the raised beaches of coral and sand, and rearing their young. So little did the sluggish creatures know of man's dangerous ways in dealing with wild animals, that instead of scurrying into the water before the hunters arrived within gunshot, they lazily lay there and allowed the collectors to walk up within three feet of them. Mr. Ward states (in the *American Naturalist*) that when first attacked they offered very little resistance, but on the second and third days they showed fight, and would often make savage but futile rushes at the members of the party. Apparently the two naturalists could have chloroformed their specimens if they had possessed the drug, and desired to take them in that way. The lazy creatures had none of the activity and energy of the seals of colder latitudes, and the backs of several were so overgrown with algæ, or seaweed, as to make them appear quite green.

The West Indian Seal is formed very much like the common Harbor Seal. The adult male is about seven feet in length, and is of a dark umber brown or grayish-brown color, according to age. With its dull color and clumsy form,

it is the least beautiful of all our seals. This species is almost certain to be exterminated in the near future, for the sake of the paltry yield of oil to be obtained from it.

The CALIFORNIA SEA-ELEPHANT is next in rarity to the preceding species: an animal with a fearfully long Latin name, but a very short stay on this earth. It is the largest of all the seals, its average length when fully grown being from twelve to fourteen feet, while it sometimes reaches the astonishing length of twenty-two feet, including the hind flippers. It is still an open question whether this animal is of the same species as the sea-elephant of the Antarctic Ocean. Our animal, like the other, derives its popular name from the lengthened, tapir-like proboscis, or snout, of the old males, which sometimes projects six inches or more beyond the end of the muzzle.

CALIFORNIA SEA-ELEPHANT.
(*Mac'ro-rhi'nus an-gus-ti-ros'tris.*)

The hair is exceedingly short, very stiff, and harsh, and when clean and dry is of a dusky yellowish color. This species once inhabited about two hundred miles of the coast of California, from Point Reyes southward, but it has been practically exterminated for the sake of its oil. In 1884 Mr. C. H. Townsend visited Santa Barbara Island for the express purpose of preserving for the National Museum the skins and skeletons of what were supposed to be the last survivors of the species, then about to be killed by a seal-hunter for their oil. The result was that at the eleventh hour a number of very valuable skins and skeletons were saved for the zoölogical museums of the world.

THE CALIFORNIA SEA-ELEPHANT.

About the same time, an enterprising collector actually captured five young specimens alive, and shipped them to New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati — which was the first and only time the species was ever seen alive in the Eastern United States, and will doubtless be the last. But I am glad to be

able to state that these seals are not absolutely extinct, for a short time ago Mr. Townsend assured me that a few individuals are yet living somewhere south of San Francisco, in a place that the seal-hunters know not of; and, in the language of Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle,"

"May they live long and prosper!"

Quite as strange in form as the preceding species is the HOODED SEAL, or BLADDER-NOSE, of the North Atlantic, whose remarkable "hood" has been misunderstood, erroneously drawn, and incorrectly mounted all his life long, until the year 1883. Then Dr. C. Hart Merriam visited his haunts off Labrador, collected a fine series of specimens, and brought back correct drawings of the creature's head.

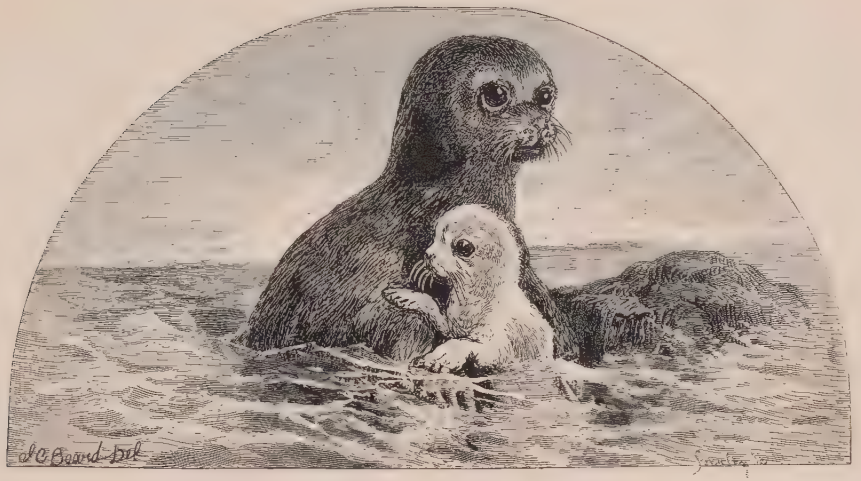
HOODED SEAL.
(*Cys-toph'ora cris-ta'ta.*)

In all illustrations published prior to 1884, the huge, swollen, and bladder-like appendage, *which really overhangs the mouth*, has been placed on the top of the head, between the eyes! The accompanying illustration, drawn from specimens in the National Museum that were collected by Dr. Merriam, has been pronounced by him to be the most perfect representation of the species yet produced.

The ground color of the Hooded Seal is a dark bluish-gray, in which are sprinkled irregular patches and mottlings of black. The young are born with a thick covering of woolly white hair, which is soon shed and replaced by a stiff coat of steel-gray, which darkens with age.

The average length of the adult male Hooded Seal is about seven and a half feet, and the females are a little smaller. One killed by Lieutenant Greely in Kane Sea measured eight feet four and a half inches, and "weighed probably 600 pounds." They are not very social in their habits, says Dr. Merriam, usually only the two old ones and their young being found close together. This species is at home on the ice-floes off the shores of Newfoundland, Labrador, the various "Lands" and islands to the north, and off Greenland as far north as 79° 10′ north latitude. It is also found in Northern Europe, and has been known to wander even as far south as Chesapeake Bay. In 1824 one was captured at East Chester, within fifteen miles of New York city. Like all other large

THE HOODED SEAL.



THE HARP SEAL.

seals, this species has for years past been diligently hunted for its oil, and in the days when they were plentiful many thousands were killed each year.

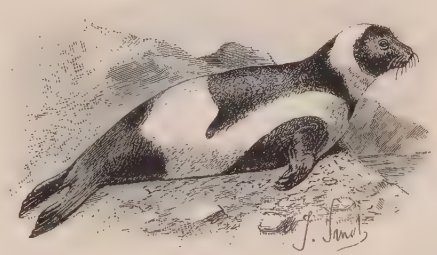
The adult male HARP SEAL, or SADDLE-BACK SEAL, is the most beautiful of all our true seals, and also the most abundant and valuable. Thousands are killed annually off Newfoundland and Labrador for their oil. The prevailing color of this species is creamy yellow,— when clean and dry,— on which is laid a broad and conspicuous saddle-mark of jet-black, which sometimes half covers the middle of the side, and is partly repeated on the head. The female is of a dull white or straw color, and when born the young are quite white and woolly. The adult male is about six feet in length, and the female five feet. The range of the Harp Seal is almost precisely the same as that of the Hooded Seal, except that it goes even farther north. It was seen by Lieutenant Greely in latitude 81° 30′ north, and has also been taken as far south as the coast of New Jersey.

HARP SEAL.
(*Pho'ca græn-land'i-ca.*)

Most strangely colored of all seals, however, is the curious RIBBON SEAL. On a smooth ground color of either blackish-brown or yellowish-gray Nature has sportively laid some broad, yellowish-white ribbons. One goes around the back of the head, and ties under the throat. From somewhere under the breast another ribbon starts upward, encircles the shoulder, and drops down just in front of the pelvis, where it comes together and then runs straight over the body. In many specimens the ribbon is of almost perfectly uniform width, and as clean cut at the edges as if it had really come from a loom.

RIBBON SEAL.
(*His-tri-o-pho'ca fas-ci-a'ta.*)

In size this animal corresponds closely with the Harp Seal, and its home, so far as is known at present, is the waters and shores of Bering Sea. It is rarely seen, still more rarely taken, and very little is known of its habits. I know of but four specimens in this country.



THE RIBBON SEAL.

Although the little RINGED SEAL, or FIORD SEAL, contemptuously called the FLOE RAT by English sailors, is the smallest of all our species, it is also the most enterprising. In the cold waters of the north, it goes simply everywhere. Throughout tens of thousands of square miles of cold and stormy waters, broken and chaotic ice-packs, and barren floe-ice seven feet thick, the jolly little "Netsick" is the principal inhab-

RINGED SEAL.
(*Pho'ca fœt'i-da.*)

itant, ready to yield his chubby body to any hungry Eskimo who happens to need it.

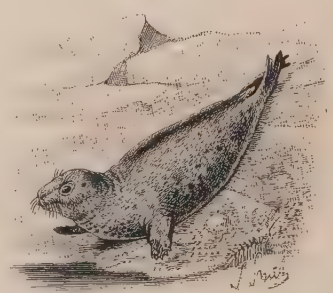
Taken altogether, this animal is to the Eskimos generally the most valuable source of food and clothing of all the quadrupeds of the north. In ranging northward, all other seals stop about on the 81st parallel, but the Ringed Seal cries "Excelsior!" and presses right on. Regardless of cold and other drawbacks, he joyously paddles past Lady Franklin Bay, out through Robeson Channel, and into the Polar Sea itself, which is named after our greatest American, north of all land. It was observed by General Greely's party in latitude 82° 54′ — only thirty miles south of the farthest north ever reached by man. What is more, General Greely says that they winter as far north as Robeson Channel, though he is puzzled to know how they maintain breathing-holes where the ice is so thick. It seems to me, however, that with the temperature down to 60° below zero, one lungful of air ought to be quite sufficient to last any seal an entire winter.

The Ringed Seal is found in Bering Sea, and throughout the Arctic Ocean in both hemispheres. The largest individuals are only about four feet in length, and by reason of its size, this species is despised by the white sealers,—a very fortunate thing for the Eskimos. In color it is extremely variable. In a collection of fifteen fresh skins that once came into my hands from Point Barrow, there were three well-defined types—one almost black, another dark, mottled with light, and a third almost yellow. All showed the curious brownish-yellow rings with darker centers from which the species takes its popular name.

This is the seal which the Eskimo hunts by simply playing a waiting game, in which patience is his most powerful weapon. He seeks over the solid ice-floe until he finds a little round hole running down through the ice quite to the water, be it two feet or six. That is the breathing-hole of a seal, which the creature has kept open with its warm breath ever since the ice began to form. Mr. Eskimo simply camps on the ice beside the hole, and shivers and waits, be it one hour or fifteen. He waits for Mr. Seal to come and stick his nose into the bottom of the hole, to give and take some air. When he does so, the Eskimo promptly jabs a spear down through the hole, into the head of the seal. If it catches the animal and holds him fast, all the native has to do is to chop through about five feet of solid ice and get it.

This seal is the first aquatic animal that Eskimo children are taught to kill, and when seven-year-old Eskimo Johnnie kills his first seal, the proud father hangs the teeth and front flippers around his neck as trophies of his skill. It is said, also, that in their eagerness to have their children "make a record," Eskimo mothers sometimes catch seals on the sly and allow their little children to kill them, to add to their individual scores.

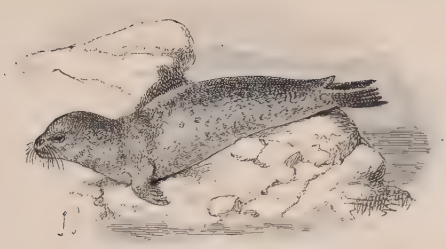
THE GRAY SEAL (*Hal-i-chœ'us gry'phus*) is one of our rare species, being found only in a limited area, and but seldom even there. Its range in this hemisphere extends from the Gulf of St. Lawrence northward to Davis Strait, and for a short distance along the southeastern coast of Greenland. This seal is of a uniform dull gray color. It is rarely seen in museums, and if some enterprising collector would bring in a large series of fine skins, he might hear something to his advantage. This is our only seal species of which I have never mounted a specimen.



GREAT GRAY SEAL.

It is said that the BEARDED SEAL, or SQUARE FLIPPER SEAL of the seal-hunters, is the second in size of all our seals; but its whole life history and distribution is so gloriously involved in doubt and speculation and guesswork that one is half tempted to call it a myth. It seems really incredible, in this day of persistent collecting in all quarters of the globe, that no museum in the world (so far as can

BEARDED SEAL.
(*Er-ig-na'thus bar-ba'tus.*)



BEARDED SEAL.

be learned) should possess even one good typical adult specimen of the second largest seal species in existence. Think of an American seal from ten to twelve feet in length, so it is said, and not an adult specimen of it, nor even careful measurements, in the whole United States! There is a very good young specimen in the National Museum, but it is only a baby. The Square Flipper is nowhere abundant, and being both rare and shy, fame awaits the collector who shall bring to us some first-class skins of adult animals, and really introduce the species to the world. So far, we have had to take this seal mostly on trust, without proper credentials.

HARBOR SEAL.
(*Pho'ca vit-u-li'na.*)

Last of all, we place the common HARBOR SEAL, because it is the only species that is really well known, and we mention its name only to make our list complete.

HARBOR SEAL.

AGAINST TIME AND TIDE.

By Myron B. Gibson.

"WITH ALL OUR SPEED, WE WERE NOT QUICK ENOUGH." (SEE PAGE 51.)

It rained all the way up, and was still pouring when we landed at a little seaport among the Mendocino redwoods. I was going up to spend the Christmas holidays with a fellow-student whose father owned a saw-mill on the coast. It was fifteen miles above the destination of the little steamer on which we voyaged from San Francisco. We brought our wheels along, for Tom had assured me that, although the roads among the redwoods were too muddy for wheeling during the rainy season, we should find some pretty stretches of beach near his father's mill.

We put up at the only hotel the place afforded, intending as soon as the weather cleared to wheel up the coast to the saw-mill. The

wind changed to the northwest that night, and the storm blew itself out in a terrific gale that lasted most of the night. How the wind did howl and shriek about the eaves of that big frame hotel standing on the very brink of a bold promontory as if to catch the full force of every gale! The sky had cleared, and a bright moon shining in at our window induced me to get up and watch the great breakers as they crashed against the jagged, rocky wall that seemed to line the whole coast.

"Where 's your beach, Tom?" I asked in surprise. "I can see nothing but rocks."

"High tide, my boy," answered Tom. "It 's under six feet of water, but it 's there just as hard. Come back to bed. We 'll catch the tide just right in the morning, and I 'll show you the finest beach you ever spun a wheel over."

And so I found it. We turned out for an early breakfast, and leaving our luggage to be sent up by stage, mounted at the door and rolled down the little street to a beach fit to gladden the heart of any wheelman. The glistening sand, packed by the tremendous waves that had pounded it all night long, was as hard and firm as a cinder path, and twice as smooth. My exclamations of delight brought a laugh from Tom as our pneumatics began to hum over the noiseless sands.

"Did n't look much like this last night, did it, Bob?"

"I should say not," I replied. "But say, old boy, is it safe? Can we make the mill all right before the tide comes in again?"

"Easy enough," said Tom. "I 've done it many a time. The worst place is up there at that big point about three miles from here. Look! You can see the waves pounding the rocks now. That 's why I wanted to get off an hour before low water. By the time we get there we can whirl around those rocks without wetting a tire."

The beach was but a narrow strip of sand from ten to fifty yards wide, fronted by irregular, rocky cliffs that now and then jutted out to sea, until, even at low tide, but a few feet of beach showed itself about the base of these jagged points.

I felt like a bird on the wing as we skimmed along between this rocky wall, surmounted by towering redwood forest, and the broad Pacific, whose waters, as the result of last night's storm, heaved and rolled in mighty swells that broke and toppled over with crashes of thunder all along the shining beach.

Merrily we rolled along with the brightest of suns glancing down through fleecy clouds, and a balmy breeze, like the breath of a summer's morn, fanning our glowing cheeks. Had it been June instead of December, nothing would have seemed out of place to me. So well had Tom timed our start that the waters around the base of the wide promontory he had pointed out, seemed almost to part for our passage as did those of the Red Sea for the fleeing hosts from Egypt. The waves, that dashed high upon the rocky headland when we first noticed them, fell lower and lower as we approached, until, without slackening our speed, we whirled past the rocks for a hundred yards upon a beach a rod wide, not dry, but hard and firm.

The great rollers seemed about to engulf us as they came rushing on toward the rocks. As they struck the sands they piled up in walls of transparent green whose white crests swept up the beach until they almost lapped our wheels.

I no longer wondered at the ecstasy with which my chum had so often described this beach to me. His whole nature was absorbed in the grandeur about us. He scarcely spoke as we rolled along except to point out some fresh attraction that he feared might escape my notice. Point after point we spun round, and more than once we went straight through upon the sand-paved floors of wave-built tunnels where the hum of our wheels upon the hard surface rang in our ears like the song of the wind through a vessel's rigging. We began to regret that our ride must be so short, for we had already covered ten miles of the fifteen. We slackened our pace to prolong the enjoyment, and watched the sea-birds that flitted from crag to crag over our heads, adding their discordant cries to the roar of the surf upon the beach.

"The storm is not over yet," suddenly broke in Tom. "The birds don't scream like that for nothing. Did you ever hear such unearthly screeching?"

"Never," said I. "I 've noticed it for some minutes." And then we pedaled on in silence,

until Tom, who was riding in advance, suddenly leaped from his wheel.

"Listen, Bob!" he shouted excitedly. "Don't you hear that call? That 's not a gull; it 's a human voice, or my ears don't know one."

I was by his side in a twinkling, and we both strained our ears to catch the sound again. It soon came, a long-drawn, agonizing note of appeal that one could scarcely fail to recognize as the signal of human distress. Bracing our wheels together we clambered quickly up the rocks to take a look seaward. It was fearful climbing, but we scrambled up, never stopping for breath until we reached a shelf that gave us a view for miles out to sea. We strained our eyes for a boat, a raft, or some signal of distress, and our ears for a repetition of that call for help. Not a speck could we see on all that waste of tumbling billows, except far out, perhaps a mile away, where a patch of scattered rocks reared their heads above the waves that boiled about them. No sound but that of the birds and the breakers came to us for some moments.

"It must have been seals bellowing, Tom," said I. "I think I can see them on those rocks."

"I can see something there, too," replied my chum, "but I never heard a seal bellow like that before. Hark!" As he spoke the cry came to us again; and — yes, there was no mistaking it — we both saw an object straighten up on one of the rocks and wave a coat, a shirt, or a piece of tattered sail wildly above its head.

"There they are! There they are!" shouted Tom, "one, two — half a dozen of them clinging to that rock. There 's been a wreck farther out, and they 've drifted in and lodged against the rocks." And like a flash he leaped from ledge to ledge down toward the beach and our wheels.

"Quick, man! quick!" he shouted back. "The tug! the tug at the landing! That 's all that can save them; the tide 'll be over them in three hours!"

"But that big point, Tom!" I gasped as we sprang awheel. "The tide will be up! We can never make it!"

"We 've *got* to make it, Bob!" was all Tom replied, and with the speed of the wind we flew back toward the town.

We had spent a good two hours on the way up, loitering here and there and even doubling on our track at times to examine more closely some object of interest that we had passed too hurriedly. Now as we flew round the jutting points we noticed all too plainly how the tide had encroached upon the narrow beach. One little tunnel that we traversed dry-shod on the way up, we now shot through with our wheels churning half a foot of water and throwing streams of it up over our backs. Out on the open beach again, we shook ourselves like half-drowned spaniels and bent still lower over the handles. Tom led the way, and at a pace that taxed my utmost powers. Not a word was spoken as we reeled off mile after mile. Then a sharp turn brought us in sight of the big headland. Tom started violently and checked his speed for an instant. A sudden faintness came over me, and my knees shook as I looked ahead. The breakers were already dashing against the rocks!

Breathlessly we watched them as we drew near, until close enough to see that after each big comber had spent its force against the rocks and sunk back into the sea, it left a rod or more of open beach around the base of the cliff.

Tom gave a glad shout, and calling to me to "come on!" spurted faster than ever. As we approached we noticed that every third or fourth wave towered above the others, and meant to time ourselves to take a flying start around the cliff just after one of these big fellows crashed against it.

"Keep close to me and be ready to spurt!" sung out Tom. "I think we can make it all right just after that big one."

But we had misjudged the distance or our own speed. We were too soon, and having to slow up, lost half our speed before the path was clear. It would never do to start around that wall at such a gait, and back we wheeled to try for another start.

"There she comes! That 's the one for us!" shouted Tom, and away we flew, only to whirl and come back again, for this time we were too late; the sand was bare before we reached the point, and another wave was rushing along ready to catch us before we could get half-way round.

"We 've got them timed now!" Tom called out hopefully. "That 's the one, that big one out there! Wait till she gets half-way in this time,— look out, she 's coming! There she is! *Go!*" And go we did, straight at a wall of water breast-high and more.

Ah! We caught it just right, that time, the waters sliding back and leaving us a narrow strip of path not an instant before we were upon it. I doubt if pedals ever flew as ours did for the next ten seconds. But with all our speed we were not quick enough. When half-way round we saw a comber coming to head us off. Faster and faster whizzed our wheels as we saw it chasing us, but we were in for it; there was no escape, and when it was almost upon us Tom suddenly whirled to the right.

"Head on, Bob, quick!" he shouted. "Take her head on or she 'll swamp you!"

I quickly followed his example, and none too soon did we turn, nor with any too much speed. Great as our momentum was, it was barely enough to stem the force that came to meet it. It was like running up against a clay bank. The wave struck us as high as the saddle, and the shock nearly pitched us head foremost over the handles. We had great faith in our stanch and light wheels, but it was lucky that both riders and bicycles were in racing trim. Encumbered by mud-guards and baggy trousers we should have gone down, sure as fate. As it was, our tires and the trim frames alone offered enough resistance to have sent us crashing against the rocks had the wave caught us on the flank. A great flash of green and white, it swept past us, and, righting our toppling wheels, we turned and splashed on, with the undertow rippling between our spokes. We were past the point and on a wider beach before another wave could reach us. From that to town our track was high and dry. The cold bath cooled our heated blood and freshened us for the race still ahead. How we did whiz down that three-mile stretch! The gulls seemed to take our burst of speed as a challenge, and flapped along in a great flock over our heads screaming louder and shriller than ever, as if to "rattle" us. I thought Tom's mad pace would pump the last breath out of me, but I was bound to stay with him as long as I could keep my seat. The smooth sand seemed to glide swiftly from under us and each rock and tree to come rushing at us as if track instead of rider was scuttling along at such a furious rate. Panting and dizzy we rounded the last point.

"Hurrah! She 's got steam up!" screamed Tom as we dashed into the little harbor and saw the tug tossing at her moorings while the black smoke poured from her funnel. Springing off our wheels, we made for the nearest boat and, regardless of ownership or consent, shoved off for the tug as fast as we could row, calling to a friend of Tom's to take care of our wheels as we rowed away.

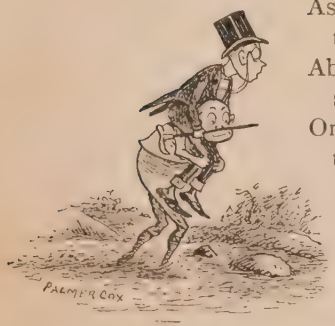
A few quick strokes and we were aboard. A dozen words with the captain and the order to "Up anchor!" was quickly shouted and obeyed. Five minutes later we were bounding from roller to roller, the stout little craft under every pound of steam her engine could raise. The captain knew every rock along the coast, or we should hardly have found the poor fellows, for the rocks barely showed above water, and the seven shivering mariners who clung forlornly to them as their only hope were drenched by every wave.

Another hour, and we should have been too late. But ropes and willing hands soon hauled them aboard, and their hearty voices helped to swell the cheers that greeted us next morning, as Tom and I, sore and stiff from our yesterday's exertions, pedaled down the little street to spin over that fifteen miles of beach once more.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE UNION.

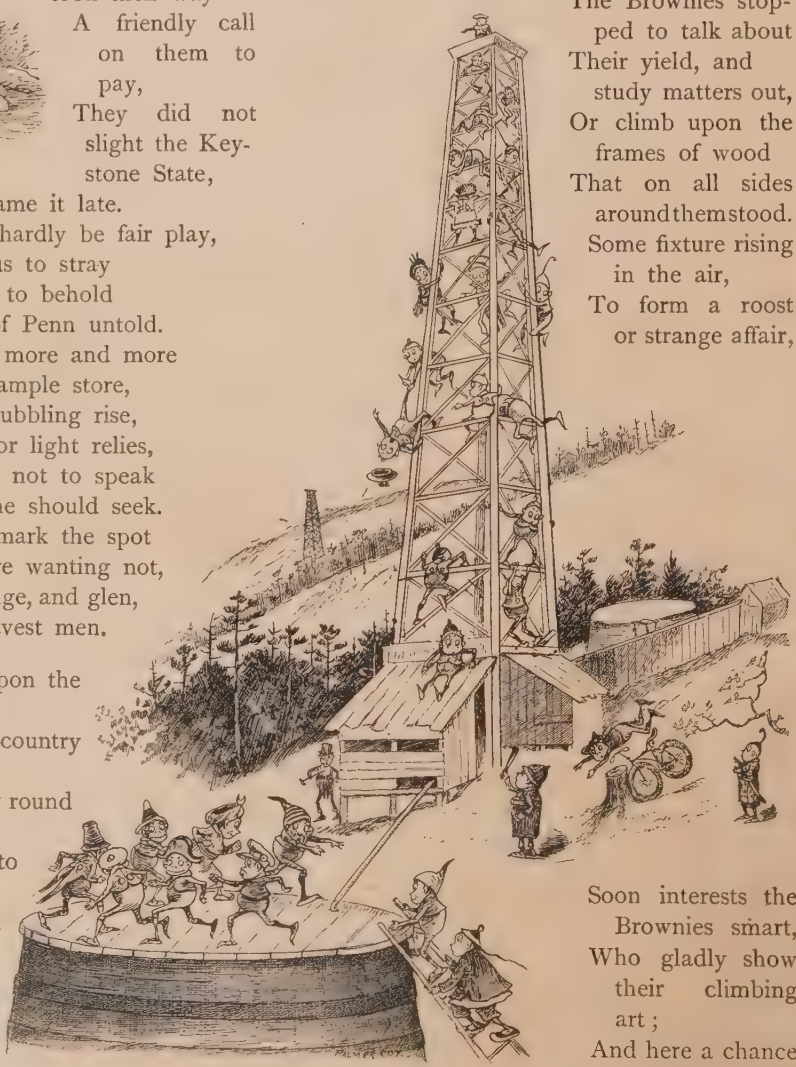
By Palmer Cox.

Fifth Stage. In Pennsylvania.



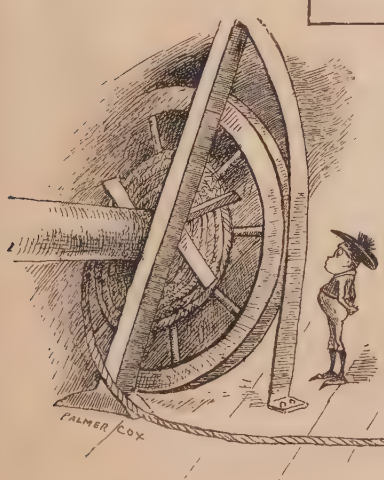
As Brownies gathered to agree
About the States that should not be
Omitted when they took their way
A friendly call on them to pay,
They did not slight the Key-stone State,
In laying plans, nor name it late.
Said one: "'T would hardly be fair play,
To say the least, for us to stray
Around great wonders to behold
And leave the home of Penn untold.
Its mines of coal that more and more
Reveal great nature's ample store,
Its wells of oil, that bubbling rise,
On which the world for light relies,
Have made it famous, not to speak
Of battle-fields that one should seek.
And monuments that mark the spot
Where heroes stood are wanting not,
But shine on hilltop, ridge, and glen,
Recalling deeds of bravest men.

The band was soon upon the road
To see the sights the country showed.
The bats were wheeling round at eve,
Determined not a fly to leave,
When Brownies crossed the river deep,
Whose waters seaward proudly sweep,
Made famous by a glorious deed
Most welcome in a time of need.
So many scenes spread to their view
As they advanced, they hardly knew
Where first to turn their feet so spry
Or where to throw a wondering eye.
Around the wells, as one might think,
That in the earth so deeply sink,
The Brownies stopped to talk about
Their yield, and study matters out,
Or climb upon the frames of wood
That on all sides around them stood.
Some fixture rising in the air,
To form a roost or strange affair,

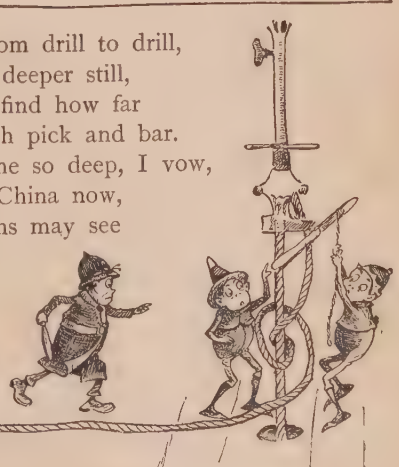


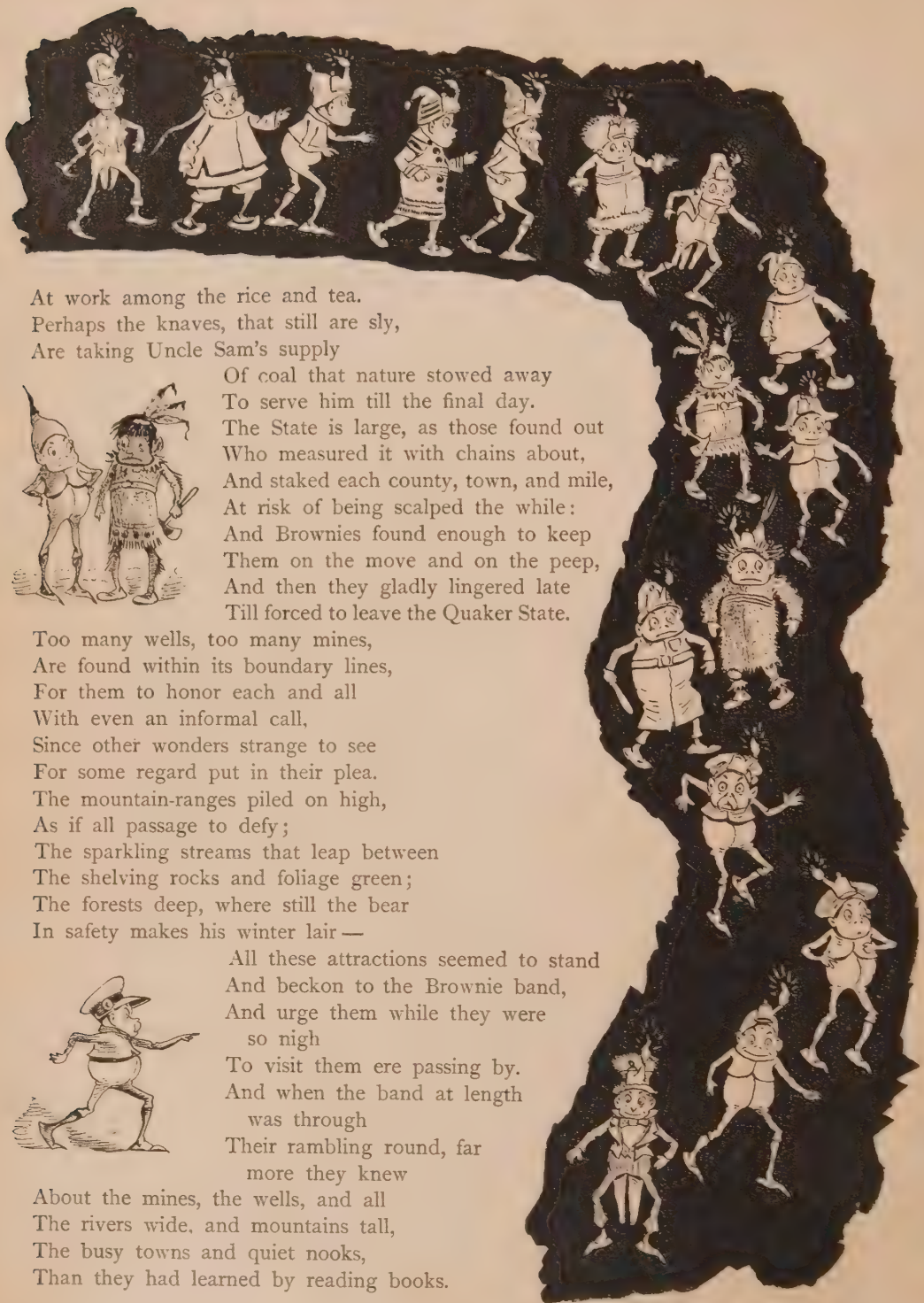
Soon interests the Brownies smart,
Who gladly show their climbing art;
And here a chance was offered all

Who cared to dizzy points to crawl.
The Brownies sat on topmost beams
To talk about their future schemes,
And how the folk were doubly blessed
Who in that State a home possessed,
Where wealth was piled above the ground
And stored below in caves profound.
Around the tanks of oil they played,
Or of the top a race-track made;
Then at the coal-mines they made bold
To enter where the cars are rolled,
And a new world seems to be run
With fair success without a sun.
In deepest mines, where each must bear
A lamp upon his head with care
To light him on his dark career,
The Brownies went without a fear.



From shaft to shaft, from drill to drill,
Down deeper yet, and deeper still,
They groped along to find how far
Mankind had gone with pick and bar.
Said one: "We 've gone so deep, I vow,
We can't be far from China now,
And soon her busy sons may see





At work among the rice and tea.
Perhaps the knaves, that still are sly,
Are taking Uncle Sam's supply
Of coal that nature stowed away
To serve him till the final day.
The State is large, as those found out
Who measured it with chains about,
And staked each county, town, and mile,
At risk of being scalped the while:
And Brownies found enough to keep
Them on the move and on the peep,
And then they gladly lingered late
Till forced to leave the Quaker State.

Too many wells, too many mines,
Are found within its boundary lines,
For them to honor each and all
With even an informal call,
Since other wonders strange to see
For some regard put in their plea.
The mountain-ranges piled on high,
As if all passage to defy;
The sparkling streams that leap between
The shelving rocks and foliage green;
The forests deep, where still the bear
In safety makes his winter lair —
All these attractions seemed to stand
And beckon to the Brownie band,
And urge them while they were so nigh
To visit them ere passing by.
And when the band at length was through
Their rambling round, far more they knew
About the mines, the wells, and all
The rivers wide, and mountains tall,
The busy towns and quiet nooks,
Than they had learned by reading books.

"LOCOED."

(A story of a Texan girl.)

By Edward Marshall.

OHN FREDDING had laughingly taken his sister Martha as a partner in his Texas saddle store. She made a good partner although she was only thirteen years old. There were other women on the ranch (the saddle store was only an adjunct of the big cattle-ranch itself), but the grandmother was very old, and the servant-girl was Welsh and would not learn to speak more English than was required in the daily routine of housework.

Not far away was the town of Amarilla (pronounced Ah-ma-ree-ah). There were plenty of women and girls there, but Martha knew none of them well except the preacher's daughter, Scylla. Martha and Scylla were great friends. They saw each other as often as Martha could get time and permission to ride in to Amarilla. Scylla could seldom visit the ranch, for she was an invalid. When she had been a very little girl, a horse had kicked her. She was ill for many weeks, and after the doctor had told her parents that she would live, he had added that she might never have full use of her right side again. It was partially paralyzed.

But Martha was seldom lonely. For in the daytime there was always something to do around the ranch or store. She had her pet calf to attend to, for one thing. He was given to her by a cow-boy who bought a saddle from her brother one day, and who cried that evening when Martha played "Home, Sweet Home" for him on her guitar. The calf was in several respects remarkable. In the first place, he was almost black—an unusual thing among Texas cattle. In the second place, he was not quite black, for he had a white spot on his forehead shaped almost exactly like Martha's guitar. That was why they called him "Gitter." In the third place, Martha had taught him several tricks. He had learned to low three times when he was thirsty, and twice when he was hungry; he would stand on his hind legs and paw the air with his front legs for a moment when Martha cried, "Up, Gitter!" and he would lie down and roll over on the grass when she commanded "Down, Gitter!" She had a cat that would climb up on her shoulder whenever he got the chance, and a clever dog that liked the cat. She had two horses, also. One of them was an ordinary "cow-pony," but the other was a big black Spanish horse who seemed to love Martha as well as she loved him. When she was on his back he never varied his long, swinging, graceful gallop by jumping or shying, but if any one else rode him, he was apt to make them hold fast when he went around corners. His name was "Dan." Martha thought almost as much of the cow-pony, though, as she did of Dan, and called him "Texas," after the great State she lived in.

Her brother, too, did many things to make her happy. In the long winter evenings he often read to her for hours, or taught her new airs on the guitar, of which he was a master; and sometimes, when summer came, they took long rides off on the prairie together. These occurred when there was a band of cow-boys camped near by, and John generally combined business with pleasure by talking with them about cattle and saddles. But that did not detract at all from Martha's enjoyment of the rides. She always carried her guitar swung over her shoulder by a strap when she went out with her brother to see the cow-boys.

The little girl's life was a queer one, but then, she was a queer little girl and among queer people. For instance, there was "Mister Jim," who came up to the store every few weeks to lay in supplies. Mister Jim was one of the men who were hired to keep wild animals out of the Cañon. The Cañon was a favorite place for Amarilla's excursions and picnics, and was very beautiful; but it communicated with other cañons into which picnics could never penetrate, and in which there were wild beasts of

many kinds. To prevent these unpleasant visitors from wandering where they were not wanted, men were stationed at various places to shoot them. Mister Jim was the one nearest to Martha's home, and he was Martha's stanch friend. He never went to the ranch without some gift for her — the soft pelt of an animal he had shot, the gay wings of a strange bird, or some crystal or stone he had found in his explorations of the Cañon. Martha returned his admiration. He lived in a cave, and that interested her — she thought she might like to try it herself some time. She considered his clothes very grand and impressive. In the Cañon he wore a leather suit; but when he visited the ranch he was always dressed in black velvet trimmed with gold braid, and wore a high, pointed hat wound with red ribbons like those of the seldom-appearing Mexican cow-boys, only much finer.

But the "loco men" were Martha's favorites. There were three of them — Big Billy, Little Billy, and One-eyed Saylo. Why Saylo was called "one-eyed" was a mystery, for he had two of the very best eyes for spying the hated loco-weed ever known in that region. Loco-weed grows, when unmolested, to a height of sixteen or eighteen inches, and its queer leaves shine and sparkle in the sunlight like silver and crystals. Its effects on horses or cattle that happen to eat it are worse than deadly. One good, big meal of loco-weed will ruin an animal forever.

A locoed horse, once locoed, is locoed until he dies. Apparently he may recover wholly, but he is not a safe animal to ride, for at any moment he may stagger and fall, or go suddenly mad. A locoed horse is almost certain to show it when he becomes heated by rapid traveling or hard work. The great danger from locoed cattle is, that they will begin to tumble around in the midst of a herd and frighten their fellows into a stampede.

As it can work such ruin, in order to avoid the danger of having their animals locoed, the ranchmen, in those regions where the weed is plentiful, hire men to search for it, cut it down, and destroy it. Of these men who make their living in searching for the dreaded loco-weed and destroying it wherever found were Big Billy, Little Billy, and One-eyed Saylo.

One summer night, John told Martha to get her guitar, while he saddled Texas and his own pony for a ride. In a few moments they were galloping over the prairie on their way to a cow-boy camp about three miles away. When they reached it, they found all the five men, but one, rolled up from top to toe in their tarpaulins, and asleep on the prairie. The one who was awake welcomed them in effusive cow-boy style, and then with a "Wake up, you-uns! Yar 's John Fredding an' 'is little woman!" kicked each of his sleeping companions into consciousness with his foot. They were all glad to see John and Martha, for they knew them of old.

In the twinkling of an eye the smoldering fire was livened into a cheery blaze, the visitors' ponies were picketed, and the men were grouped around Martha and the fire. For a little while John talked business with them; but, before long, one of the men arose and, deferentially taking off his broad hat to Martha, asked her if she would n't give them a "chune." The music of her guitar was indescribably sweet, there in the little oasis of light in the prairie's desert of darkness, and for a time the men sat silently, with their hands clasped about their knees, enjoying it. Then she struck into a rollicking cow-boy song, and they joined in shouting it out. It is a favorite among the cow-boys of southern Texas, and begins thus:

I 'd rather hear a rattler rattle,
I 'd rather do a Greaser battle,
I 'd rather buck stampeding cattle,
Than
Than to
Than to fight
Than to fight the bloody In-ji-ans.

I 'd rather eat a pan of dope,
I 'd rather ride without a rope,
I 'd rather from this country lope,
Than
Than to
Than to fight
Than to fight the bloody In-ji-ans.

After that came "I 'm Gwine Back to Dixie," and "'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," and then John said it was time to start home again. Loud were the protests of the cow-boys, and when John and Martha went, the whole party went with them except one man, who was

left to watch the cattle. They were "full of sing," as one of them put it, and it was a jolly ride back to the ranch. When it was finally reached, the cow-boys gave them a "send-off" that could have been heard a mile away. They shouted and yelled like the wild "In-ji-ans" they had sung about, and as they wheeled around to gallop back to camp, they fired all the charges in their revolvers into the air as a parting courtesy. Then there was a mad scamper of horses' hoofs, the yells grew fainter, and the cow-boys were gone.

When John went into the house he found two letters which had been brought up by some passing friend from Amarilla. One of them was from an old schoolmate of his, who had become a professor in a Northern college, asking for some loco-weed, to be added to the college botanical collection. The other was from Scylla's father, saying that if it would be convenient he would bring his little daughter out to the ranch in a few days for a long-promised visit to Martha. This second letter sent Martha to bed a very happy little girl.

Several days passed before Scylla arrived at the ranch; but when she did come there was great rejoicing. After she was comfortably ensconced in her wheeled chair on the porch, she held a mimic reception. John and Martha did the honors, and every human being within call was introduced to the little invalid. In the store there were a dozen leather-decked cow-boys, and Scylla felt quite like a queen as each one scrambled up to her, and with his broad sombrero in one hand took her tiny fingers in the other as he turned red and tried to say something polite. Nor did her impromptu court end with that. After the introductions were over, all the visitors sat down on the porch or the grass before it, while Martha exhibited her pets to her friend. Gitter, the calf, was put through all his tricks, the cat was placed in Scylla's poor little arms, where he purred contentedly, and the dog chased sticks thrown by whoever could find any to throw. After Gitter had been led away, Martha came up from the stables with her two horses — Texas and Dan. Big black Dan was inclined to frisk a bit and jump about at the unusual scene; but little Texas worked his way right

"SOMETIMES WHEN SUMMER CAME THEY TOOK LONG RIDES ON THE PRAIRIE TOGETHER."

into Scylla's heart by marching steadily and straight up to her, despite Martha's laughing pulls on the lariat looped about his neck. With ears pricked forward, he made friendly overtures to the new-comer on the spot. He poked his nose into her lap and rubbed it against her hands and ate sugar from her fingers.

"Oh, I wish I could ride him!" said Scylla.

"He never was so cordial before, not even with me," said Martha.

Then she suddenly thought of something, and after intrusting her horses to one of the cow-boys, went and talked it over in whispers with her brother, Scylla's father, and the doctor, who had been discussing politics together on one end of the porch. After this mysterious conversation had lasted a little while, Martha danced back to Scylla, so happy that she "just *had* to hop."

"Oh, Scylla!" she exclaimed, "you *can* ride him. Your papa says so and the doctor says so and Brother says so. John is going to fix up one of my saddles for you with an extra strap to keep you from falling, and Texas likes you so much he will be gentle and careful as he can be, I know. And the doctor says he thinks it will do you good, if John and I keep close by you all the time, so there won't be any danger."

The following days at the ranch were very pleasant ones for Martha and her visitor. In the morning after the work was done — Martha always did some of the light house duties — they would watch with never-flagging interest the great herds of cattle as they were driven on their way for shipment from Amarilla, and gossip as girls do. Sometimes the cattle passed quite near to the house, but oftener they were half a mile or more away on the prairie — sometimes so far that the great herds seemed to be mere black blots moving over the dun brown of the Texas grass.

Every afternoon the two girls went riding, escorted either by John or one of the men employed about the ranch. John had fixed one of Martha's saddles so that poor little Scylla could not fall, and Texas seemed to bear his tiny burden with more than ordinary care. At first they rode very slowly, and for only a few moments at a time; but Scylla gained strength daily, and by the end of the second week had improved so much that she could ride for an hour without great fatigue, and Texas was occasionally allowed to start his gentle gallop.

It was as they were returning from one of these rides that Scylla's sharp eyes spied the figure of a horseman rushing out to them from the ranch. He waved his hat and yelled, firing his revolver between whoops and generally conducted himself like a madman. Martha recognized him at once.

"It 's One-eyed Saylo," she said. "He always acts like that — he thinks it would n't be showing proper respect to a lady unless he wasted half a dozen cartridges and showed off his horsemanship."

Saylo acknowledged his introduction to Scylla with great ceremony, and then told John that he had come to bring the loco-weed for the college professor. By dint of much searching and hard riding he had gathered a gunny-sack full of it.

Then, as they rode slowly toward the ranch, he told John how the cattle in the whole region seemed to be getting "panicky." All the cow-boys he had met had had the same story to tell. It was only by the most careful handling that they were able to keep their herds from stampeding.

"Ye see, Miss Scylly," he said, "cattle is mighty onplentiful in the matter o' common sense. Say it 's in the middle o' th' night, fer instance, an' a big herd o' ten er fifteen thousan' hez be'n bunched an' bedded away out on th' flat lan's. They ain't a livin' thing except coyotes, cow-boys, an' cattle within seein', er hearin', any way ye look. Then them cattle begins to get oneasy. They ain't much sign ov it first off — a critter gits up somew'ars in th' be-middlest o' th' herd an' looks aroun' an' lows oncet, an' lays down ag'in. Then another one does th' same thing. Then the first one takes another observation o' things, an' hollers out ag'in. Another, an' another one goes through the same similar antic, an' by an' by 'bout every fourth critter in th' herd is a-standin' up, steppin' from one foot to t' other, an' singin'. The cow-boys knows what it all means — th' herd is a-gittin' scairt. The cow-boys rides aroun' an' aroun' th' herd to git 'em ez close together ez possible,

an' croons to 'em to quiet 'em down. Mebbe their efforts goes, an' mebbe they don't. P'r'aps th' cattle 'll let up, and p'r'aps they won't. If they won't, then th' cow-boys is prone to wish thet they was away up in th' States som'ers, I should say. If them critters stampedes, they ain't no tellin' whar they 'll stop. Ev'ry cow-boy in th' camp may be run over by 'em. They 's *some* chance of escape — mebbe they 'll be able to git away by ridin' hard; mebbe the herd 'll stampede in th' other direction, an' mebbe a man 'll save 'is bacon just by luck er nerve. I 've heard stories about fellers that saved themselves by jumpin' on th' backs o' one o' th' critters, an' takin' a pleasure-ride along with th' stampede, an' Lasso Pete, o' th' Double-X ranch, come out without a scratch once, by standin' right in th' track o' th' cattle, wavin' 'is sombrero, and singin' 'Good Night, Ladies,' like mad. The herd divided an' never touched him. 'Most anythin' 'd keep out o' th' way o' Lasso Pete when he 's singin'. A cur'us thing about cattle stampedes is thet they seem to be ketchin'. Sometimes you 'll hear of a dozen stampedes in a week, an' then ag'in they won't be none told of. Jus' now they 's a whole lot o' thet sort o' thing a-goin' on. Ev'rybody says thet th' critters is narvous to a ridicerlous extent."

By this time the little cavalcade had reached the ranch. After Scylla had been lifted from the saddle and carried to her seat on the porch, Martha, full of the irrepressible good spirits of a healthy girl, had a long frolic with her big black horse. She took his saddle off, and let him enjoy the luxury of a long roll on the grass, and then she made him do all his tricks. First he shook hands with great dignity — "just to show that this was friendly fun," Martha said. Then she replaced the saddle, clambered to its easy seat, and put him through his paces. He walked, slow and stately, with much self-consciousness, as a real Spanish horse should; he trotted, he loped, he paced, and went single-foot, greatly to the admiration of the three spectators. Martha kept her seat with perfect ease and grace.

Two posts near the house Martha had turned into the uprights of a jumping-hurdle with bars which could be placed at various heights. Over these bars that afternoon, Dan, with Martha sticking to his back like a burr, jumped many times, surpassing, to the delight of both girls, his previous best record.

John, in the mean time, was busy in the shop, where One-eyed Saylo had followed him to gossip with the workmen about the all-absorbing topic of saddles and bridles. Martha had finished her fun, led Dan away and picketed him, and was sitting by Scylla's side talking about that happy day when health and strength should have come back to the preacher's little daughter, when the men came out again. The gunny-sack of loco-weed was lying at the side of the porch, and both girls watched John and Saylo with interest as they shook out and examined its contents.

"So they all want some of this stuff to look at an' study, up No'th, do they?" said Saylo, and added: "I reckon we-all would n't be so overflowin' with oncontrollable grief ef they 'd take all th' loco thar is in th' State o' Texas."

Just then the Welsh servant blew loud and long on a great tin horn, and they all went in to supper. Saylo and John had picketed their ponies, Saylo intending to ride in to Amarilla that night, and John having in view a visit to the camp of cow-boys four or five miles away. Martha had tethered Texas near the other ponies, because he was "such a sociable little beast."

It was nearing sundown when supper was over. One-eyed Saylo vaulted into his saddle after elaborate good-bys and went off toward Amarilla in a wild canter, and John prepared to start off on his saddle mission to the cow-boys. His pony and Texas stood with heads hanging dejectedly down, close together, as far away from the house as their long lariats would let them go, when John, carrying on his arm a new saddle that he wanted to try, went toward them. As he walked away from the house he called cheerily: "Come, Mattie,—want to go along?"

"Oh, no; I 'll stay here with Scylla to-night," she answered.

"Why can't she go too? — it 's too nice an evening to stay at home. I 'll ride as slow as you like, and it is n't far."

Both girls were delighted at this.

"Is n't he good to poor little me!" Scylla

MARTHA RIDES DAN OVER THE HURDLE.

exclaimed to Martha as John fixed her on Texas's back.

Martha ran around, brought Dan, and in a very few moments they were riding leisurely toward the setting sun.

The evening was perfect. As the great, clean-cut disk of the sun dropped slowly below the far-off edge of the prairie, the breeze that had been busy all day rustling the prairie-grass died away, and the silence was so complete that they all stopped involuntarily "to listen to it." They had ridden until they were three or four miles from the ranch, when they paused again, this time to hear the crooning of far-away cow-boys. They were between two great herds of cattle. One, on the left, was half a mile away; and the moon, which now shed a great white light over the prairie showed it only as a black mass. Those cattle had been "bedded" for the night—that is, two cow-boys had ridden around and around them driving them closer together so that they would be easy to watch, and much less likely to be restless. The other herd was a little nearer, and the cow-boys were bedding it as the trio from the ranch approached. The camp-fire flickered between the riders and the herd, and its flaring light seemed to make the cow-boys and cattle nearest it lurch back and forward in and out of the gloom while their changing shadows danced fantastically over the prairie. Here the three riders paused again to listen. Closer by, the cow-boys' crooning would have sounded harsh and unmusical, but at this distance it shaped itself into a plaintive, minor melody that was very pleasing. For many moments they waited and enjoyed it in silence. Then suddenly a quick gust of wind and a low, muttering rumble of thunder made them turn quickly and look at the sky behind them.

A bank of dead black clouds was rising on the eastern horizon.

John stopped, gazed at it ruefully for a moment, and said:

"There 's a big thunder-storm coming; but we can get home all right before it strikes us. You girls ride slowly back. I 'll rush to the camp and tell the boys to stop in in the morning. I 'll overtake you before you 've gone far."

With that he was off at a brisk canter toward the herd.

Martha and Scylla did as he told them. The rising but still distant clouds, lighted on their edges by the moon, added greatly to the beauty of the night, and both the girls appreciated the sight. They walked their horses and talked girlish nonsense. John had promised to take Martha to the North the next winter, and she told Scylla some of the wonderful things she had heard about the great cities and the curious things to be seen up there.

Suddenly Scylla interrupted her with:

"Martha, I believe there 's something the matter with Texas — he 's trembling all over."

"Oh, I guess not," said Martha; "he 's just tired. Texas has had a pretty hard day of it. But yet, he does n't often get tired."

"There is something the matter with him, I know," said Scylla.

"Stop a minute and take my reins; I 'll get off and see what it is," said Martha. "You 're right. Texas is trembling like a leaf. Perhaps we 'd better wait here for John."

There was an anxious little quaver in her voice as she dismounted and, going in front of Texas, took his head between her hands. There was no longer any doubt that the horse was sick, and very sick. His eyes closed sleepily, and his head dropped low. Then he suddenly began to sway and totter on his feet.

"Oh, Martha, I 'm afraid!" cried Scylla.

Martha was badly frightened, too, but she acted instead of saying anything. She rushed to Scylla's side and hastily unbuckled the straps that held the weak little body in the saddle.

"JUST THEN ANOTHER FLASH CAME AND SHOWED A COW-BOY LEANING FAR OVER THE NECK OF HIS PONY, RIDING FOR HIS LIFE."

She rode up close to Scylla and put her hand on Texas's neck. It was wet with sweat, although he had hardly gone faster than a walk since he had left the ranch.

And, sure enough, he *was* trembling slightly.

"Quick, jump into my arms!" she commanded as the last buckle fell jinglingly downward and Texas gave another alarming sidewise lurch. With more strength than she supposed she had, she half lifted, half pulled Scylla out

of the saddle and eased her, almost fainting, to the ground. It was none too soon, for in an instant more Texas had fallen with a groan and lay quiet on the prairie.

This lasted only for a few seconds; then with an unsteady stagger the little horse scrambled to his feet. For another instant he stood quiet; then he began to tremble again and looked around toward the girls. But the pony's eyes had changed; they were wild and blood-shot. With a mad snort he started off on a wild run into the gloom.

For a moment the girls were too surprised to speak. Scylla was sobbing on the ground, and Martha stood by her. She had the reins of Dan's bridle in her hand, and gazed dumfounded after the rapidly disappearing Texas. Finally she turned to her companion:

"Oh, Scylla," she said, "I 'm so glad I got you off his back!"

"What do you think is the matter with him?" Scylla asked.

"I can't imagine, unless—yes, that 's it—he 's locoed! Oh, my poor little Texas! My dear, gentle little pony! You ate that loco-weed Saylo brought for the college professor!"

Now Martha was crying, too, for she knew that her pony was lost to her.

"They—they left it lying by the porch," she went on, "and—you ate it while we were at supper. Oh, my little Texas!"

Martha had forgotten everything but her grief, but soon she remembered that there was a storm coming and that Scylla must be taken home in some way. At first she tried to lift her to Dan's high back, but she was not strong enough. Then she thought of his education, and commanded him to lie down. He was nervous and excited and did not, at first, obey her, but finally she coaxed him into getting down on his knees. Then, with great pains and trouble, she pulled and lifted Scylla into the saddle. As Dan struggled to his feet again, it was hard work to keep the little invalid from falling, but it was done. Then Martha led him slowly toward the ranch. The exciting events that had just passed had made her nervous, and for the first time in a long while she felt afraid.

"Oh, I wish John would hurry and catch up with us!" she exclaimed. "Please don't fall, Scylla—hang on to the pommel tight."

Scylla, who had stopped crying, told Martha not to worry, that she would not fall; and the slow journey over the prairie continued silently for a minute or two. Every once in a while Martha turned back and looked toward the flickering camp-fire of the cow-boys. An exclamation of surprise was drawn from her when she failed to see it shining in the distance, and she stopped. Then, faintly, she heard shouts and the thumping of racing hoofs on the prairie.

"John is coming at last," she said.

But then she realized that more than one animal's hoofs were drumming desperately on the turf. While she stood wondering if some of the cow-boys were coming home with John, she heard the hoof-beats merge into a steady roar. Even the shouts of the men which she had just heard were drowned in this dull, threatening rumble. For just an instant she thought it was thunder, and then her quick reasoning told her the truth.

The herd had stampeded!

That she and Scylla were directly in its path she was certain, for the camp-fire had, a moment before, been between them and the herd and was now invisible. It had either been trampled out or was hidden by the advancing mass of cattle.

Martha well knew what it meant to be in the path of a stampede; but, strangely enough, all her fear left her. She was puzzled, that was all. Had she been alone, she could easily have escaped by jumping on Dan's back and riding hard. Dan could have distanced the cattle, even when they were stampeding. But now she had helpless Scylla to take care of.

The advancing thunder-clouds had wholly hidden the moon and put the prairie in inky darkness. At first Martha thought of starting Dan away with Scylla and trusting to Providence to keep the little invalid on his back, while she remained to face the danger alone; then she thought of trying to ride with her. But she knew Scylla could not possibly keep her place in the saddle of the horse while he ran, even if she herself should mount him too and try to hold Scylla on.

She stepped back to Scylla's side. There

was a deathly doubt in her heart as to whether she was doing the right thing; but she had made a desperate resolve. Scylla had heard the thunder of the approaching herd too, and was too frightened to speak. Martha held her arms up toward her just as the first flash of lightning came.

"Come, Scylla," she said, "slide off into my arms. The herd has stampeded and is coming toward us, but I will try to save us both."

Without a word Scylla did as she was told, and in a few seconds was half kneeling, half lying on the ground.

Then Martha struck Dan as hard as she could with her flat hand.

"Hey up, Dan!" said she, "run! run! *You* need n't stay here, too!"

The horse galloped off into the darkness.

Just then another lightning-flash came and showed a cow-boy leaning far over the neck of his pony, riding for his life. He passed only a dozen yards from them, but did not see them. Behind him Martha could dimly see two or three other riders coming toward them at desperate speed, while still beyond she caught a glimpse of the tossing horns and lurching heads of the cattle.

Without a moment for thought, and as coolly as if she had nothing in the world to fear, she bent over trembling Scylla, unfastened the waistband of her dress-skirt and pulled it deftly from under her. Then she quickly removed her own and took one of the bright-colored garments in each hand.

Just then the storm broke furiously. The night was suddenly lighted by lightning-flashes that followed one another so closely they seemed to make one long, lasting flare. The cow-boys had all passed, and Martha saw that the herd was scarcely two hundred yards away.

She stepped directly in front of Scylla's prostrate form and raised the skirts.

"Scream, Scylla, scream!" she cried.

Then, while the driving rain fell in torrents, and the lightning made the prairie as light as day, she stood straight up and waved those skirts wildly about her head, and shouted at the top of her voice.

She was dimly conscious that her shouts shaped themselves into a prayer that her brother was safe, and that the herd might divide and pass them. Her face was as pale as paper. Her long hair was tossed about by the wind, and by her own violent motions.

The foremost of the cattle was only a hundred yards away now. She could see the lightning shining on his horns and in his red, rolling eyes. He was coming straight toward her. Louder she shouted and more wildly she swung the skirts. Would he crush her, or would he turn aside? She felt an almost overpowering impulse to turn and run away, but that would mean certain death. Her only hope was to keep her position firmly, and to swing her skirts and scream. If the first steer swerved and passed her, his followers might do so too.

He seemed of mammoth proportions as he lurched toward her. His head was lowered, and his great hoofs pounded the ground like trip-hammers. Closer! Closer! He was not twenty feet away. His big, crazy eyes seemed to look straight into hers. Closer! Closer!— Then he changed his course a trifle. In an instant he had passed her like a great fury. Others were only a few feet behind him, and back of them was the compact mass of the herd. She screamed louder and redoubled her waving. The thunder in the heavens, and the thunder of the hoofs, drowned her voice so that she could not even hear it herself. A dozen cattle passed her. Fifty cattle passed her. She was in the midst of the herd which seemed to make a solid, living wall on each side of her. The earth trembled beneath the hammering of the hoofs. Her throat seemed ready to burst, and she was certain that no sound came from her lips. It seemed a long time since that first one had plunged toward her, but still the maddened beasts advanced with lowered heads and lunging bodies. They did not seem to turn aside, and each instant she expected to be struck down and trampled under their feet. She could not even try to scream any longer, but still she waved the skirts.

At last, slowly, she saw that the herd was thinning. Short gaps began to appear between the animals. She knew that the herd had nearly passed. Then the living walls on each side melted away behind her, and only stragglers were left. Then these, too, were gone.

The stampeding herd had passed her, and she was still alive.

She turned dizzily toward Scylla.

The little invalid — the cripple — was standing straight up, close behind her. For a second Martha doubted her eyes. The storm still raged, and she thought it was a vagary of the lightning. She held her hands out, though, and convinced herself that it was true. Scylla was standing on her feet, for the first time in many years. The two girls threw their arms around each other, and sank to their knees on the prairie. As they said a prayer of thanks together, the uneven glare of the lightning, which had kept up almost uninterruptedly ever since a few seconds before the cattle reached them, died away. One or two feeble flashes followed, and then the storm had passed.

Martha took Scylla's face between her hands and kissed her. Then she said:

"Was n't it awful?"

"Oh, Martha," Scylla answered, "I thought every second that we 'd be killed, but there you stood as brave as a lion, and waved those dresses right in the faces of the cattle. You saved both our lives. I lay here on the ground for a minute after you took my skirt, and then I got up."

"You *got up*, Scylla! How could you, all alone?"

"I don't know, Martha, but I felt as if I *must*. I tried to rise once, and fell back. Then the cattle came and I tried again, and all the weakness seemed to be gone, and I stood right up behind you and stayed there while the herd went by. I don't feel as I used to — I feel as if the paralysis had all gone. See, I can get up again,— don't help me,— all alone."

And, sure enough, Scylla scrambled to her feet. She stood a little unsteadily on them, but she stood. They were so glad it was true that they did not try to understand it.

After Scylla's new-found strength had been rejoiced over for a moment, they began to wonder how they could get home. They knew that they could not walk — Martha was terribly tired, and Scylla, even if she could stand up, was not equal to the long tramp back to the ranch, of course. They were dripping wet. The elation that followed their escape, and the discovery of Scylla's great good fortune, was followed by a nervous breakdown on the part of both girls, and they cuddled in each other's arms on the wet grass, sobbing and frightened, to wait for morning to come.

Hardly half an hour had passed before they heard horses. Martha stood up and saw the shadowy form of a rider away off to the right. She tried to scream, but her overstrained voice was hoarse and husky. Scylla called out as well as she could, but the horsemen rode on. By and by they changed their course, however, and came near enough for the girls to make their presence known.

As the horses approached, Martha recognized in the foremost one the big black form of Dan. Her brother John was on his back, and with him were men from the ranch.

There were tears in the eyes of the big men as they lifted the girls in their arms, and started home. They had not expected to find them alive.

Before they went to sleep, the thrilling story of Martha's bravery had been fully told, and to it had been added the news of Scylla's strange recovery.

The next day the doctor was called in to see about it. He gravely shook his head, and said it was strange, but that such things had happened before. The great mental excitement of the stampede had wrought what seemed a miracle.

Her recovery after that was rapid. When John and Martha went North the next winter, Scylla went with them, and was able to walk about almost as easily as Martha herself.

A few days after the stampede, the bruised body of poor Texas was found where he had been trampled to death by the herd. What was left of the loco-weed that had wrought his ruin was burned, and the Northern college professor is still without his specimens.

THE GREAT HORN SPOON AND THE ENTERPRISING BOY.

By J. Carter Beard.

THE ENTERPRISING BOY BUYS THE GREAT HORN SPOON.

An Enterprising Boy, who was traveling for his health and general information in upper India, bought a great horn spoon at a bazaar. The bowl of the spoon was larger than the boy's hat, and the handle was of proportionate length. It was altogether too large for any practical purpose, but the Enterprising Boy thought it a valuable curio.

A fakir, who encountered the boy as he rode on a large camel, with the great horn spoon held over his shoulder, bowed almost to the earth before him; and a procession of chelas in yellow robes, who came out of a temple by the wayside, fell flat upon their faces, while the old gooroo, or teacher, at their head began an oration in the sacred language, which not even they who speak it can understand.

"What is this all about? Are you playing a game of some sort?" asked the Enterprising Boy.

"Nay, it is no game, but a very serious matter," replied the old

gooroo. "Oh, favored youth," he continued, weeping, "dost thou indeed bring the sacred relic back to its resting-place in our temple? Seven weeks have passed, seven times seven weary days and sleepless nights, since the great horn spoon, which once hung in the temple, was borne in our sacred procession. Alas! the hill tribes fell upon us, and did smite us and spoil us, and bear away the great horn spoon, which our prayers or spells availed not to restore. Now behold! it hath returned; therefore we rejoice."

"Hold on!" cried the Enterprising Boy. "I bought this great horn spoon, and paid for it, too, in hard cash."

"Do not think too meanly of our power to recompense thee," answered the old gooroo. "Verily thou shalt not suffer loss. What wilt thou? Shall we take thy soul from out thy body that it may live in such another as seemeth good to thee?"

"Thanks; no," replied the Enterprising Boy, hastily. "I don't care for another body; the one I have at present suits me pretty well. I might find one that did n't fit me, you see; my friends would n't know me in it; and I might get so mixed up I would n't know myself. But — you understand magic?"

"I have studied it," replied the old gooroo.

"Teach me magic."

"A PROCESSION OF CHELAS IN YELLOW ROBES FELL FLAT UPON THEIR FACES."

"Teach thee magic!" cried the old gooroo, in consternation. "Teach thee magic? I am bound by an obligation taken at the altar to grant the request of the restorer of the sacred relic. But to teach such as thou hidden knowledge would be to place in the hands of an infant a poisoned blade or a flaming firebrand."

"If you are bound to grant my request, I am no less bound to have you do so," persisted the Enterprising Boy. "I 'd rather be a powerful magician than to be President of the United States."

"Let me reflect," said the old gooroo. "Yea, there is a way. Alight, O fortunate youth, for

thou alone must bear the holy relic across the sacred temple's threshold."

The Enterprising Boy carried the great horn spoon, as directed, into the temple. He was followed by the old gooroo, while the chelas, who waited without, were told to have patience because their gooroo would return to them in a few moments.

Before an image of ivory, carved in the primitive style that prevails in the sacred art of India and elsewhere, was a gilded rack, and upon this, as instructed by the old gooroo, the Enterprising Boy placed the great horn spoon. Immediately the gooroo lifted up his voice, as did the chelas outside, and intoned words of thanksgiving.

On the completion of this ceremony, the old gooroo, from a curiously shaped vessel of green jade, near at hand, filled the bowl of the spoon with what appeared to be pure water.

"The student of sorcery will find his apprehension quickened and his imagination greatly stimulated by dipping his face into the bowl of the great horn spoon," said the old gooroo. "Do this, and thou canst acquire magic power by means of magic phrases and magic circles."

The Enterprising Boy forthwith obeyed his preceptor, who thereafter gave him a long lesson in magic, every word of which, thanks to the great horn spoon, he remembered.

The gooroo, in taking leave of him, presented him with the wonder-working, serpent-wound, seven-knotted staff of potency.

"The scepter of a monarch," said the old gooroo, "is an emblem of his power; but this is the instrument of thine. Without it thy charms and spells are idle words, devoid of meaning or efficiency. Guard it carefully, for, deprived of it, thou art defenseless. Two jewels will I bestow upon thee: '*The best part of knowledge is to know how best to use it*,' and '*A long lifetime of practice, of patience, and of discipline are insufficient to exhaust the fullness of that which a moment may teach thee.*'"

Mounting his large camel, the Enterprising Boy proceeded on his way, his thoughts and imagination busy with the extraordinary adventure. He thought, too, of his far-away home in America, across half the world, in Tylertown, Ohio. He remembered a school-fellow named Tom Berry, the ambition of whose life it was to become a prestidigitator, or, as it is called in Tylertown, "kunjurer." He remembered the little tricks in legerdemain, with handkerchiefs, marbles, and cards, that had excited his special admiration. What would Berry say to the wonders that a real magician can perform? But — what if, after all, the old gooroo had deceived him? What if, after all, he had been cheated out of his valuable curio by dishonest trickery? Why not test the matter at once? More than anything else that he could think of, at that particular moment, he wished to see and astonish his old friends and companions, and, above all, Tom Berry. He determined to try the virtue of a phrase or two.

He stretched out his staff of power in the manner prescribed, and pronounced the most potent and rapid-working transportation spell among those taught him. He was, however, not a little astonished and even dismayed at the effect of his words. The light of the sun suddenly disappeared; a thick blackness of storm and cloud and night surrounded him; an icy wind replaced the warm and languid breezes that had but a moment before fanned his brow; and a spectral form of gigantic size towered above him, while others, more vague or less human in shape, but clothed, like the larger one, in ghastly white, closed about him on every side.

A door opened in some sort of a building near at hand, and a brilliant light, falling upon surrounding objects, revealed the presence of two persons busily engaged about the great ghostlike figure that had appeared to him. He saw that they were boys, and, little realizing where he was or who they were, he spoke to them in the language he had learned in India.

As they caught sight of him, in the light of the open door, they dropped the shovels they had been using, and stood with scared faces turned toward him, trembling in their tracks. One of the faces was black and the other white, and the second he recognized as that of his former school-fellow, Tom Berry. Immediately a comprehension of his surroundings flashed upon him. He had, in an instant of time, been taken from upper India and set down in the presence of Tom Berry. He had not remembered that the difference in time on opposite

sides of the world makes it night in America while it is yet broad daylight in India, or taken into consideration the difference in climate in exchanging the sultry heat of Hindustan for the midwinter of northern Ohio.

"THE OLD GOOROO FILLED THE BOWL OF THE SPOON."

The ground, he saw, was white; and in the snow-covered fence-posts, pump, and well-curb about him, he saw and recognized the spectral attendants upon the gigantic figure, which he now perceived was nothing more than a snow image.

For a single moment the two lads stared at the Enterprising Boy. Then one of them, the negro, recovering the use of his feet, rushed toward the lighted door, where a woman appeared shading her eyes with her hand and peering into the darkness outside.

"Don't be scared, Tom," said the Enterprising Boy, addressing the lad who had remained near him. "I 'm just a magician."

"For the land's sake!" said Tom. "Mother!" he called out. "He says he 's a kunjurer."

"He has frightened Casper nearly to death, and Casper has frightened me," cried Mrs. Berry from the door. "What does he want?"

"I want to be allowed inside your house, Mrs. Berry, to warm myself at your fire for a short time. I 'm nearly frozen," replied the Enterprising Boy, speaking for himself.

"Will you come a little nearer and let me see you?" asked Mrs. Berry. "What is it you are riding upon? Surely it cannot be a camel? And will you tell me what it is you have in your hand?"

"It is—well, it 's a staff," replied the Enterprising Boy.

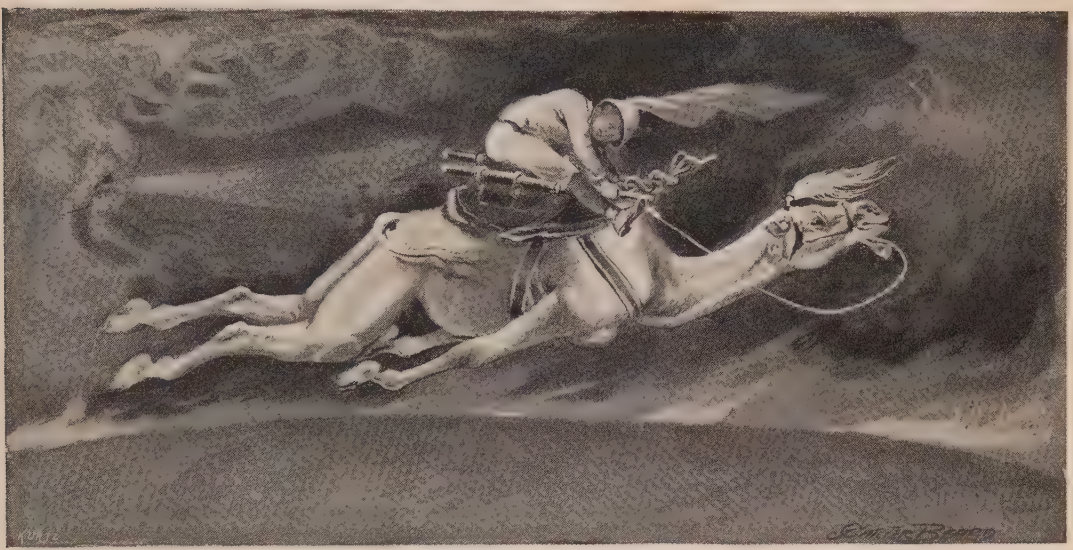
"But what is that wound around it?"

"Only a serpent, ma'am; but it will not do any harm."

Mrs. Berry shuddered. "Not do any harm, indeed! I would n't have one of the things near me for a gold-mine. Ugh! Take it away!"

"But, Mrs. Berry," remonstrated the Enterprising Boy, "'t would n't do to part with my serpent-wound staff for a single instant."

"Then stay out," Mrs. Berry retorted.



RAPID TRANSIT FROM INDIA TO TYLERTOWN, OHIO.

The door closed with a bang; the Enterprising Boy was left out in the cold. And very cold he found it, too. His teeth chattered, he shivered violently. Dressed in the lightest of costumes, suited only to a tropical climate, he began to suffer severely.

Tom Berry, who also remained outside, sympathized with him. "I 'm sorry," he said. "Mother never could abide snakes. No woman can. Where did you come from, so suddenlike, anyway?"

"I was in India a few moments ago. I believe I 'll go back in a hurry," replied the Enterprising Boy. "I am actually freezing to death. But no," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "I won't give up so easily. I 'll get rid of my camel,—it will take but an instant of time to have him safe in his quarters in India,—and then I will as quickly transform these light garments to arctic furs, and —"

"And build a fire out o' that pile of snowballs," supplemented Tom Berry, in derision.

"Not a bad idea," said the Enterprising Boy.

The incredulity of Tom Berry changed to amazement when the camel vanished from sight and, in place of the lightly clad rider, a boy dressed like the Eskimos stood before him. But when that boy waved the staff above a pile of snowballs and they burst into a vivid flame, he could no longer believe his own eyes.

The Enterprising Boy called Tom to his side, made him look in his face and recognize it as that of the companion who had been absent for years in India, and also confided to him the adventure that had gained him the power he possessed.

At this moment a party of boys, on their way, so Tom informed his companion, to the show in the village, noticed the snow image that Tom and Casper, the colored lad, had set up, as it stood revealed in the light of the unearthly fire that fed upon snow, and with a great shout straightway began to pelt it with snowballs and whatever else came conveniently to hand. Some of the missiles flew unpleasantly near the two boys in the garden, and one, fortunately of soft snow, flattened itself upon the Enterprising Boy's left ear.

"That 's a game with two sides to it," said the Enterprising Boy. "Would you like to see a bit of sport that will beat anything you ever heard of?" he added, addressing his companion. He extended his wand as he spoke, without waiting to be answered, and with proper motions pronounced a weird and magic spell. At the same moment the attacking party saw the great mass of snow constituting the image take upon itself life and motion. The head swayed from side to side, the clumsy arms extended themselves, and the whole misshapen figure arose and stood unsteadily upon its shapeless feet. Nor was this all: it began immediately

to make and hurl snowballs, with astonishing swiftness and accuracy, at its late assailants, who, awakening from a momentary stupor of amazement at seeing it move, turned and fled at the top of their speed, their merry shouts changed to shrieks of horror and dismay. Vaulting over the garden fence as though it wore seven-league boots, the snow giant pursued and sent after them a constant succession of snowballs as they ran, until pursuer and pursued disappeared around a bend in the road.

"It beats the Dutch," said Tom Berry. "I surely can't deny that; I may even say it 's gittin' to be a little too excitin' to be altogether pleasant. I 'll even allow that kunjurer down to the show in the town hall, callin' himself the marvelous, unapproachable, wonder-workin' pres-it-dig-a-tater, can't do very much better 'n you."

"Can't do much better?" shouted the Enterprising Boy. "You show how grossly ignorant you are, Tom Berry, to say a thing like that. 'Can't do much better,' indeed! Why, that fellow can no more equal me than a snail can catch up with a streak of greased lightning. You can't find the tricks I do in any book of parlor magic. We will go to the show, Tom, and give Tylertown a chance to see some real magic for once in their lives."

"Yes," said Tom; "I never heard tell of that kind before, let alone seeing it. But I have n't any ticket, you see; and Mother—"

"We don't need tickets," replied the Enterprising Boy. "Our first trick will be to get there without tickets, and I fancy such other tricks as I take a notion to perform will be worth the price of admission."

The next moment Tom Berry was bewildered to find himself standing by the side of the Enterprising Boy in the town hall, where a numerous audience of the village people had assembled to witness the performance of the so-called celebrated prestidigitator, Signor Rinaldo. The entertainment was, perhaps, half finished. The Signor had a silk hat in his hand, from which he had just taken a cannon-ball that rolled noisily across the stage amid murmurs of applause from the spectators, who had seen the hat, to all appearances, empty but a moment before. The interest of the audience was at its height when the Signor, in the broken English which he always affected professionally (though he was a native of England, where he had been brought up and learned his business), promised to perform an entirely new trick, such as none present had ever beheld or even heard of. He had really intended to amuse the townspeople with some slight variation on a well-known sleight-of-hand puzzle; but when he invited any young gentleman in the house to step up beside him on the platform and hold the hat, the Enterprising Boy saw his opportunity and at once accepted the invitation. The professor then announced his grand Easter trick.

"You all zee zat I put in zee hat vat zee young gentlement is so good to hold, von aig."

He thrust his hand into a receptacle placed for that purpose on a table near him, and drew forth, to his own astonishment, an egg of monstrous size—an ostrich-egg.

"Where did such an egg as this come from?" muttered Signor Rinaldo. "Is some one trying to play tricks upon me? What shall I do?"

At all events, he knew he must not show embarrassment or appear disconcerted; and so, regaining at once his composure and presence of mind, he pretended to, and to all appearances did, force the great egg into the hat.

"Zis aig," he said, smiling and bowing to the audience,—"zis aig is ver' large, as it ees a new invention. It hold a whole brood of lit' cheekens. I 'aive but to make of zee hat an incubator. I pour zome spireet wine ovair zee dish. I set eet on fire,—so. I hold ovair eet zee hat to warm zee aig, and behold!—I hatch a whole brood of lit' cheeks!"

As he spoke he took the hat from the Enterprising Boy, held it for a moment over the dish, and drew forth from it, instead of the chickens he expected, a newly hatched young ostrich.

Signor Rinaldo found it hard to hide his confusion and perplexity from the audience, who, after he had produced no less than a dozen young ostriches from the hat, began to applaud vociferously. But if the townspeople were surprised and delighted at first, their wonder grew to speechless amazement, only surpassed by that of the professor of magic himself, to see the young ostriches grow visibly before their eyes until they became full-grown birds that imme-

diately formed in line, went through complicated military evolutions, marched about in perfect order, as far as the limited space afforded by the stage allowed, danced a regular dance, and then, in order, one after the other, disappeared bodily into the hat, out of which, as the Enterprising Boy tilted it gently over upon the floor of the platform, rolled the great white egg unbroken.

Signor Rinaldo drew near the Enterprising Boy. "Is this your work?" he whispered.

"It is," replied the Enterprising Boy.

"What will you take to help me? We will coin money if we join hands," added the professor of magic.

"As for coining money," said the Enterprising Boy, "I will show you presently how easily that is done. Go on with your part; I will attend to mine."

The trick next on the program was an old one. It consists in filling a hat with coins, taking them from the sleeves of the persons present, and even in appearance catching them from the air. The professor was in so bewildered a state of mind that he could scarcely present the trick, although it is one of the easiest and simplest in the list of ordinary performers. The Enterprising Boy did not wait for him to finish, but interrupted his performance without ceremony.

"Now," he cried in a loud voice, "the professor has proved that money can be had anywhere, when we know how to look for it. There is enough money in the air contained in the hall to make us all wealthy. This I will prove by causing it to rain gold."

He held aloft his serpent-staff. Immediately golden coins of all denominations — dollars, half-eagles, eagles, and double-eagles — began to float gently down from the ceiling as lightly, notwithstanding their weight, as flakes of snow. At first the townspeople laughed and cheered, but soon a tumult broke forth and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. A sudden madness seized the good folks of Tylertown. Not content with scrambling for the coins,—the supply of which was sufficient to burden them all with more than they could carry away,—they struggled with one another for them.

Tom Berry, pale and trembling, stood by the side of the Enterprising Boy, who shouted with laughter.

"See the professor," he cried, pointing him out to his companion. "He has found that big carpet-bag somewhere, and is sprawling at full length on the floor raking money into it with his hat."

"For pity's sake, don't let this thing go on any longer!" said Tom Berry. "Some of those roughest scramblers will kill each other!"

"All right, Tom," replied his companion. "But did you ever see anything so funny? Never mind; I 'll stop them."

The shower of gold ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and every one of the gold pieces that had fallen instantly disappeared. The audience, however, did not appreciate this unsatisfactory ending of the illusion.

The doors of the hall were at this moment thrown open, and an angry glare of red light shot in, and the sound of all the church and factory bells in the village, that had been for some time ringing violently, now first succeeded in arousing the attention of the assembled villagers, while hoarse cries of "Fire! fire!" imperatively summoned them all into the street. The Enterprising Boy and his friend, Tom Berry, followed the audience out of doors. The heavens in the direction of Tom Berry's home were all aflame with the light of a great conflagration. The whole of the village, in that direction, seemed burning. A party of men, with rifles in their hands, stood upon the corner of the street.

"What 's the matter?" cried Tom.

"I can't tell you what is the matter," said one of them in answer to Tom Berry's anxious and eager inquiry. "'Pears like there war n't no way of answerin' that question. Houses, barns, stables, trees, are burnin'. The river 's afire, I 'm told. No, lad; I 'm not jokin'. I ain't seen it myself, but I *hev* seen the snow everywhar blazin' away as if kerosene had been poured on it. They say it 's some turrible new invention from abroad,— a kind of wild-fire that 'll ketch anything and burn even water,— and that the man we 're after started the whole thing."

"What is he like?" stammered the Enterprising Boy, feeling his heart grow cold within him, for he knew who kindled that fire.

"I don't rightly know what kind of a monster he is," said the man, slowly. "He may be a

THE DANCE OF THE OSTRICHES.

Russian — I never see one. He 's as high as Golia'h, and his war-paint is white. I don't believe he is human. He 's been shot through the vitals a dozen times at least, but he does n't seem to mind it. He 's rampagin' somewhere down near the old tavern now. The men left me to stand guard here while they took after him. He 's whacked every boy's head and every winder in town with snowballs, and—"

Here the speaker is interrupted by the sudden appearance of a party of men, and a crowd of angry faces surround the boys.

"There he is!" shouted a rough voice. "Mrs. Berry said he carried some kind of a snake tied to a stick. He 's at the bottom of all our trouble."

"Yes. Casper, Mrs. Berry's colored boy, says this one started the fire, and came with the big fellow. He saw him from the front winder," said another voice.

The two lads were seized and securely bound with halters, and the Enterprising Boy saw the origin and source of all his power, for good or evil magic, the seven-knotted, serpent-wound staff of potency, dashed to the ground, trampled on, and destroyed before his eyes.

It was absolutely useless to remonstrate, argue, or attempt to explain matters. Every effort of the kind he made only added fuel to the anger of his captors. He was in a state of utter despair. Rudely struck and thrust about and dragged over the rough street by the furious villagers, he yet said nothing; for the treatment he received or the fate that threatened him was as nothing in comparison to the sense of the overwhelming evil he had loosed upon the whole world to destroy it. The fire he had so thoughtlessly kindled, igniting the river, would soon be carried to the ocean. All living things would perish, and the many-peopled earth would first be wrapped in a garment of flame and then be left ruined and desolate,—a mass of barren and lifeless cinders, to revolve through useless nights and days, without purpose or progress, an eternal monument to his incredible folly and thoughtlessness. It would be impossible to describe the bitterness of his regret at having forced from the reluctant Indian priest his fatal gift of power.

How clearly he now saw and understood the sentences the gooroo had recited when he was

about to take leave of him! They seemed, indeed, written on the lurid sky in letters of fire. How thoroughly and sincerely he now believed that more than human wisdom and intelligence are required to use with safety, and infallibly direct to good and beneficent results, the power he had played with!

"Thou mightest easily have held thy breath a little longer, my son," said the old gooroo, gently, as the Enterprising Boy lifted his face from the basin formed by the bowl of the great horn spoon, and gazed about him, utterly confounded to find himself back in India, in the wayside temple in the presence of the gooroo. "But a few brief moments have passed since thou didst dip thy face in the fluid. Couldst thou not enjoy thy gift for more than that brief space?" asked the old man, smiling.

The Enterprising Boy could no longer doubt his senses. All that he had passed through — that it has taken so much time and space to relate — had occurred in a measure of duration so short as to have no name! Yet all that had seemed to occur, though but an unreal fancy, a mere dream, was without doubt a picture — a true reflection — of what might have been if he had in reality possessed the power he seemed to exercise. He shuddered to think of it, and devoutly congratulated himself that he was not in reality an adept in sorcery.

THE SNOW MAN TAKES A HAND IN THE SNOWBALLING.

"Dost thou now wish to pursue the studies in magic?" asked the gooroo.

"All the magic I care for I found in the great horn spoon. If its delusions are so unpleasant, I don't think I care for its realities," said the Enterprising Boy.

"Magic is the science of delusions," said the old gooroo. "It hath nothing to do with realities. Yet thou goest not empty away, for treasures of wisdom are worth more than treasures of gold — or of magic."

THE ANCIENT GAME OF GOLF.

By Helen Marshall North.

The mention of golf at once brings to the mind of the traveler suggestions of fine cool Scotch weather, strong breezes blowing in from the sea, broad reaches of sandy dunes by the shore, the course called *links*, and an excited company of men and boys eagerly watching the haps and mishaps of a small white ball.

Golf naturally suggests Scotland, because, though its early home may have been in Holland, and though there are numerous links to be found in other parts of Great Britain, as well as on the Continent, and even in America, yet for a true, enthusiastic, whole-hearted, all-alive golf-player, one must go first to the Land o' Cakes.

The game of golf has an important advantage over almost every other out-of-door game that can be mentioned. It does not demand the violent muscular exertion of base-ball or foot-ball; neither does it, like these games, involve danger to life or limb, unless you find a very stupid golfer. It has a far wider field of interest than tennis or croquet, and can be played with equal pleasure, if not with equal skill, by young, middle-aged, and old men. While it is not especially adapted for a ladies' game, it need not exclude them. The routine of the game is easily learned, and unless one is reckless in the use of ball and clubs, it need not be an expensive game.

Briefly stated, the game of golf consists in driving a small gutta-percha ball around a course provided with a number of holes, generally eighteen, from one hundred to five hundred yards apart, by means of variously shaped clubs. However tame this statement may seem, the real game is brimming over with life and jollity and strong excitement.

The balls used in ancient days were made of leather, and stuffed with feathers until they were as hard as stone; but the golfing-ball in use to-day is of gutta-percha, painted white so that it may be seen easily, with a corrugated surface, and its weight varies from one and three fourths to two ounces.

At the bidding of the golfer, this little ball, sometimes called the "gutty," flies over bridges and streams and sand-hills, through thickets of gorse and, alas! sometimes into sand-pits, or even amid gorse-bushes, from which it is recovered with great difficulty, for the rules are inexorable, and a ball must be hit exactly where it lies. When a hole is "made," however, and the ball has settled into the goal of the player's ambition, it is, of course, impossible to play it for the next hole until it has been removed. A tiny pile of sand or earth, called a *tee*, is then made for it, just outside the hole, and within certain fixed limits called the *teeing-ground*, and the little ball is then ready to set out on its next long journey. The player or side that wins the greatest number of holes in the entire round has the game; or, in medal play, the victor is the side or the player making the round in the least number of strokes; and as certain conditions cause the loss of a stroke, one needs to be very careful how he strikes.

Holes are punched out of the ground with an iron especially made for this purpose, are four or five inches in diameter and lined with iron. The holes on the outward journey are usually designated by white flags, and those coming in with red flags. The space in the immediate vicinity of a hole is a very interesting part of the grounds, because, even if your ball lies quite near the hole, a wrong shot may send it not quite near enough or far beyond, and so give that hole to your opponent. This space is called the *putting-green*, and the process of holing the ball from here is called *putting*.

Perhaps you may suppose that the golfing-ground or links has been carefully prepared for the convenience of golfers, but no such consideration is shown, and indeed the most impor-

tant feature of the game, and that which adds its greatest interest and excitement, is the overcoming of the various obstacles in the way of knolls, hillocks, thickets, and sand-pits to be avoided, called by one general name, *hazards*, which tax the player's skill to the utmost.

All sorts of names have been given by facetious golfers to the hazards and holes on well-known links. *Bunker* is a common name for a hazard of any sort, but was originally applied to sand-pits only. The "scholar's bunker," "Tam's coo," "Walkinshaw's grave," the "saucer," the "feather-bed hole," and the "crater," are others of these names.

But we have not yet spoken of two very important matters connected with golfing,—the clubs and the "caddies." Of clubs there must be a generous variety, though the tendency of later years is to discard many that were once considered indispensable. The ball is capable of assuming so many singular positions that the player must consider carefully what club will best suit his purpose at the time. The clubs are shafts of wood to which are attached heads of wood or iron. Among them are the *driving-club*, the *mashie*, the *niblick*, the *lofting-iron*, *sand-iron*, and *driving-iron*, the *long cleek* and *short cleek*, and the *brassy*. Yellow orange-wood is the best choice for the shafts of iron clubs, and split hickory for the shafts and seasoned beech for the heads of wooden clubs. The faces of some clubs are beveled or spooned to lift a bad-lying ball. The *putter* has a short handle, and is used on the putting-green.

A very important personage on the links is the caddie, the man or boy who carries the stout holland case or bag in which are kept the various clubs, also balls to replace those which may be lost; who hands the clubs when needed; and who usually gives advice whether it is needed or not.

The caddie who has followed his calling for some time becomes a very wise man; and if he is not a fine player, he understands how his master should play. When he carries for an amateur golfer, his remarks are not infrequently sarcastic. It is his duty to keep account of the order of the game and give notice of his turn to the golfer who has employed him. The best of them take the most profound interest in the game which they are following, and do not hesitate to express their contempt for bad playing.

A bright red uniform was formerly worn by Scotch golfers, as a sort of danger-signal to passers-by; but modern golfers assume a costume of Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, not unlike that worn on the tennis-court. The veteran golfer pays little attention to his dress, so long as it is comfortable, and looks with some contempt on the smart outfit of the stout young college man.

The ground best suited to golf is a broad stretch of undulating land with sandy soil, covered with short turf, and supplied with occasional sand-holes and a fair amount of growing bushes. The links of St. Andrews by the sea in Scotland, is the most famous of all golfing-grounds, and the town is not better known for its ancient university than for its golfing.

In the golfing literature of this ancient town is a pleasant rhyme by Mr. Barclay, captain of St. Andrews University Golf Club, on "The Graduate in Golf":

> And so while years are moving,
> He is steadily improving;
> Though he 's never any nearer his degree,
> There is this consideration:
> He has made his reputation
> As a Golfer in the City by the Sea.

The St. Andrews course is about four miles in length, and the ambition of all true golfers is to win on this historic ground. When a great game for a medal is in progress, from one end of the town to the other, from the professor to the serving-maid at the inn, every citizen has a more or less outspoken interest in the game. But excitement could reach no greater height in the City by the Sea, when, a few years ago, a young professional golfer made the round of eighteen holes in seventy-four strokes, the very best record of previous years being seventy-seven. At the spring and fall meetings of The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, golfers pour in from every quarter, and the little town is filled to overflowing. When the links is deserted by the grown-up golfers, you may see a crowd of boys in very short trousers who take the field with their little clubs and are riotously happy to follow in the footsteps of their elders,

YOUNG GOLFERS.

even though a half hundred strokes are spent in getting the ball into the first hole.

There is a ladies' links at St. Andrews, as at some other famous links, laid out on a smaller plan than that of their brothers, with holes seventy or eighty yards apart, for the use of ladies' golf clubs, which are increasing as the years go on.

A game with a history of more than four hundred years must necessarily have some interesting records. Golf has been greatly liked by kings. In the time of James I. it was generally practised by all classes. The unfortunate Charles I. was devoted to golf. While on a visit in Scotland in 1641, as he was deeply engaged in a game, news was brought him of the breaking out of a rebellion in Ireland, and the royal golfer threw down his club and retired in great agitation to Holyrood House. When he was imprisoned at Newcastle, his keeper kindly permitted him to take recreation on the golfing-links with his train. It is said that Mary Queen of Scots was seen playing golf in the field beside Seaton a few days after the murder of her husband. In 1837 a magnificent gold medal was presented to St. Andrews by William IV., to be played for annually. One of the earlier kings forbade the importation of golf-balls from Holland because it took away "na small quantitie of gold and silver out of the kingdome of Scotland," and at one time "golfe and futeball and other unprofitable games" were forbidden in England, because archery, so necessary to the defense of the nation, was being neglected in their favor.

Golf is good for the overworked business or professional man, because he cannot possibly think of anything else when hunting balls or driving them over "the green," or "putting" in the face of an enemy. As some one says, "Care may sit behind the horseman, but she never presumes to walk with the caddie." The game may be played gently, or with vigor, by a semi-invalid out for a good constitutional, or by a

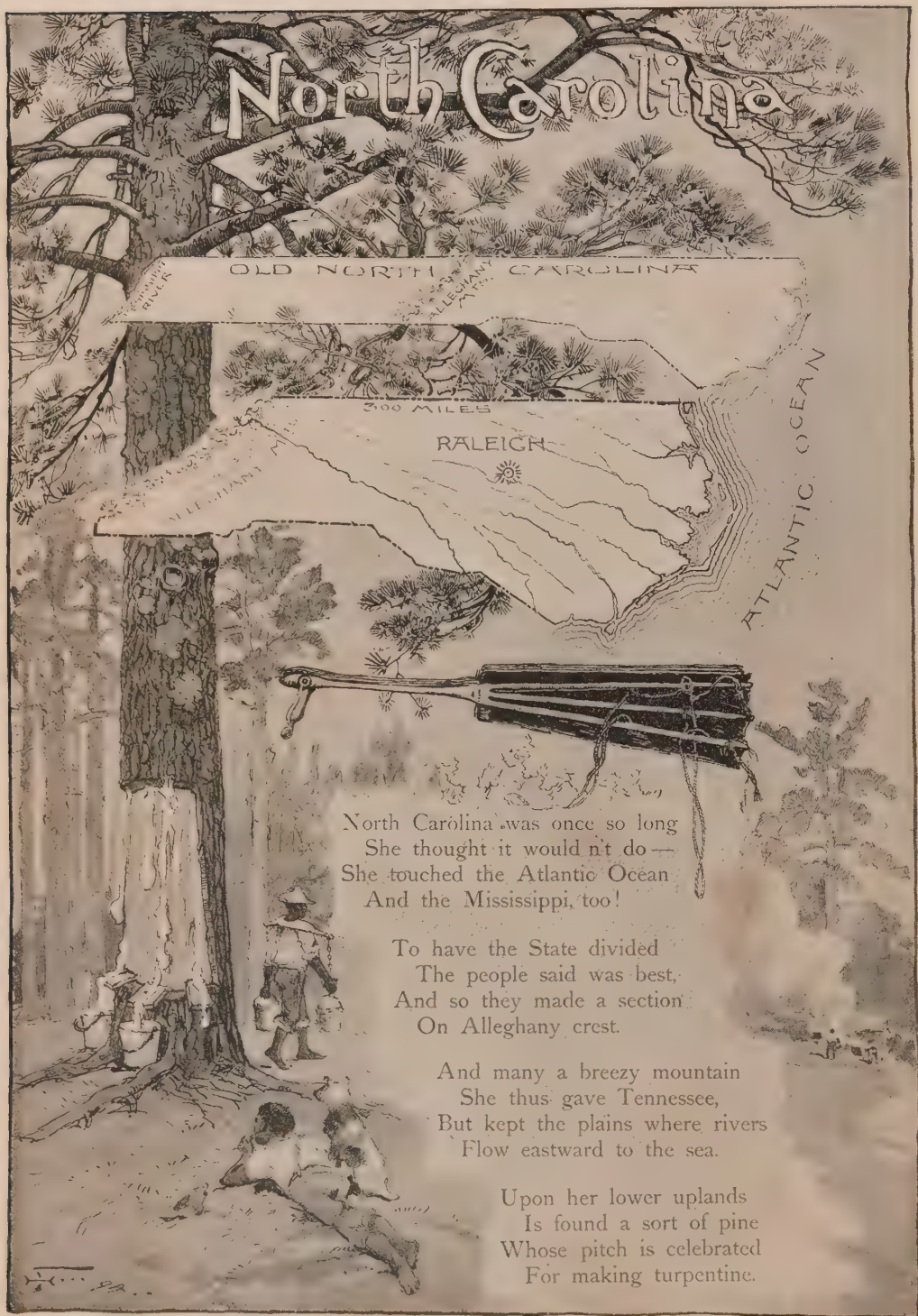
smart young college athlete. Unlike hunting and fishing, tennis, cricket, and base-ball, it can be enjoyed at all seasons, except when snow is on the ground, and even then enthusiastic golfers sometimes play, using red balls. An old Dutch tile shows the game, or something quite similar, being played by skaters on ice.

Strength and adroitness, sureness of aim, elasticity of muscle, patience and self-control, judgment and daring, are developed by golfing practice. And when one has walked around a four-mile course, with many side trips in search of mischievous runaway balls, he has had a very good pedestrian trip. And if he cannot equal the agility of those players who boast shots of 250 yards over church steeples and other striking hazards, yet he has had excellent sport, and, in sleep, dreams of the next time when he can pack up his clubs, summon his caddie, and take another, and of course a more successful, turn on the links; and he sorely pities the man who has never played this fascinating game.

AN INDIAN-SUMMER DAY.

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By Garrett Newkirk.

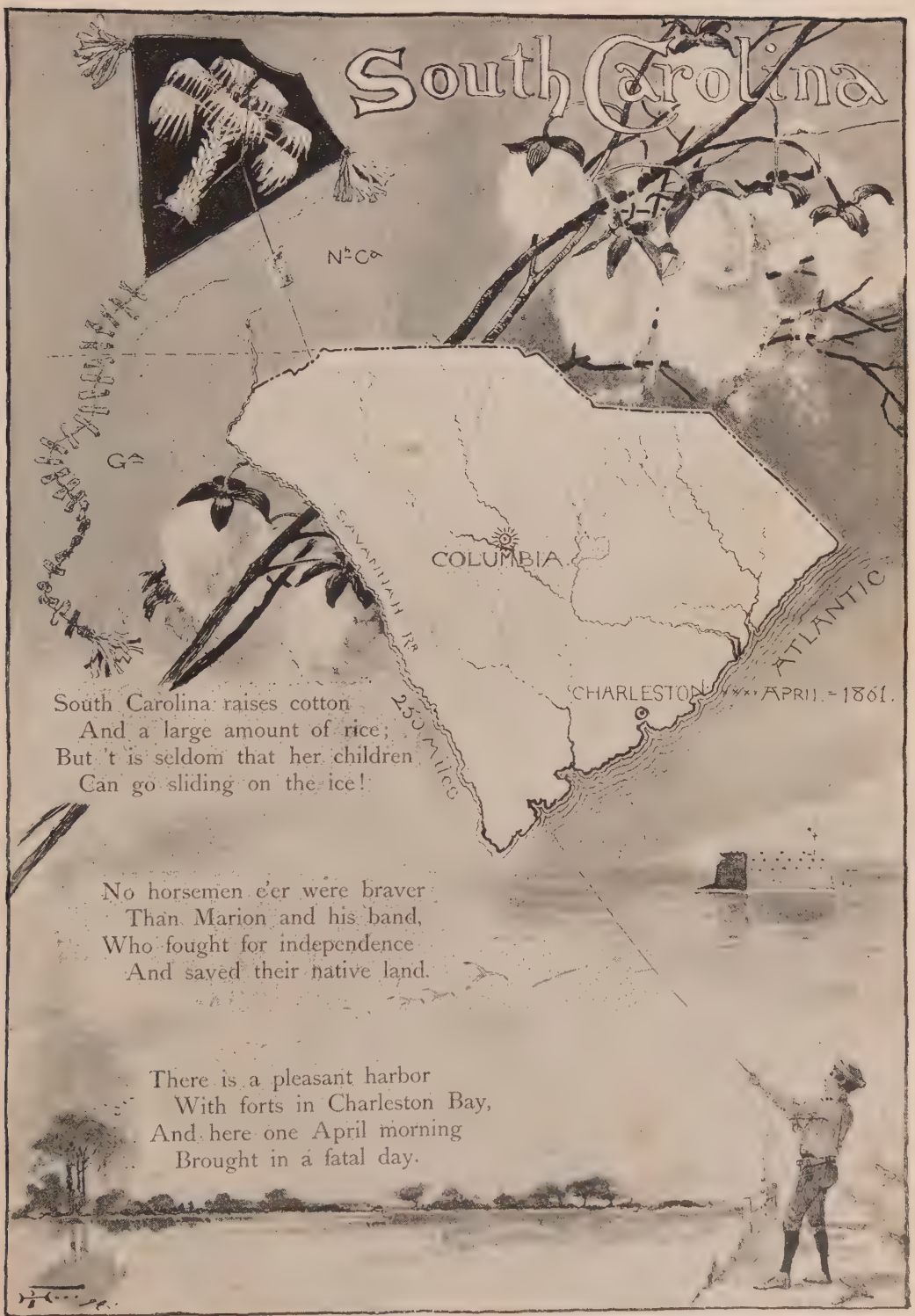


North Carolina was once so long
She thought it would n't do —
She touched the Atlantic Ocean
And the Mississippi, too!

To have the State divided
The people said was best,
And so they made a section
On Alleghany crest.

And many a breezy mountain
She thus gave Tennessee,
But kept the plains where rivers
Flow eastward to the sea.

Upon her lower uplands
Is found a sort of pine
Whose pitch is celebrated
For making turpentine.



South Carolina raises cotton
And a large amount of rice;
But 't is seldom that her children
Can go sliding on the ice!

No horsemen e'er were braver
Than Marion and his band,
Who fought for independence
And saved their native land.

There is a pleasant harbor
With forts in Charleston Bay,
And here one April morning
Brought in a fatal day.

THE KITTENS' CIRCUS.

THE RANDOM SHOT.

By Ruth McEnery Stuart.

It all happened in a class in dictation. After reading the lesson aloud, the class carefully writing as she read, the teacher told one of the girls first to collect the slates and then to distribute them, seeing that no pupil got the same slate again.

When this was done, the teacher took her book, and spelled the words aloud, the pupils correcting mistakes on the slates as she read.

She had not spelled more than a half-dozen words, when she discovered a small boy, about the center of the class, crying most piteously.

Of course the lesson was stopped for the moment, until she should learn the cause of the trouble; but to all her questions came only fresh sobs in reply.

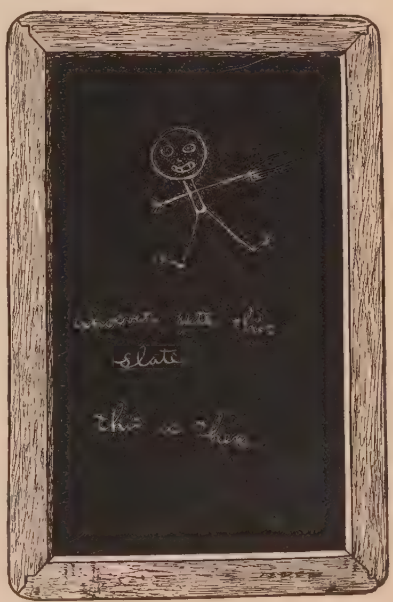
Again and again in most affectionate terms the weeping boy was begged to explain his distress, but without avail.

At last, in desperation, the teacher bade him come to her. This he seemed quite willing to do, and advancing, still convulsed with sobs, he laid upon her lap the slate he had just received. It belonged to a bright-eyed little girl, and the dictation exercise upon it was quite creditably written; but, alas! from a friendly looking slate —a *slate*, mind you, the very last thing from which one would expect such a thing—had come the random shot that had caused such havoc.

The slate in its shape and intention looked friendly. Its owner had yellow curls, and eyes that danced. No doubt she fired thoughtlessly into the air, not realizing that some one would surely receive the shot, and that it might strike a tender spot.

However this may be, the grievous legend upon its face was as follows:

"Whoever gets this slate this is them."



TELL-TALE TRACKS.

By Frank H. Sweet.

On a clear and frosty morning, when the snow is soft and white,
Ere the sun has wiped the dainty footprints out,
You can see the tracks of squirrels who went calling through the night
On their neighbors in the forest round about.

A Day with Baby

By Malcolm Douglas.

The baby I 'm acquainted with
Knows naught of battle's harms,
Although he 's of the infantry,
And often up in arms.

He puts his grandpa's glasses on,
Then imitates his frown,
And reads the paper backward, while
He holds it upside down.

Sometimes he cries, and oh, so hard,
I think he understood
The good old doctor when he said
That it would do him good.

With kitty oft upon the rug
He has a wrestling match,
And kitty, it may be, will win
By just the merest scratch.

He croons a little song that sounds
Like "Gum, oh, gum with me!"
And, as he is a minor, he
Selects a minor key.

Each day nurse wheels him to the park,
So, in his carriage there,
A little son and heir may find
A little sun and air.

As in his crib he dozes off,
With such a funny snore,
We wish he 'd sleep till eight, instead
Of waking up at four.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WILL Maysie E——, of Kansas City, Mo., from whom we printed a letter in the August Letter-Box, kindly send her address to the Editor.

SMITHFIELD, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a story I wrote about the honey-bees, and I saw it all.

One morning in July, 1894, my father was looking at his peach-trees, and he noticed something shaped like a bag, and, looking more closely, he saw it was a swarm of bees. He at once put a hive under the tree, on a table, covered it with a white sheet. After that he put on his farmer's hat to keep the bees away from his face. He also put on a long coat. Then he took a long pole and tied a brush to it, and brushed the bees from the tree on the table. Soon the bees began going in the hive. A few days afterward they made a comb and put honey in some of the cells. My father did not take the honey from the hive this first year, nor did he let them build in the upper part. Ever your reader, ETHEL M——.

HOW TO MAKE A "JIMMY-BOY."

A VERY amusing and simple plaything can easily be made from an orange, a tumbler, and a handkerchief.

Take an orange, and in the center of one side cut a small triangle in the skin; turn over the little piece you take out and press it back again into the place from which it came, putting the white side out. This makes a nose. Then cut out a large crescent-shaped slit for a mouth, and two small round holes above (cut down to the pulp of the orange, which will make them look dark) for eyes.

Then take a tumbler and, placing a handkerchief over the top, set the orange in it. Take hold of the handkerchief on each side and slowly pull first one way and then the other. The orange will look almost like a live head, ducking and bowing with a ridiculously idiotic simper. The little puppet never fails to occasion much amusement.

C. R. S——.

ALDRICH, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eighteen years old, and a Northern girl, but we have lived here six years. I have become accustomed to the Southern ways, but of course I prefer my home (New York State). My father has two coal-mines. In this town there are seven hundred workmen employed.

We have a little "city" of our own in the house, having fifteen in the family most of the time, with twenty almost every evening. LILLIAN A——.

MILTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old. I think I will tell you about a sail I had. I went out to sail one day on a large white yacht, and spent the night on board.

We stayed that night near an island.

In the morning I went to see a life-saving station. A man took us all around.

We saw some large boats: they looked like sail-boats, but they were large rowboats; and there was a surf-boat. After we had seen all the boats, we rowed back to the yacht, and then we went out to sail. Yours truly,

ROSAMOND L——.

ELWYN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been acquainted with you for about four or five years, and I have enjoyed you very much. I have not taken you since 1890. At the school here one of the directors gave you to us for a year, and my teacher reads you to us. I have enjoyed "Tom Sawyer Abroad" very much. Now you may be glad to know something about our school. The boys are divided into clubs, and they are named after some well-known men, namely: "Parrish Club," "Crozier Club," "George Brown Club," and "Washington Club." We have two cornet bands here, and I think they play very nicely. We have four military companies, and last Saturday the "House of Refuge" boys came here to drill for us. They beat us in drilling, but we beat them with our band; and we hope we can drill as well as they did some day. Some of the boys want to write to you, and I guess you will get another letter from us some day.

Yours truly, JOSEPH C. S——.

SAUK CENTRE, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen so many letters from little girls of my age that I thought I would write and tell you what a lovely time I had camping at Cedar Lake this summer. We camped in a cottage on the side of the hill a little way from the lake, which is very pretty.

A gentleman in the next camp had a kodak and took pictures of our camp. I learned to row, and so I went on the lake every day, and in the evening I would go bathing.

Several of my friends take you, but I don't think any of them enjoy you any more than I do. I have taken other magazines, but I have never read a magazine I like as well as ST. NICHOLAS.

I remain your little reader, FLOY K. McM——.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I have two younger brothers — Herbert, who is nine, and Arthur, who is seven. I have been to Europe once, and am going again. When we were there, Papa, Mama, Herbert, Arthur, and I enjoyed it very much. We saw all the countries, but I liked Holland the best. It looks so funny to see so many windmills and everybody skating on the ice all over. The Hollanders are strong people, because they have so much out-door exercise. I also liked Switzerland, as the scenery is grand there. All these countries are so different from our own country.

We have a big Newfoundland dog named "Jack," and while we were in Atlantic City, N. J., a lady swam out too far and she could not get back again. The divers were occupied with some other work; so when she called for help, Jack jumped in and brought her to shore and you can imagine the fuss the people made over our dog for saving the lady's life. She gave him a silver collar with "Jack" engraved on it.

I have taken you for five years,— ever since I commenced to read,— and I like "Lady Jane," "The White Cave," and "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford" the best

of your stories. I am quite interested in "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," and I 'm sure it will be a good story. I will now close with love to your readers and yourself.

I am your faithful friend,
MARGARET HELEN S——.

KOHALA, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I have taken you for eight years, and enjoy your delightful stories very much. Among those I like most are "Polly Oliver's Problem," "Toinette's Philip," and "The White Cave."

I am an American girl twelve years old, and for ten months of the year I live on the island of Oahu at a boarding-school. I come home in the summer for ten weeks.

During the vacation we go on many picnics and horseback rides with visitors, to see the points of interest in this district. One of these is a place called *Waipuka*, which means 'water-hole."

Water was always desired by the natives, as their principal food, *kalo* or *taro*, grows in it, so every spring was utilized. Near Waipuka was some water which the natives wished to carry to the kalo-patches, and a tunnel was dug, and at every little distance a shaft was cut down to meet it; but nobody knows why. In this way water was taken to the patches.

With best wishes for you, dear ST. NICHOLAS,
I remain yours truly, EDITH H. B——.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the library I have, called the Envelope Library. You write ten short stories or essays or rhymes, and then you put them in envelopes and write on them, "Envelope Library, No. 1" and "2," and so on; then you tie them all together with dainty ribbon and send them some place.

Yours truly, AGNES E. S——.

ABERDEENSHIRE, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl eleven years old, and I live in Scotland seven miles from a town. There are woods in front of our house, and a river, and sometimes on a hot summer day we go down to the river and wade, and our governess reads to us.

There is a little summer-house built in the woods. It is made of wood and moss, and has a thatching of heather; and there are seats all round and a rustic table in the middle, and sometimes we have tea over there.

We have two ponies named "Daisy" and "Molly," and sometimes I ride on Daisy to Huntly,—that is the nearest town to us,—and I get the letters.

My sister has three birds, and we have a little fox-terrier named "Santa," after Santa Claus.

Your loving reader, ELMA G——.

FRED'S DREAM.

Oh, Mother! I 've had the most comical dream—
The funniest ever you heard!
I dreamed that a very small pussy I was,
And that I was after a bird.

It flew away up in the old cherry-tree,
And sat singing on the top bough,
And I said to myself, as I climbed up that tree,
"My young fellow, I 'll soon have you now."

So I climbed up the tree just as quick as I could,
And crouched there just ready to spring,
A-taking my aim, when a small boy came by
With a gun. Then I heard a sharp "ping."

If I had slept on just one moment more,
I certainly should have been dead;
But I woke pretty quickly and, looking around,
Found that I was myself—little Fred.

ANNIE TRUEMAN
(*A Young Contributor*).

FORT NIOBRARA, NEBRASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live at an army post out West, and my father is quartermaster. One morning, very early in the month of July, I heard an orderly say, "The Colonel's compliments, and he wants to see the quartermaster at his office."

The cavalry was ordered to Chicago right away. The infantry had gone the night before to some place farther west, where they were having trouble.

Then there was a hurry, the men and the officers getting things ready to start. We are four miles from town, and we drove down to see them get on the cars. First, they put the horses on, and then the baggage, and then the troops—there were four of them—all stood in line on each side of the cars and marched in just as they do when going to drill or stables. "Going to stables" means the soldiers marching down to groom their horses twice a day.

We boys have a little troop of our own which we call "M" troop. The troops are called by letter, and there used to be "M" troop of the big soldiers, but there is n't any now.

The troops went into camp at Chicago, and we saw in a weekly paper the pictures of the camp. My brother is two years older than I am, and he gets ST. NICHOLAS all the time, and we like to read it.

Dictated by JAMIE C——
(Six years old).

JENA, THURINGIA, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl, and was born in Japan. My papa is an officer in the American Navy. I am living in Germany to learn German and music, and as it is a very historical country you learn a great deal besides the language. I saw a letter from Dresden in the June ST. NICHOLAS, and I enjoyed it because I was there then. Jena is on the river Saale, and lies in a valley surrounded by hills, on one of which Napoleon fought the battle of Jena in 1806. It is but a short distance from our villa. There is a large university here, and Schiller was once a teacher in it.

Next week we expect to walk through the Thuringian Forest; we will be seven days journeying.

I have taken you for nearly three years, and love you very much. Lovingly your friend,

KATHARINE S. A. C——.

POROS, GREECE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and I am an American, and I am spending the summer in Poros, Greece. We go in bathing every day, and I can swim, and row, and sail a boat. I am homesick for America. There is a Greek naval station here, and some Greek war-ships. I went to visit one the other day. I like it here, but I like my home better.

There has been a strong north wind blowing, and it upset a boat in front of our house, and seven people were

drowned. There are two old war-ships here, sent long ago by the United States to fight the Turks in Crete. They are all rusty and fallen to pieces now.

ST. NICHOLAS is sent to us by our friends at home, and I enjoy it very much.

GARDNER R——.

(*Printed as it was written.*)

OTTUMWA, IOWA.

DEAR SAINT NICHOLAS: My papa keeps a store and one day 3 rather foren men came into his store they said they came from Syria, the town I think was Damascus. I became interested in them at once and on inquiring their religion they said Christians. I was glad to hear that. They said that they had these kind of stores, and dressed after our fashion. I like SAINT NICHOLAS and think it is the best monthly published for boys and girls. I liked "Decatur and Somers" because I study Comodore Decatur in School. I am afraid I have written a long letter so I will close. I remain your Loving Reader,

NATHAN A——.

POCATELLO, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have lived in Pocatello since I was five years old. I spent last year in the country, on a large farm, and in St. Louis. On our way back to Idaho we went to Chicago to visit the World's Fair. We were there about two weeks, and I enjoyed myself very much. I was very much pleased with Helen Keller's letter in the Christmas number, about the World's Fair. I read Mrs. Foote's story, "A Four-leaved Clover in the Desert," and liked it very much indeed. The people of Pocatello raise a good many vegetables and a little fruit by irrigation. I am very fond of reading. I have never been able to walk alone, but I am getting better now.

I liked your story of the navy, "Decatur and Somers" very much. I hope there will be some more fairy stories in ST. NICHOLAS soon. I am very fond of them. It is very hot here; we have not had any rain to amount to anything since in the spring. We very seldom have rain.

Wishing you good luck, I remain your Idaho reader,

CAROLINE H. B——.

WE have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow: Lula McM., Madelaine E., Esther G., H. M., Eleanor A. L., Alice G. M., Margaretta H., Charles T. M., Muriel G., Alice McL. F., Lillian B., Elsie M. P. and Carrie M. H., Fannie H., Marion A. T., Edward A. J., Miriam S., Nellie B., Gladys, Vivien, and Miriam V., Alice and Anne, Edward J. E., Virginia J., Lila L., H. P. C., May W. and Marjorie S., Alice C. B., M. and R. C., Arthur T. S., Louise and Emma J., Madelon W., Harris P., Alice L. S., Jeannette S. K., Nena W. and Evy T. McG., Robt. W. B., Helen W., Caroline S. B., Lurline H. W.

I.

"WELL, NOW, IS N'T THIS TOO LOVELY! JUST WHAT WE 'VE BEEN WISHING FOR—A NICE JOLLY LITTLE FOOT-BALL."

II.

"—AND HERE GOES!"

III.

"WH-WH-WHAT IS IT?"

IV.

"I WISH THOSE BRUIN BOYS WOULD LEARN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FOOT-BALL AND AN INNOCENT, SLEEPY LITTLE HEDGEHOG."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."

EASY PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Chopin. Cross-words: 1. Cat. 2. Hat. 3. Obi. 4. Pun. 5. Ice. 6. Nap.

METAMORPHOSES. I. Soup, sour, pour, pout, post, past, fast, fist, fish. II. Fish, pish, pith, pits, puts, nuts.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Draft. 2. Rumor. 3. Amice. 4. Focus. 5. Tress. II. 1. Quest. 2. Unbar. 3. Ebony. 4. Sands. 5. Tryst. III. 1. Salts. 2. Afore. 3. Local. 4. Trail. 5. Sells. IV. 1. Thews. 2. Horal. 3. Erase. 4. Waste. 5. Sleek.

A DIAMOND IN A DIAMOND. 1. B. 2. Bed. 3. Belay. (Eladah.) 4. Belated. 5. Dates. 6. Yes. 7. D.

PI.

The days are still, and the long nights hushed,
And the far sky burns like the heart of a rose;
And the woods, with the gold of autumn flushed,
Lavish their splendor in crimson snows.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Races. 2. Alert. 3. Cedar. 4. Erase. 5. Strew.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. M. 2. Sew. 3. Satan. 4. Metages. 5. Waged. 6. Ned. 7. S. II. 1. S. 2. Ham. 3. Holes. 4. Salutes. 5. Metre. 6. See. 7. S. III. 1. S. 2. Dam. 3. Dales. 4. Salines. 5. Mends. 6. Ses(ame). 7. S. IV. 1. S. 2. Dem. 3. Daces. 4. Secales. 5. Mêlée. 6. See. 7. S. V. 1. S. 2. Sir. 3. Silas. 4. Silicas. 5. Raced. 6. Sad. 7. S.

RIDDLE. Scrape.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Charade. Cross-words: 1. plaCard. 2. etHer. 3. vAt. 4. R. 5. pAn. 6. laDen. 7. libErty.

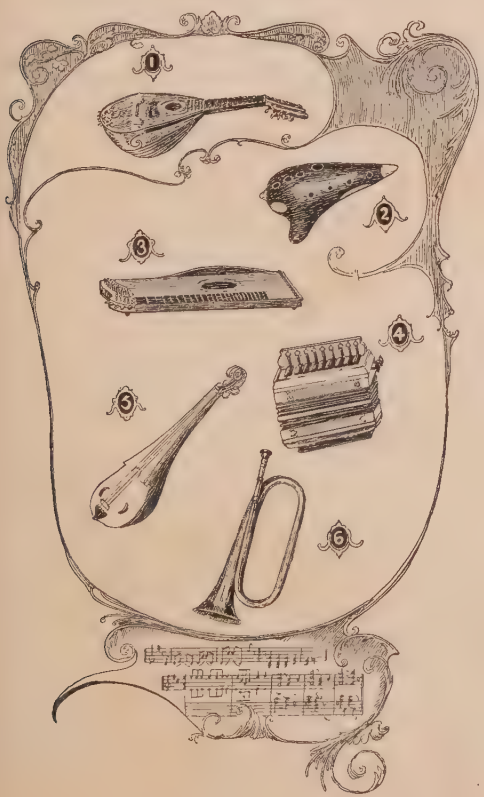
A HOLIDAY TRIP. 1. Washington. 2. New Orleans. 3. Cuba. 4. Amazon. 5. Detroit. 6. St. Clair Flats. 7. Lake Erie. 8. Cleveland. 9. Ohio. 10. Boston. 11. Lowell. 12. New York. 13. Ocean. 14. Great Britain. 15. London. 16. Scotland. 17. Edinburgh. 18. Ireland. 19. Limerick. 20. Venice. 21. Rome. 22. Southern Italy. 23. Sicily. 24. Turkey. 25. Cairo. 26. Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. 27. Siam. 28. China. 29. Japan. 30. San Francisco.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Jo and I — Blanche and Fred — Merry and Co. — Dorothy Swinburne — Winifred Peck.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from W. L., 11 — "Too Many to Name," 11 — E. H., 2 — M. McG., 10 — John F. Merchant, 1 — "Two Bold Robbers," 1 — No name, Glen Haven, 1 — Geo. S. Corlew, 1 — Mattie and Marian, 1 — Ick and Tid, 7 — La Rue, 4 — Katharine Sherman, 1 — Charlotte J. B., 1 — Elsie S. Kimberly, 1 — Gordon Vincent Hoskins, 2 — "Ecneralc," 5 — Willie and Sallie, 9 — "Country Girls," 3 — Helen Rogers, 7 — Effie K. Talboys, 4 — Minnie and Dudley, 3 — L. O. E., 11 — Rose and Violet, 4 — Pearl F. Stevens, 11 — Walter Haight, 10 — Emily E. Lake, 1 — "Two Little Brothers," 8 — Daisy Gorham, 4 — H. P. C., 1 — Mama and Sadie, 8 — Kate Lyon, 9 — Helen A. Sturdy, 2 — G. B. D. and M., 6 — Willie Gray Cross, 2 — "The Butterflies," 8 — R. C. B., 3 — Rudolph and Natalie, 5 — Kenneth Lewis, 1 — J. A. S., 4 — "Tip-Cat," 10 — George S. Seymour, 7 — Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher, 9 — Ida C. Thallon, 11 — "Three Blind Mice," 8 — "Highmount Girls," 8 — Josephine Sherwood, 11 — Bessie R. Crocker, 8 — Polly, Dot and Jack, 8 — Apple K., 10 — "Rose Red," 3.

A MUSICAL PUZZLE.



WHEN the names of the six musical instruments, in the picture here given, have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous musician.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

1–2–3 is a Latin prefix denoting separation;
1–2–3–4, a circular form, much used in ornamentation;
3–4–5–6–7 is curtain cloth, of common reputation;
5–6–7 is border, edge, or line of decoration;
7–8–9–10, a girl's nickname, a German appellation;
9–10–11, a boy's nickname, a plain abbreviation;
9–10–11–12–13–14, a race of our great creation;
12–13–14, an element of electric experimentation;
The whole is what we all should use in every relation,
In choice of pleasures and of friends, as well as occupation.
I 'm sure you know already, without further speculation,
That all my letters spell one word, which is

1–2–3–4–5–6–7–8–9–10–11–12–13–14.

LIZZIE E. JOHNSON.

COMPASS PUZZLE.

. N .
. . .
. . .
W . . L . . E
. . .
. . .
. S .

FROM north to south (seven letters), a central point; from west to east, hostile; from northwest to southeast, the nobility; from southwest to northeast, a small spiny fish.

H. M. A.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name mythical personages whose stories are told by Homer.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To dose. 2. A verb. 3. A vase. 4. A pronoun. 5. Sick. 6. To show affection. 7. A serpent. 8. A beverage.

W. C. LAWTON.

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES.

MAKE the following changes by prefixing and suffixing the same letter. Examples: Change a sound to rocks. Answer, s-tone-s. Change a feminine name to a title. Answer, m-ada-m.

1. Change illuminated to rents.
2. Change a kind of roof to large boats.
3. Change a common verb to ventured.
4. Change a personal pronoun to accomplished.
5. Change a coin to perfumes.
6. Change a preposition to a kind of bell.
7. Change an article to a group.
8. Change a piece of ground to openings.
9. Change a preposition to crimes.

ALICE I. H.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-three letters, and form a quotation from the works of J. G. Holland.

My 25–19–4–29 is the thread carried by the shuttle. My 22–8–15–33 is one. My 5–28–12–23–11 is a Russian imperial proclamation. My 6–1–14–9–31–18 is brumal. My 2–26–13–17–30–24 is ceased to have in mind. My 10–20–21–32–16–7–27–3 is any body that gives light.

STELLA AND VIRGINIA.

PI.

KILE noe how grinles ety poun het sadns,
Zignag shi stal noup het figdan lais
Hatt saber shi fedrins rafa ot thoer sland,
I chawt eht kebal bromvene hiltdagy fial,
Dan, giltwener ni eht peal nad wetray kises,
Het mid rasts lafter froth, eht clod nomo sire.

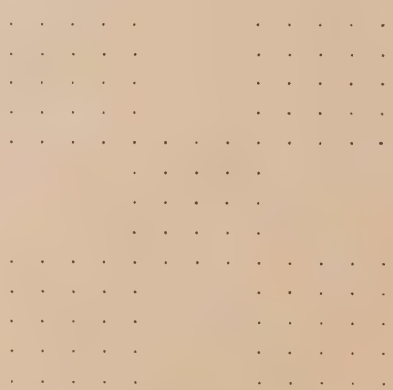
DELETIONS.

EXAMPLE: Take strife from to promote, and leave to wade through. Answer, For-war-d, ford.

1. Take a union of three from a lover of his country, and leave an Irish nickname.
2. Take a blow from colorless, and leave a pronoun.
3. Take a conjunction from sincere, and leave a famous Spanish poem.
4. Take a refusal from a French president, and leave a vehicle.
5. Take relatives from falling, and leave to utter melodious sounds.
6. Take a respectful address from wished for, and leave an act.
7. Take to depart from great suffering, and leave an indefinite number.
8. Take a preposition from ending, and leave an inhabitant of the water.
9. Take suffrage from a bigot, and leave a river of Scotland.
10. Take a writing-fluid from making a sharp sound, and leave to adhere.
11. Take a cozy place from a general pardon, and leave a feminine name.
12. Take an entrance from the recipient of a legacy, and leave the sheltered side.
13. Take uproar from a burden, and leave to tarry.
14. Take to inquire from a small receptacle, and leave a wager.
15. Take nevertheless from revelry, and leave showy.

When the little words — taken from the longer ones — have been placed one below another, the initial letters will spell a national holiday. PLEASANT E. TODD.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A musical drama. 2. A publication. 3. The after-song. 4. A kind of fortification. 5. The central part of an amphitheater.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A hardship. 2. A Jewish doctor. 3. A famous Norwegian writer. 4. The white poplar. 5. An ocean steamer.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A month. 2. Tranquillity. 3. Furious. 4. A sugary covering for cake. 5. A shelf.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To cause to gyrate. 2. A familiar greeting. 3. To jostle. 4. To run away. 5. To let down.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To puff up. 2. Flat. 3. To shun. 4. An old word meaning "a thin plate of metal." 5. An officer in a church.

MABEL S. AND DOROTHY S.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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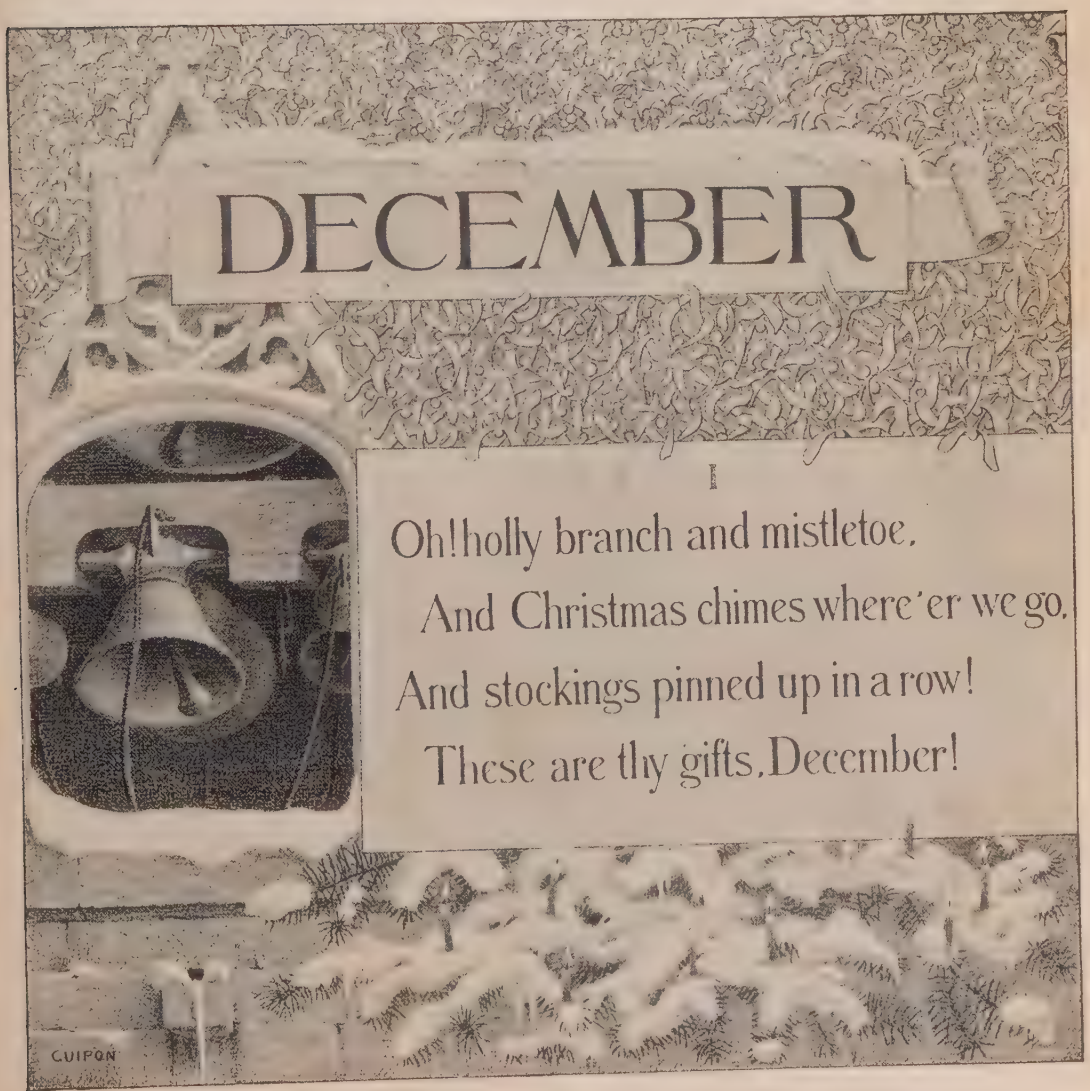
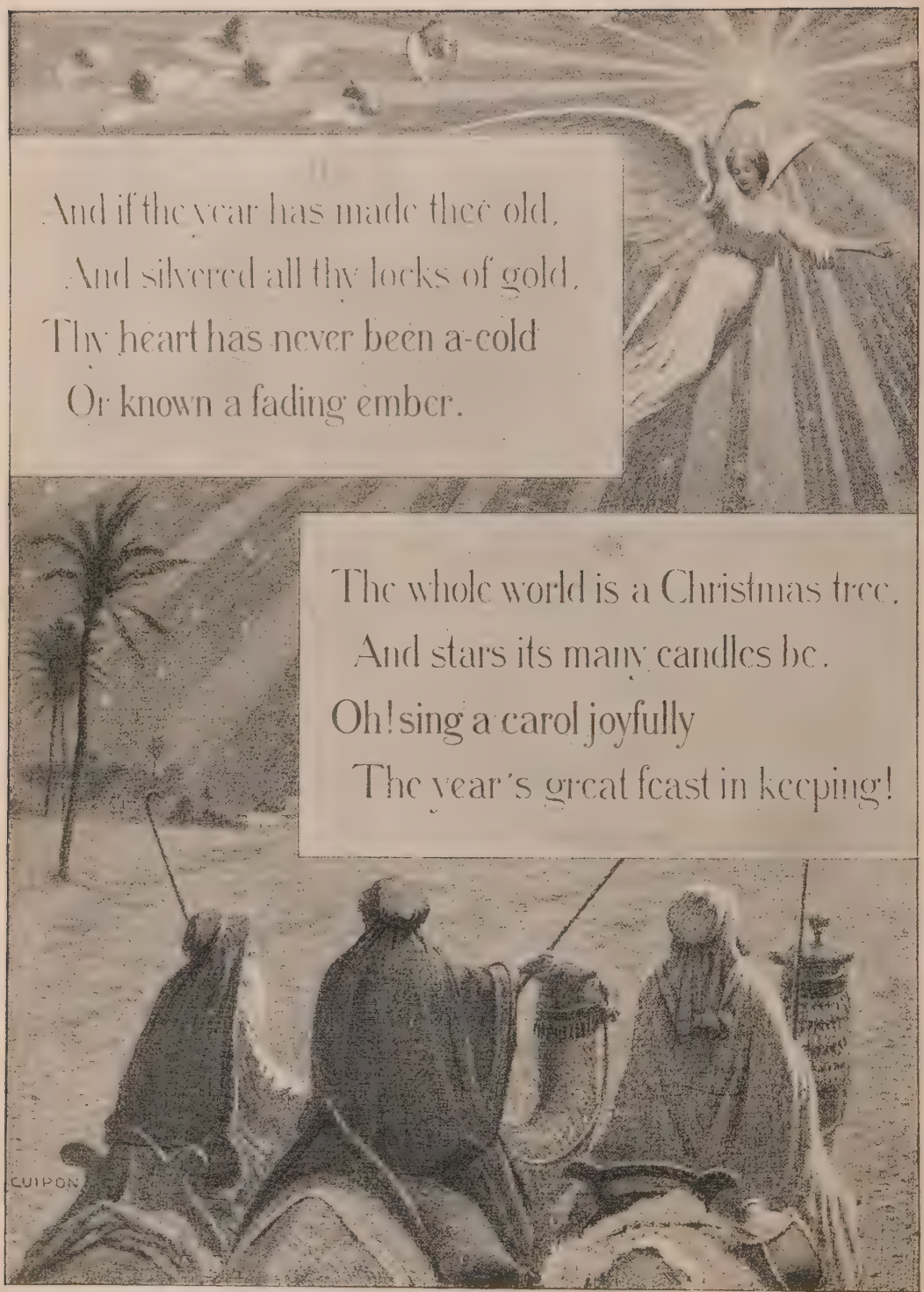
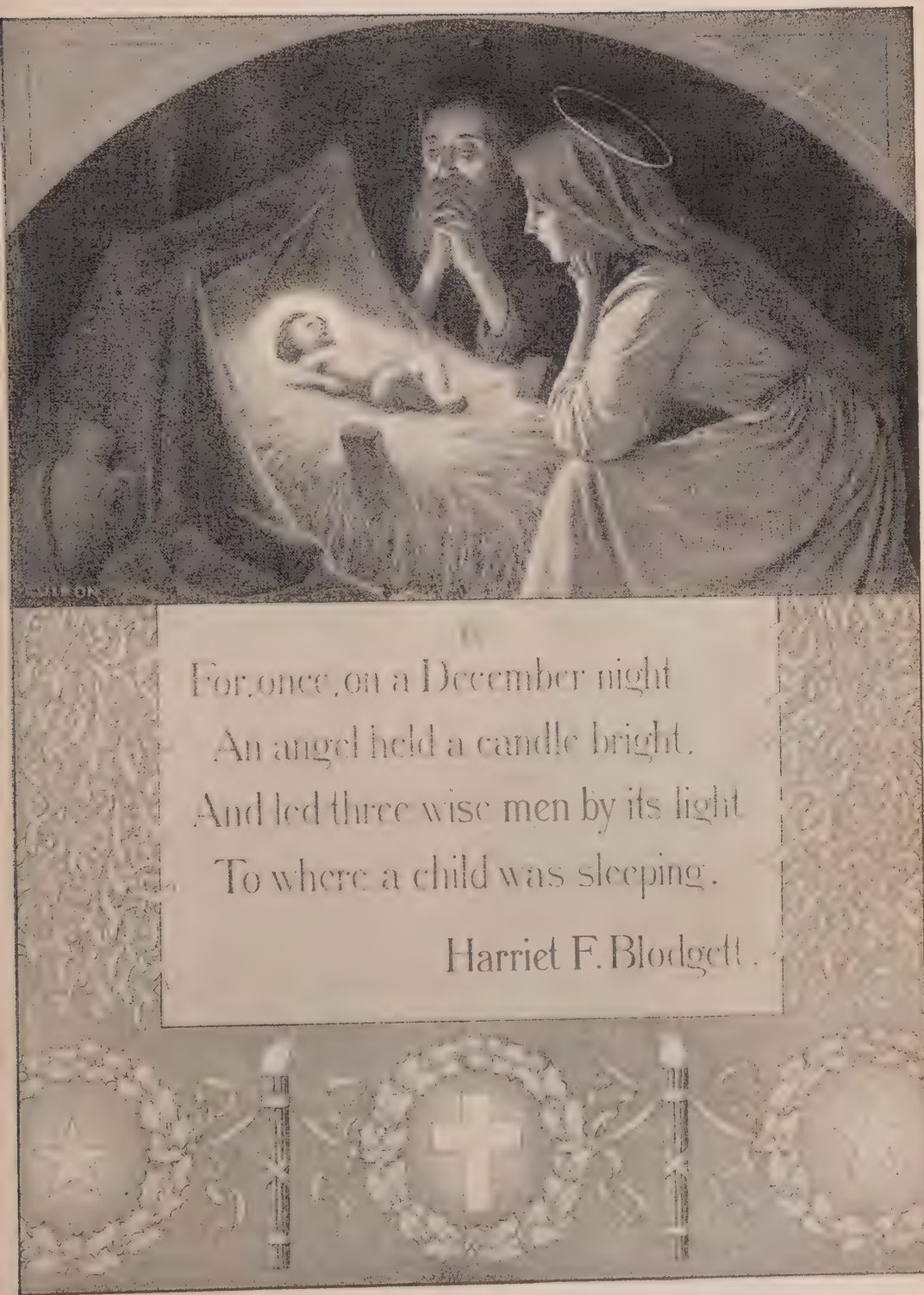



And if the year has made thee old,
And silvered all thy locks of gold,
Thy heart has never been a-cold
Or known a fading ember.
The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be.
Oh! sing a carol joyfully
The year's great feast in keeping!
CUIPON



For, once, on a December night
An angel held a candle bright,
And led three wise men by its light
To where a child was sleeping.

Harriet F. Blodgett.

SANTA CLAUS' PATHWAY.

By Julia W. Miner.

Snow everywhere — not the city snow, which is so quickly trampled down and smirched, and which one gladly sees carried off in carts, certain of its swift transformation to slush and mud, but the clean, white, lasting country snow. It covered the paths, the roads, the fields, lying in great drifts against the buildings and fences; each low roof had its frozen white covering, fringed here and there with icicles; the mountains were gray to their tree-clothed summits, matching the gray sky, whence tiny flakes fell now and again.

Over the fields trudged Nan and Ned, caring nothing for snow or drifts; for on their feet were strapped big snow-shoes, and they scuffled along securely enough.

"First fall!" cried Ned, as Nan, inadvertently pointing her big shoe into the snow, stuck, and settled hastily and ungracefully on the ground.

"Give me your hand, Neddy. What a stupid I am!" Up she scrambled, shaking the white powder from her scarlet toboggan-suit. With the thermometer at ten degrees, there is little fear of dampness from a tumble into a drift.

"Now for a race," said Ned; "I 'll give you a start, and beat you to the little bridge."

"Thank you for nothing. You need n't give me a start, my boy, but I 'll beat you just the same. Ready!"

Off scuffled the two, Nan with a careful remembrance that her feet must be kept flat.

"Good for you, Nan!" Ned said, as his sister kept close by him. "It 'll be nip and tuck, sure enough."

Suddenly the boy's toe struck a projecting rock. Over he went, while Nan, at that moment a little in advance, pushed on unseeing. Arrived, triumphant, at the goal, she turned to look for her opponent. Half-way back sprawled a dark-gray figure; a handkerchief fluttered from one elevated foot, while close to this flag of truce stood two childish figures.

Back rushed the victor.

"Oh, Ned! Not hurt, are you?"

"Oh, no; just resting. Strap 's broken. Sorry I can't rise and bow and congratulate you, ma'am. It *was* nip and tuck, was n't it? I got nipped and you tuck it." And the vanquished one sat up and proceeded to mend his snow-shoe with some string. Having offered her handkerchief and a further store of cord produced from her own pocket, Nan turned her attention to the new-comers — a boy of about her own age, and a girl several years younger.

"Good morning," she said pleasantly.

"Morning," said the girl, in a low voice.

"You 're strangers in the village, are n't you?"

"Yes, we are. Father 's here for his health; we 've just come. Mother 's going to take in washing, 'cause father can't work now."

"Find it rather cold, don't you?" said Ned.

"Yes, it 's awful cold; but Father likes it, and the doctor says it 's good for him."

"That 's so. You see, we know all about it, for we 've always lived here. We 're the doctor's children." And Nan nodded pleasantly to the two, noting their coarse yet neat clothing, and their somewhat sad young faces.

"You 're lucky to be here for the first snow," said Ned, scrambling up, and stamping to test his new fastenings. "And Christmas makes everybody feel jolly."

"We 're not going to have any Christmas this year," the girl said.

"Can't help yourselves, I guess," was Ned's cheerful reply. "December twenty-fifth brings it every time, and that 's to-morrow, sure pop!"

"Gerty means we can't have presents," joined in the boy. "But we don't mind, do we, sis? It costs a lot to get them, and it cost so much to get here, we can't hang up our stockings. We always have before, though," he added quickly.

"Dave 's real good, but I can't help minding

some. I wish Christmas did n't come so expensive," she sighed after a pause, during which Nan and Ned had looked at them in silence.

"Where do you live?" asked Nan at last.

"Down that road there, 'longside o' the river, beyond the pines. First there 's a blue house, and ours is the second pink one." (Houses of many colors flourished in the little mountain village.) "Dave tried coasting down that funny open place there in the pines; it looks like a V turned upside down. He tried it on a board, and he stuck; it was too soft."

"Oh, that 's Santa Claus' Pathway," laughed Nan. Then, as the strangers stared, "That 's what we were told when we were little. You see, Santa Claus is the only person who can coast down it; I suppose the reindeer understand the road. And sometimes they run down so quickly that things drop out of the sleigh. Ned and I looked for them when we were small. Did n't we?"

"Yes, indeed; many a time. Well, good-by, youngsters. Come along, Nan."

Left alone, Gerty and Dave looked at each other a moment.

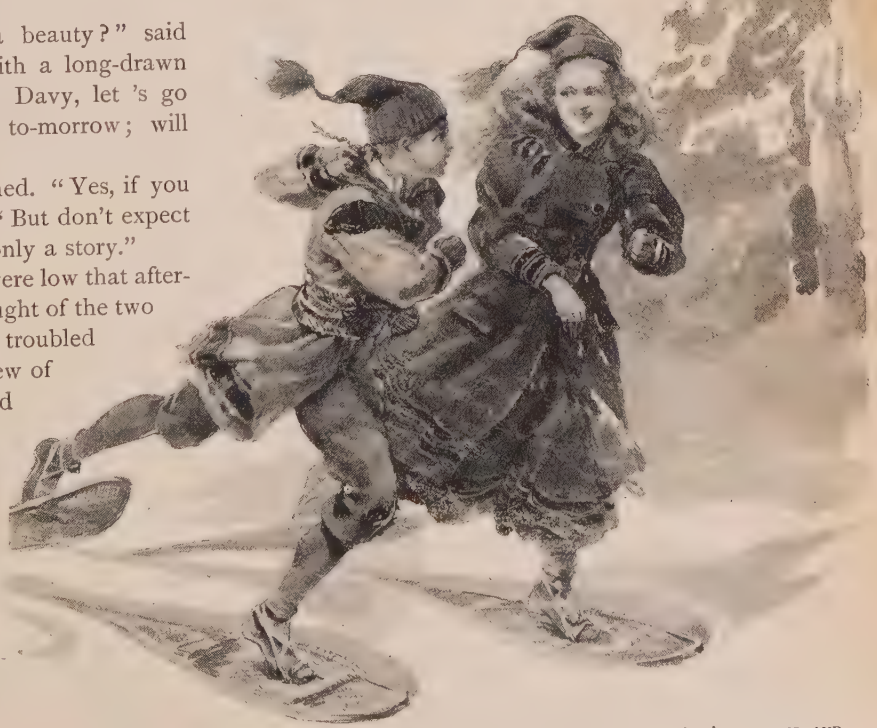
"Is n't she a beauty?" said Gerty at last, with a long-drawn sigh. "And, oh, Davy, let 's go there and look to-morrow; will you?"

The boy laughed. "Yes, if you like," said he. "But don't expect anything; it 's only a story."

Nan's spirits were low that afternoon. The thought of the two "new" children troubled her, and she knew of nothing she could do, for her last penny had been spent in her girlish Christmas preparations, and all her available cast-off things had been contributed already to the various big packages that her kind mother made up for the poorer village folk at this time. A talk with Ned brought no balm to her spirit; like her, he was penniless. "Dead broke, my dear, and no use. Father 's advanced some of my January allowance already. But we might ask him."

"No, we must n't. Mother told me he 's given away more than he can afford now. It 's hard times for him, too. I don't see why it makes any difference with a doctor, Neddy. People have to be sick just the same," she said reflectively.

Ned offered no explanation, so Nan retreated to her own pretty room to look, for the twentieth time, at the dainty, ribbon-tied packages she had prepared for the morrow. "It must be just horrid not to have any Christmas fun," she thought again.



"'GOOD FOR YOU, NAN!' NED SAID, AS HIS SISTER KEPT CLOSE BY HIM. 'IT 'LL BE NIP AND TUCK, SURE ENOUGH.'"

The next day dawned bright and sunny and crisp, a perfect Christmas morning. The doctor's household was stirring betimes, for the four stockings with their abundant overflow must be inspected at an early hour, and Ned and Nan, youthful tyrants on that day, tapped early at their parents' door. Who does not know the fun of rummaging a Christmas stocking!

According to their usual custom, Dr. Lowe looked at his gifts first, being, as Ned said, "the oldest child." And few of his patients would have recognized their grave physician, as he guessed and peeped, and pulled out the presents, as eagerly as any boy. Nor was Mrs. Lowe one whit less excited when her turn followed.

"Mother and father are two spoiled children," said Ned, laughing, and casting a suspicious glance at the large package that leaned against the fireplace close to his own stocking—could it be the wished-for toboggan? "They have so many presents, they will get to be like the little girl who had Christmas every day." For the doctor's family was remembered by nearly everybody in the village.

"What a beauty! Oh, father, how did you know I wanted it so?" cried the boy, as the new toboggan was unwrapped and admired.

Down in his stocking's deepest depths Ned found a tiny box, "From Grandma Lowe." Nan looked on with interest, for the shining five-dollar gold piece would, without doubt, have its double among her own gifts. And so it was. The girl's quick brain was busy with plans—a decision was reached at once; now the long-wanted gold beads could be bought!

Breakfast was soon over. Down the toboggan-slide and up again the children sped and clambered with untiring enjoyment. And who could grow weary of such a beauty as that new toboggan! Ned and Nan were fearless and sure of their balance, and neither could be brought to understand why their rapid rush, as they stood erect on their toboggan, from top to bottom of the snow-clad hill, was considered a difficult feat by their companions.

"Get on and have a slide," said Ned affably, noticing among the little group of onlookers the two strangers of the day before. "Hold on tight now. If you 're not used to bumps, you 'll fly off." Down sped the four, Gerty's small shriek lost in the laughter her hasty rise and fall aroused. But Ned had grasped her quickly, so she was spared a tumble.

"You 'll like it better next time, so let 's try again," said he, encouragingly.

"We can't; there 's the church bell, Ned," said Nan. "We must hurry."

As Nan stooped to tie a refractory shoe-lace, she overheard Dave say to Gerty:

"Now you 've had a Christmas treat, you see, Gerty, even if we did n't find any dropped things on Santa Claus's Pathway."

Nan's toilet for church was hasty, but she and Ned were ready in time to follow their father and mother into the pretty little church, pine-trimmed and holly-decked; and Nan's clear voice rang out sweetly when the congregation sang the Christmas hymn:

> "Peace to the earth, good will to man,
> From heaven's all-gracious King:"
> The earth in solemn stillness lay,
> To hear the angels sing.

Over in the corner sat Gerty and Dave. They were singing, too, and once Nan saw Gerty stop and furtively wipe her eyes.

> "O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
> Whose forms are bending low,"

sang Nan, as she wondered. Now the meaning of the words came to her. She had not thought of it before. Girls of thirteen do not always.

The doctor's daughter did not listen to the sermon. Her Christmas sermon had been preached to her in that first hymn, and she was thinking it over seriously and not without some inward struggles. Poor Gerty and Dave! A sick father, a poor hard-working mother,—Nan stole a look at her own strong, handsome, well-dressed parents, then glanced once more at the sad-looking pair in the corner. And for them there was, as Gerty had said, "no Christmas."

"But the village shops close early Christmas day, and they have so few nice things in them, anyhow," whispered a selfish little spirit in her heart. "And Grandma Lowe *meant* you to buy something for yourself with that money."

"NED DREW BACK, LETTING DAVE PULL OUT THE SCARLET SLED."

There was a little rustle as the congregation rose for the recessional:

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sins, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.

Nan wiped away some tears from her own eyes as she dropped on her knees.

"Ned, I want to speak to you," she whispered, almost dragging him down the church steps as the congregation filed out.

"Those Lowe children are never happy long under a roof," laughed somebody, as the two ran off on the board walk.

The pink house down by the river was not the most cheerful place in the world that

Christmas afternoon. Its few furnishings were not yet entirely unpacked; the big air-tight stove smelled of varnish; and the invalid, seated by the curtainless window, was having "one of his bad days." The poor man looked doleful enough. Sick and suffering, he felt himself the cause of his family's poverty.

"There comes the doctor's sleigh, with his pretty daughter," he said. "He rides in style. Why! It 's stopping here!"

"Father sends the sleigh," began Nan, after the usual greetings, "and hopes you will like to take a little drive, as he is n't using it to-day."

The invalid glanced out at the beautiful black horses with their jingling bells and scarlet plumes, at the sleigh heaped with fur robes.

"Your father 's too good, Miss," he stammered, his face flushing with pleasure.

"And perhaps Gerty and Dave might go coasting with us — Ned and me."

"Got on your boots, Dave?" queried Ned. "Then we 'll go through the pines." He chatted merrily as they started off, the two girls cozily tucked up on the toboggan, the boys acting as steeds for the chariot.

Santa Claus's Pathway, like a big, white tent, stretched up by their side as they skirted the hill. "Hello!" said Ned, "er — we might climb up and see if — er — there 's anything there; St. Nick might have dropped something."

"He did n't," said Gerty. "Dave and I looked." Ned and Dave exchanged glances.

"'Try, try again,'" suggested Nan. "You and I 'll go, too, Gerty. It is n't deep, and it 's dry as dust."

Up scrambled the youthful quartet.

"Let me talk, Ned," said Nan. "You hesitate, and they 'll suspect."

"Well, how can a fellow think up things all of a sudden?" whispered Ned in return, his tone expressing his injured feeling.

"Oh — oh! Why, look!" cried Gerty, pointing to a patch of red half hidden by the snow. "There! There! near that pine!"

The others ran forward, but Ned drew back, letting Dave pull out the scarlet sled that rewarded his search.

"Whew! That 's a stunner!" cried Dave. "How did it get here? Some one must have lost it."

"Santa Claus, to be sure," cried Nan; and Ned added: "'Finding 's keepings.'"

"Do you really think so?" said Dave, wistfully, unable to believe his good fortune.

"Certain, sure," returned Ned. And, since his own hands had put it there, who could have known better?

"Somebody told me there was n't any Santa Claus, but I guess he 's been here," said Gerty; and she nodded her head with satisfaction.

"See here!" she cried. "And they 're marked 'Gerty.'" She held up a box containing a lovely warm hood, a pair of mittens, and a box of candies as she spoke.

"Oh, goody! goody!" cried the child. "And look! here 's a game! We can play it evenings, Dave; and maybe father 'd like it, too. But," she said quickly, "you ought to take something,— we must n't have them all."

"That would be unfair; we 've had our presents this morning," replied Nan. "Prob'ly these things were left here for you, for maybe Santa Claus did n't know where you 'd moved to." This explanation seemed to satisfy Gerty, and she began to search again with fresh interest.

"These must be yours, Dave." Ned held up some mittens just as Gerty cried:

"What a love-i-ly doll! Just to think it 's mine. Oh, you dear dolly!"

"And here 's a book with my name in it," called Dave in a few moments.

"I guess that 's all," remarked Ned, after a few minutes' further search.

"Has n't it been scrumptious?" said Gerty to Nan, as they descended the hill. And Nan thought decidedly that it had been.

"Say," said Dave to Ned, as they waited for the two girls to get settled to their liking, one on the toboggan, the other on the newly found sled, "I 'm pretty sure you and your sister put those things there. Gerty b'lieves in Santa Claus,— she 's little, you see. But — I don't know how to say it — we 're awful much obliged."

Tucked up warm and snug on the toboggan, Nan was softly singing, under her breath, a joyous Christmas carol.

PRESIDENT FOR ONE HOUR.

By Fred P. Fox.

It was just eight o'clock as the passenger-train pulled out of the Wayville station on the morning of December 24, 1891. The train was heavily laden with merry people either bound for their Eastern homes, or gay holiday-shoppers going to the city to purchase the last supply of presents that were to make the coming day the happiest of the year.

The mail-car and express-cars were laden to overflowing with many queer-shaped packages, and even the spaces in the vestibules between the cars had to be utilized for through pouches and packages, so great was the jam of Christmas presents.

If it was a jolly crowd that left the little station, it was not an unhappy one that remained. The fog had so settled down upon and around everything that the little lamp in the telegraph and ticket office shed but a feeble light upon the persons seated around the stove. There is always a crowd in a country station at train-time, and in spite of the rules a few privileged persons always find their way into the office.

Merrily the telegraph instrument ticked away, sending its messages of hope or grief across a continent. As he sat beside the instrument, Fred Clarke, the operator, once in a while gave out a bit of electric gossip to the entertained listeners. "No. 13 is five minutes late at Bloss," he remarked. Then he smiled as he said, "The general manager has just left High Ridge on his 'special,' coming west. He must have a jolly party with him, for he has ordered fourteen dinners at Glenmore to be ready when he arrives there. His car will pass here at 9:10."

"WITH STEADY FINGERS HE GRASPED THE TELEGRAPH-KEY." (SEE PAGE 102.)

"What engine 's pulling the 'special'?" asked Bob Ford, one of the listeners.

"No. 39."

"That 's father's old engine," spoke up Tom Martin, a dark-eyed, dark-haired boy of fifteen

"THE MEN HAD OILED THE TRACK THOROUGHLY FOR SEVERAL HUNDRED YARDS."

years, who had been gazing intently into the fire. "He used to run her on all the specials, until he was killed in the accident at Oak Bridge two years ago."

"Right you are, lad," said Bob Ford; "and it 's many the time I fired for him on old 39. He was as brave and as true a man as ever pulled a lever. You used to ride with us often too — did n't you, Tom?"

"Yes; until one day the general manager saw me sitting in the cab, and issued an order that after that day no one but regular employees in the discharge of their duty should ride upon the engines. I have never been on an engine since; but I learned a great deal about them — did n't I, Bob?"

"Yes, you did, Tom; and, for a boy, you can do as much about an engine as any youngster I know. I would rather have you around than many a fellow I know who 's now running an engine. What are you doing now?"

"Since father's death I do whatever I can to help support my mother, and I find enough to keep me out of mischief. I attend night-school, and during the day I carry the mail between the depot and town, carry dinners and lunches for the men, sell papers, and deliver messages. Besides, I am Fred's pupil, and have learned telegraphy."

"Are you making a living at all these odd jobs?"

"Yes, I am; but of course I can't make what father made; and we are trying to pay off the mortgage on the house. I do wish, though, I could do better. Here it is Christmas-time, and I have been saving money for three months — yes, six — in order to buy mother a nice warm cloak; but when I came to price them I found that the five dollars and a half I had saved would not get anything at all like what I wanted. It would take three dollars more, at least. How I would like to have surprised my dear old mother! But then, no matter; I can get her something else that 's nice, and we will have a merry Christmas, anyway."

"You say you can telegraph," said Bob, after a moment; "what are the wires saying now?"

"The operator at High Ridge is asking

whether No. 14 left here on time.— What 's that?" he continued excitedly. "Keep still! Rockville is saying, 'Freight-train — No. 33 — broke into three sections — at Cantwell. Engineer — thinking there was one break and that rear section was under control — started back to couple on. Dense fog — met middle section coming at full speed — engineer and fireman thrown from engine. Engine and three cars running east down-grade at full speed.' That 's terrible!" he said. "But listen — 'Middle section, one mile behind, just passed — ten loaded stock-cars — Jack Flynn clinging to rear car. Must stop train if you can. If 14 has not yet left, switch her to west-bound track or she 'll be lost.'" Then the instrument stopped ticking.

"Is that right, Fred?" Bob asked the operator, as soon as he found his breath; "or has Tom been joking with us?"

"It 's all true!" answered Fred. "That 's just what 's happened! What shall we do? What *can* we do?"

There was no answer to this appeal. The blanched faces of the listeners showed that all understood the horror of the situation.

No. 14, the passenger-train that had just left, was bowling leisurely along at thirty miles an hour, crowded with passengers. Behind, and coming with resistless force, was a runaway engine and three cars, running sixty miles an hour, and behind that train was the heavy broken section, ten loaded stock-cars, coming nearly as fast.

There seemed to be no hope for the doomed passengers, since on the west-bound track the general manager's through-express was approaching. To attempt to switch the runaway engine or section would be likely to tear up the track, and the chances were that the loss of life would be just as great, if not greater, than to let the engine speed on its way. No wonder the men turned pale as they understood the situation of affairs — no wonder that the stoutest hearts stood still, for, as they reflected, horror seemed to pile on horror.

"HE GRASPED THE HANDLES AND SWUNG HIMSELF UP ON THE STEP."

Then out of the gloom there came a steady voice: it seemed filled with an inspiration. It was an opportunity for the genius of a true "railroad man"; and the man, or rather boy, was there, ready to prove his capacity.

The boy Tom spoke up: "All of you men get out and oil the track,— pour on oil, put on grease, smear it with tallow, or anything! That will keep back the engine a little — perhaps enough. After the engine has passed, keep on with the work. Remember we 've got to save Flynn's life — yes, and save the cattle, too."

The men at once ran out of the depot, Fred and Bob leading all the rest.

"Now, I must save No. 14!" said Tom to himself. "I 'll have to keep the west-bound track clear, and then switch No. 14 on to it at Lewistown."

With steady fingers he grasped the telegraph-key, and this message flew along the wire:

Operator, Mount Vernon: Flag special train of general manager, and tell him to wait for orders. T. M.

Back came the inquiry:

T. M., Wayville: Who has right to stop special? Track has been cleared for the general manager's train. By whose orders shall I tell him he has been flagged?

It was no time to stick at trifles or to make explanations, so Tom flashed back the answer:

By orders of President of the U. S. R. R., per T. M.

"O. K.," answered Mount Vernon, as a sign that the order was understood and would be obeyed.

"Now, to get 14 switched from the east- to the west-bound track! There is just a chance." Again he touched the key.

Operator, Lewistown: Turn cross-over switch at your station; transfer passenger-train No. 14 from east- to west-bound track, and hold her there until released. T. M.

Then the key ticked in reply:

T. M., Wayville: Track has been cleared for special of general manager. His train approaching from east with regular orders giving right of way. Make your order more definite, and give authority.

As before, Tom was ready and answered:

Operator, Lewistown: President of U. S. R. R. Co. does not have to show authority. Carry out the orders at once. Important. T. M.

"O. K.," ticked back the reply.

"Now," said Tom to himself, "if I can only delay the engine until 14 gets across on the other track, everything will be all right. The poor horses and cattle will have to take their chances. Let 's see,— 14 has been gone fifteen minutes; she is due at Lewistown in thirty minutes. The runaway engine will be here in about five minutes, unless her speed is reduced; the passenger-train will be overtaken about five miles this side of Lewistown. There is only one hope now. I must risk it."

Just then the ticket-agent, hearing the men hurrying about, had come down-stairs and asked the trouble. As briefly as he could, Tom told him the situation, and then said: "Mr. Lenox, I 'm going to climb into the runaway engine, if it 's a possible thing, and check her up. I 've five dollars or so here. Take it and, if I 'm hurt, give it to my mother. Tell her I was going to get her a Christmas present, and tell her I know that she would tell me to do just what I 'm going to do. God bless her! If I come out all right — and there is a chance — don't ever let her know what I did. Promise, quick!"

"Don't think of such a thing, Tom," pleaded the agent. "Why, it 's suicide! If you can slow down the engine, when you get aboard, the rear section will run into you and crush you. If you can't, you are sure to run into the passenger-train and die in the collision. In this fog, even if you get control of the engine — and I doubt if you can — you cannot tell what second you will be upon the passenger-train, or what second the other section will be upon you. You are the only support of your mother. Just as likely as not, you will be killed in your attempt to get on the engine. No one ever got on an engine going as fast as this one is; why, to try it is worse than suicide! Then the engine might blow up. You *must* not attempt it!"

"It 's all very true, Mr. Lenox; but it 's better to try, even if I fail, when so many lives will be lost unless an effort is made to save them. I am going to do all I can, and as for mother — why, God bless her! Good-by. I must get out on the platform to be ready."

"Good-by, and heaven help you, Tom," replied Mr. Lenox.

Before going out, Tom took off his well-

worn overcoat and jacket, tightened up his belt, and prepared to run the race of his life. He then went out to the platform and found that the men had oiled the track thoroughly for several hundred yards. He did not dare tell them of his purpose for fear that they would stop him; but he said to Bob, "After the engine passes, get all the men you can at work,— more are coming every minute,— put on all the oil you can, and tallow, but be careful to see that there is nothing to make the cars jump the track, for that will kill all the cattle and horses, and perhaps poor Jack Flynn! He was seen clinging to the last car at Rockville. But he dared not climb up or jump off, it seems, on account of the speed of the train. There she comes now — I can hear her! I 'll run up to the other end of the platform to meet her."

The engine could be heard thundering down the track long before she could be seen coming through the fog. Tom was at the far end of the depot where the men had first begun to apply the oil and grease; and, as they had worked back, he was in a position to get all the benefit of the loss of speed in consequence. The men flew back from the track. When the engine struck the oiled rails she trembled, and her wheels slipped rather than revolved along the track. The momentum was so great that at first the speed was scarcely affected; but as successive sections of track were passed, there began to be quite a marked reduction in speed. Tom noticed this with joy.

The engine was coming rapidly toward him. He turned and ran along the platform in the same direction as the engine, at a speed that would have carried him fifty yards in about six seconds. The engine gained on him, and, just as the step was passing, he reached up, grasped the handles, and swung himself up on the step. He rested there for a few seconds, and then climbed slowly up into the cab. His face was as white as the card on the steam-gauge, and, in spite of the cold wind that blew upon him, he was dripping with perspiration.

"HE OPENED WIDE THE FURNACE DOORS, AND THREW IN THE COAL."

Tom glanced up at the gauge, and saw that the supply of steam was being rapidly exhausted, and, to his horror, he understood that the engine was running by its own inertia down the steep grade. He closed the throttle, set the lever one notch on the reverse side, and

"'IT 'S A RACE FOR LIFE, AND I OUGHT TO WIN!'"

then tried the air-brake. It worked in a feeble way, but checked the engine a trifle. He found that in order to gain control of the engine he must get up more steam, and get the air-pump running.

Tom slowly crept along the flying engine over the tender, and was pleased to find that there was plenty of water in the tank. Being as strong a young fellow of fifteen years as one often sees, he had no trouble in getting up a brisk fire. He then went back to the engine, and was gratified to see the steam was rapidly coming up. There was no thought of fear in the brave boy, but he did not forget that he was "between two fires." He must keep his own engine from running into the passenger-train, and he must keep ahead and out of the way of the runaway section. Anxiously he peered out into the fog, but he could see nothing of the train he was pursuing, and could hear nothing of the train that was pursuing him. On sped the flying steed of steel, and still the pointer on the steam-gauge moved slowly upward. Twenty pounds more pressure, and he felt that he would have complete control of the engine. He was using but little steam now—only enough to try the air-pump now and then. In a few moments he moved back the lever another notch toward the reverse, and cautiously pulled out the throttle a little. The effect was good, and he knew that he was gaining control of the engine; but how she flew along over culvert, bridge, and trestle, like a thing of life on a wild holiday!

Out came the throttle a little farther, and back went the lever another notch. The engine was running slower. "By reversing her and putting on the 'emergency air,'" Tom said to himself, "I can now stop her in three or four lengths. It would be a bad thing to do, but I 'll do it if I have to." He looked up at the clock. "In five minutes more No. 14 will have passed to the other track and the switch will be closed. I 'll slow up a bit"; and so he did.

The engine promptly responded, and settled down to a forty-mile gait. Tom, with his head far out of the window, with one hand on the throttle and the other on the air-lever, tried to pierce the mist with those bright dark eyes, but in vain. Boom! and a torpedo exploded under the wheels. "No. 14 has stopped—to switch!" said Tom. Boom! boom! Again came the warning torpedoes. "'Run slowly, with the engine under full control'; that 's what those mean." Suddenly Tom's attention was called to a thundering sound from the rear.

"It 's the broken section coming like a whirlwind. Now I 'm in for it. If she will hold off for two minutes I 'll be all right." Tom threw the lever full ahead, and opened the throttle; the engine seemed to leap forward. In a minute more he caught just a glimpse of the rear lights on the passenger-train, and knew that a minute later he would be upon her. Nearer came the thundering roar behind him, and he dared not look back. The light in front swerved to the left. Would the switch be closed in time for him to keep ahead of the pursuing section? was the question which flew through his brain. His engine was at the switch, and it had just been replaced! "Thank God for that!" was the brief prayer he murmured. "The passenger-train is safe, if my orders have been carried out. Now to save myself, and the cattle behind me. It 's a race for life, and I ought to win!"

A tangent* of twelve miles lay straight before him, with a gently descending grade, then a mile level, and then a four-mile up-grade into Mount Vernon. Once more he crept down into the tender, opened wide the furnace doors, raked the fire, and threw in the coal evenly over every part of the great fire-box. He left the ash-pit door open for better draft, and then climbed upon the coal to see if he could distinguish his relentless pursuer. The light had begun to dispel the fog, and three hundred feet away he could see the on-coming train. "It will take all the speed she 's got," he thought, and leaving the tender he crept back into the cab.

He opened the throttle wide, pushing the lever over forward as far as it would go. The steam kept up, and the only thing to fear was that the axle-boxes would get heated on account of the frightful speed of the engine; but then he reflected that the pace would tell on the freight-axles even more, since they were not geared to so high a speed as were those of the locomotive.

* A section of track without a curve.

The engine was now going at the rate of a mile a minute, or faster. More coal was necessary, and he resolved to leave the window and stand by the furnace. In ten minutes the level was struck, and the pursuer had gained two hundred feet, on account of its greater weight; a minute later the up-grade was reached. More coal was needed, and the shovel was kept busy feeding the fiery mouth whose tongues of flame seemed never to be satisfied. As the engine began the ascent of the up-grade, the freight section was only fifty feet away. After a mile on the grade, the locomotive pulled slowly away from the freight. Then Tom closed the ash-pit door, went back to the window, closed the throttle a little, tried the air-brakes, and three minutes later pulled into the depot at Mount Vernon, and came to a stop. He looked out of the window, perched high in air, and said to the operator: "Just wire Wayville that engine 303 has arrived here safely, and that Tom 's all right."

The crowd of people who were on the platform surrounding the general manager's special car looked with amazement on the young engineer seated in the cab of the smoking engine. The general manager himself was not pleased at the sight, nor at the "unaccountable delay caused by some drunken operator," as he thought, who had imagined that he was the president of the road. He had not yielded with the best grace to the order stopping his train, and would not have heeded it but for the information that the same person had ordered the east-bound passenger-train over to the west-bound track, and his order had been obeyed, thus blocking the way. This passenger-train might now pull in at any minute. The operator could not get any reply from Wayville, to find out about the order.

"Well, young man," said the manager, "what are you doing up in that engine? Don't you know it 's against orders? Where are the engineer and fireman? It makes no difference—they are discharged. Get down out of there! Where did you steal the engine?"

Tom could say nothing, but he did not move.

"Be lively there," continued the manager in a rage. "Officer, arrest that boy for stealing the engine!"

"Grandpa, give him a chance to explain," said a young girl who stood near the angry official. "He does n't look as if he had stolen anything," she continued.

"I 'll attend to him, Mary. He will have a chance to explain in court!"

"Please don't have him arrested," pleaded the young girl—and she seemed to be the only one who dared address her grandfather.

"My dear child, you don't understand these matters. Officer, get this fellow out of there. The engine looks as if it had been badly used."

The officer climbed up into the cab, and roughly shook Tom by the shoulder. Tom seemed dazed. What a fate, after all he had braved and done—to be received, instead of with thanks and praise, with threats of arrest and imprisonment!

"Come, get out of here—lively," said the officious policeman, anxious to show his authority before so high an official as the general manager of the U. S. R. R. Co. "You look to me like a pretty tough customer."

This roused Tom's ire.

"Don't touch me, please; I 'll get down myself. I want to say just a word to Mr. Holmes." He walked up to that official and said, "I did not steal your engine, and—"

"I don't care to hear any talk," said the manager.

"I don't care to talk, either," said Tom, "but you 'd better send the engine back to the grade, and see what 's become of Jack Flynn. He was clinging to the rear car of a runaway section of train No. 33."

"What do you say?—the train broken in two? Where did it happen?" asked Mr. Holmes, all interest at once.

"At Cantwell; the train broke in two places, coming down the grade. The engine was struck by the flying center-section, hurling the engine crew off, and starting the engine the other way. I climbed on the runaway engine at Wayville, and brought her here. The rest of the train is back about two miles—unless she has run back down to the level."

"That 's a pretty story. How did you pass No. 14?" asked the manager sternly, after thinking a moment.

"She was switched to the west-bound track at Lewistown," answered Tom.

"Tell the engineer and fireman on 39 to get up in this engine and run her back," said the manager to the conductor. "Officer, you bring the boy along, and I 'll go with you. If his story is true, he can go; but if not, it will be all the harder for him."

The trainmen soon had the engine oiled up, finding it was none the worse for its fast run and that Tom had left everything in shipshape order. After backing down about two miles, a man was seen running up the track. As the engine came nearer, Tom cried out, "It 's Jack Flynn — he 's all right!"

Sure enough it was Flynn, but he was picked up more dead than alive. No one had ever taken or perhaps will ever take a ride like his. Briefly he told the story of the breaking of the train into three parts — an unheard-of thing, almost. He had been on the center section, alone; he had tried to apply the brakes, but the section he was on collided with the first section. He was thrown down on the top of a car, but had retained his senses enough to cling on. Then he had attempted to climb down on the last car, and drop off; but the speed had been so great that he knew the fall would be fatal, and so he had clung to the rear car, expecting death at any moment. But the train came to an up-grade, and speed had been so reduced that he managed to climb up and set two of the brakes, but then he had to stop. The train gained in speed as it passed the down-grade, and he was glad to climb back again to his old place at the rear of the last car. Next the brakes had parted, and it seemed as if he were rushing to swift destruction. At last, the up-grade being reached, the cars lost speed; he could then have stepped off, but he resolved to stay on until the train stopped, because it was his duty. Just before the cars started to run back to the level, he had dragged a tie across the track and held the section.

"You can 'lay off' until New Year's day," said Mr. Holmes, after Flynn had finished his story. The engine had by this time stopped in front of the section of the stock-train. The cars were coupled on, and a few minutes later the whole train pulled into the depot at Mount Vernon.

The officer by this time had concluded not to put the handcuffs on Tom.

"Officer, you can let that boy go," gruffly ordered Mr. Holmes. "Who are you?" he asked Tom.

"I am Thomas Martin's son," he answered; "he used to run the engine of your special—39."

"I thought I had seen you before. Go into my car and get warm. I see you have neither coat nor overcoat on, and this is a pretty cold day. Mary, get my overcoat and put it on that boy as soon as you can, and see that he gets a warm place; he is nearly frozen." Tom was a little abashed as he walked into the magnificent private car of the general manager, escorted by that official's granddaughter. But he was soon at ease, and warmly wrapped in a big ulster.

Mr. Holmes went into the telegraph office, and directed that the passenger-train held at Lewistown should be switched back to its own track and started on its way.

He asked the operator at Wayville who had sent from that office the messages stopping his train, and by whose orders. No one at Wayville was in the office when the despatches were sent, and no copy of the messages could be found. The operator had been greasing the track, and had supposed Tom was similarly employed, as on account of the fog he could not tell the men apart.

"That 's very strange," muttered Mr. Holmes, as he entered his car and signaled the engineer to go ahead. He was an honest, high-principled man, quick in his methods — the first to see a wrong, the first to right it. He was stern in all his dealings with his men, but he was also just, and they all respected him. He came back to where Tom was seated and said: "Well, my young engineer, how are you coming on, and where do you want to get off?"

"I 'm all right, and I want to get off at Wayville. The mail must be at the station, and I have to take it over to town."

"George," said Mr. Holmes to his son, who was the train-master of the road. "Do you happen to remember where the president is to-day?"

"I think he is in New York."

"Well, I wonder who sent these messages,"

said Mr. Holmes, handing them over to his son.

Tom flushed, but said nothing.

"They were sent from Wayville, by some man who must have had the running of the trains at his fingers' ends. A train-despatcher could have done no better. I don't know of any man at Wayville who could do it. Do you, Tom?" asked the train-master.

"Well, I don't think it was very much of a thing, only a fellow had to think pretty quick."

"Did *you* do it?" asked the general manager suddenly.

"Yes, sir, I did."

"You sent the messages?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you — besides being a fireman and an engineer — a train-despatcher and operator?"

"And president for an hour," chimed in Mary.

"Yes, sir; I plead guilty to all. But I was only acting president," said Tom.

"How dared you do such a thing?" asked Mr. Holmes.

"I dared do anything that would save human life. If some one had not dared, what would have happened? There was but one thing to do, and I did the best I could."

"You are not working for the company?"

"No, sir."

"Would you like to be?"

"Yes, sir."

"George, you see that Tom Martin is put on the rolls at $50.00 a month, as messenger in the general manager's office. His salary began on December first, and he reports for duty on January second."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom heartily.

When the train pulled in at Wayville, there was a large crowd at the depot; and Tom was greeted with cheers as he stepped from the private car. He immediately threw the mail-pouches into the hand-cart that was standing near, and, without saying a word, started to fulfil his duty. Duty was first with him.

The general manager and his guests got off the train, and, mingling with the crowd, soon learned all that Tom had done in saving the train. They also learned, as they had already guessed, that he was brave, honest, and generous.

The story of his father's death and the struggle of Tom and his mother to save their little home, found many listeners.

In the depot, Mr. Lenox, the ticket-agent, was telling Mr. Holmes the whole story over again — of the money Tom had saved to buy a present for his mother, of his last request as he started for the flying engine. Tears stood in both men's eyes as the recital was finished.

"Saved hundreds of lives, and thousands of dollars, by his practical knowledge. A wide-awake boy — fearless and true; risked his own life — a thorough American boy. I like him," said the general manager to the agent, in his crisp, short way.

Then the special train pulled out of the depot, but Tom was not forgotten by its passengers, as the sequel will show.

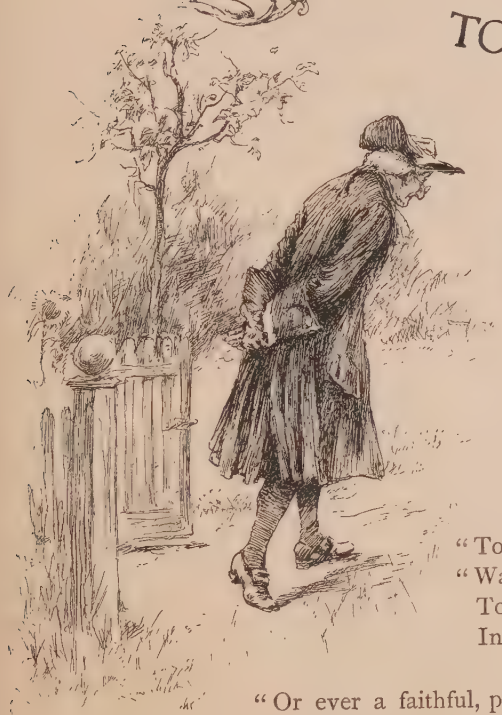
Christmas day dawned bright and fair on all the world, yet there was a peculiar brightness and happiness around Tom Martin's home. Tom had purchased a rocking-chair for his mother with the money he had earned, and was contented with the past and hopeful for the future.

At ten o'clock "Doc" Wise, the express-messenger, delivered a large box at Widow Martin's home, and Tom, with all the curiosity of a wide-awake boy, soon had it open. There was a beautiful cloak from Mrs. Holmes for his mother; there was an overcoat and a suit of clothes for Tom, given by George Holmes. There was a gold watch from the general manager, bearing the inscription: "He risked his life for others. December 24, 1891." Then there was a check to pay off the mortgage, from Mr. Holmes and his guests. Last of all in a pretty frame was a little painting of the runaway engine, No. 303, on which Tom had taken his momentous ride. On the back of the picture was this inscription: "Be always brave and true, and you may indeed be president. Mary Holmes." Of all the presents, Tom liked this one best.

In the evening came the men from the depot, bearing various gifts. It was a fit crowning of a happy day for Tom, because of the knowledge that he had the affection and respect of the men and boys who had known him always.

HOW THE DOMINIE WENT TO SEA

By Virginia Woodward Cloud.

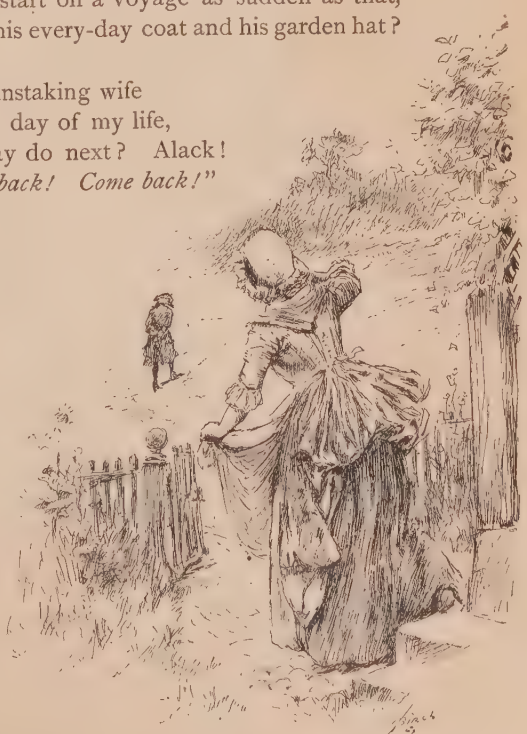


I'm going to see—" the Dominie said,
With a nod of his gray, sagacious head
To a path that wound from the hill-side down
Away to a far-off seaport town—

"To see—" and he nodded, and off he went,
His hands behind and his wise head bent,
And a far-seeing look in his kind blue eyes
Fixed on some marvelous enterprise.

"To sea!" cried his wife from the trellised door.
"Was ever a man so queer before—
To start on a voyage as sudden as that,
In his every-day coat and his garden hat?

"Or ever a faithful, painstaking wife
As worried as I each day of my life,
To know what he may do next? Alack!
Dominie Brown, come back! Come back!"



But in vain she called, and in vain she ran;
The long-limbed Dominie, excellent man,
Was up the road that led to the hill,
Striding along with a right good will.

So the provident wife, who knew his ways,
Sped back, in a state of sore amaze,
For his three-cornered hat, and his long-tailed coat,
And a silken scarf to envelop his throat,

And his flowered waistcoat, and breeches blue,
And a ribbon black for the end of his queue,
And his silver buckles and gold-headed stick,
And his slippers thin, and his gaiters thick,

And his powder-horn, and his musket new,
And lastly she added his field-glass too;
"Because," this provident wife quoth she,
"In foreign lands there is much to see!"

Then she sped through the village and over the road,
While far in the distance the Dominie strode,
And to every one questioning thus cried she,
"*The Dominie says he is going to sea!*"

So straightway the Innkeeper after her ran,
And so did the Beadle and Penny-bun Man,
The Piper and Fiddler, still playing a jig,
And the Clerk with his pen and his gown and his wig,

The Doctor, a-riding his old gray nag,
Came jogging along with his saddle-bag,
And the Miller, too, stopped his wheel and
he sped
With his dusty hat on his floury head;

While, after each one there hurried his wife,
All of them running as if for life,
Exclaiming, "If Dominie 's going to sea,
He has much of importance to say to *me!*"

So they went round the hill by the winding
road,
While out of their sight the Dominie strode,
For they said, "We will meet where the
path leads down,
And he takes the highway for yonder town!"

And to every one questioning thus cried they,
"*The Dominie 's going to sea, this day!*"
Till all with important excitement rife
Went hurrying after the Dominie's wife.

But though they scrambled and though they
ran—
To the path where the broad highway began,
There was not a sign of Dominie Brown
On the way which led to the seaport town!

They waited and wondered and shaded their
eyes
Till the sun lay low in the western skies;
Then every one said it was easy to see
That so notably wise a man as he,

Taking a voyage as sudden as strange
To give his loftiest ideas range,
Would choose his own road, and even now
Was doubtless a-sail at some brave ship's
prow!

So back as they came, with wonderment rife,
They followed the Dominie's provident wife
Bewailing a husband who traveled like that
In his every-day coat and his garden hat!

Back where the Dominie's lands begun
They bore her company every one,
Condoling her care and her desolate state,
Till they came in sight of her garden gate.

And there, serenely shading his eyes,
With a questioning look of pleased surprise,
Stood Dominie Brown for all to see.
"Now welcome to you, kind friends!" quoth he.

"So fine a season it is for a stroll,
I too have refreshed my body and soul,
And have been to see"— he nodded his head
To the hill round which they late had sped—

"To see if yon path, if I followed it straight,
Would bring me around to my garden gate.
And it did!" The Dominie nodded and smiled,
While contentment shone in his blue eyes mild.

But nobody smiled and nobody stirred;
Only the Dominie's wife was heard,
Her eyes they flashed and she spake most true—
"*One never knows what such a man will do!*"

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter III.

THE SCHOOL-BOY OF ST. CYR.

He found out speedily. As they passed from the Street of the Washerwomen into the Street of the Night Patrol, and so on beside the ruins of the great castle, Philip thought they were taking him to the office of the chief of police in the splendid City Hall; but, passing the Square of the River Beach, upon which faced the statued front of the City Hall, the boy's conductors pushed ahead without stopping, cut across into the long Street of the Temple, and as before them loomed the four gray turrets and the great central tower, Philip knew his destination to be the gloomy old Temple itself — the death-chamber of knights and kings.

"Come, now, this is pleasant!" he said to himself, wondering why they should take him there. "What am I, then? He who picks a pocket or steals a ride is surely too small game for the Temple. It is there they take traitors and assassins. And, surely, I am neither."

So, wondering still, he passed through the frowning gateway of the Temple, and speedily stood within one of the "examination chambers," in which were gathered certain men, some in uniform and some in citizen's dress.

Then, indeed, did Philip give a start of surprise, and fathom the reason for his forced march; for among those gathered in the examination chamber he recognized at once "the three rascally ones" whom, in the wine-shop of Citizen Popon, he had heard conspiring against the Emperor.

The boy was confronted with the men, and swore to their identity without hesitation. He could never have forgotten them. His testimony was almost unnecessary; for, so cleverly had they, with the "man from England," been entrapped upon the wharf of the Tower that the police had a clear case against them from the start. But Philip's evidence was the connecting link, and the would-be assassins of the Emperor came to speedy punishment. They simply "disappeared," so the record says; but that means a swift and secret punishment. And that is all we hear of the conspiracy of Louis Loizeau, "the man from England," whose plotting this boy of ten so cleverly brought to naught.

And, his evidence given, the boy of ten came quickly into his reward. Under the guidance of an officer from the central police, he visited the shops in the straggling arcades of the old Temple market, and came out a new boy — clean, clothed, and almost a stranger to himself, fit to call on the king.

Such a call was, evidently, next on the program; for soon a cab was whirling him, with many a twist and turn, through broad boulevard and narrow street, and so across the Seine into the open country and the smiling park of St. Cloud.

This time he did not loiter under the great chestnut-trees, nor was he handed over to the clerk of the kitchen, nor left in the "scullion's quarters." Straight to the noble palace he was driven, and then, under the guidance of Constant, the Emperor's body-servant, he was led to the private apartments in the great palace of St. Cloud. And there, once more, he saw the Emperor.

Before a closed door the valet stopped and rapped. Then he flung it open and announced: "The boy from Paris, Sire."

Not in royal robes, nor yet in the glittering uniform of the chief soldier of France, did the boy from Paris, find the Emperor. He simply saw "Uncle Bibiche" once more! For there, pacing up and down the room, head bent and hands clasped behind his back, as if in thought, walked the short, stout man in a simple uni-

form. And strutting after him, almost on his heels, came the little four-year-old antelope-rider, with the Emperor's famous little chapeau covering his curly head, and the Emperor's terrible "sword of Marengo" trailing on the floor behind him.

The "boy from Paris" entered the room. The Emperor looked up and, with a smile of surprise at the boy's altered appearance, exclaimed: "But not our dirty boy, little one! Our prince of the sans-culottes looks as fine as a fiddler, does he not? How is it, son of the *émigré?* Is the mud prince on the road to being a gold prince?"

Even Philip's uncomfortableness in his new clothes — an uncomfortableness that was almost an imprisonment after the liberty of rags, and that made him feel, as he expressed it, "all hands and feet" — could not keep back the laugh that sprang from his quick sense of the ridiculous, at sight of Uncle Bibiche and the little caricature at his heels, bearing the famous hat and sword. But he collected himself speedily, and replied to the imperial "funning."

"I am come, Sire," he said, "because they sent me here. I thank you for my fine clothes."

"As I thank you for your open ears, mud prince," responded the Emperor, giving to the boy's ear the pinch that was always the sign of Napoleon's good humor. "They may have saved my life, these ears; though you will live to learn that it is one thing to plot and another to do. And what now — would you still wish to go for a soldier?"

"If the Emperor will," the boy replied.

"So, that is what you told Babette. And how is Babette?" the Emperor asked.

"Weeping sorely, Sire, because the policeman carried me off, just when I had knocked down that pig of a Pierre for calling me a pick-pocket."

"Ah, then you left the Street of the Washerwomen in disgrace, you boy? So! Then shall you go back there in glory. But not to stay there. Son of the *émigré* Desnouettes, I will make you a soldier of France."

Overjoyed at this sudden coming true of his fondest dream, Philip fairly flung himself at the feet of the Emperor in a transport of joy, whereupon little Prince Napoleon, thinking the boy from Paris was there for his pleasure, danced about and said:

"Sing 'Zig-zag' again, Dirty Boy. Sing 'Zig-zag' again."

Philip struggled to his feet. "Shall I, Sire?" and Napoleon nodded assent.

Then around and around the room the boy and the baby capered, for thus could Philip best work off his excess of rapture. And, as they capered, they sang again the chorus:

> "Zig-zag; rig-a-doon,
> Dance away to the drumstick's tune!"

Suddenly Philip stopped.

"And Babette, Sire?" he inquired.

"Well — what of Babette?" said the Emperor. "She may not go as a soldier."

"No, Sire. But I can look after her no more if I march away, and Mother Thérèse is a wicked one. And the Street of the Washerwomen is not for such as Babette. And the Emperor can do all things."

"Not all things. But this he can do. He can send you to school, and then make you a soldier. He can send Babette to school, and then make her a lady — or one fit to be a lady. She must not disgrace the prince, her champion. She, too, shall go to school."

Again Philip could not restrain himself; and, in excess of joy, hugged his friend, the little prince, who still clung to his hand.

"And — am I to go now, Sire?" he asked, after a moment.

"It is never too early to begin the making of a soldier of France," the Emperor said. Then he clapped his hands, and Constant entered quickly.

"Constant," the Emperor said, "find Monsieur Meneval. Bid him meet me in my cabinet."

Then the Emperor left the two boys alone, and Philip told the little prince stories of Babette and the boys of the washerwomen's quarter, while the little prince recited for Philip one of La Fontaine's fables, many of which the bright little fellow knew by heart.

But before he had gone through "King Log," Constant appeared again, and Philip was taken to the Emperor. With him was an officer of the household.

"THE EMPEROR'S FAMOUS CHAPEAU COVERING HIS CURLY HEAD, AND THE EMPEROR'S 'SWORD OF MARENGO' TRAILING ON THE FLOOR BEHIND HIM."

"Go with Monsieur my secretary, young Desnouettes. He will conduct you to the Street of the Washerwomen, and change disgrace to honor. He will see to Babette. He will place you in the military school of Fontainebleau, now transferred to St. Cyr. There shall you learn a soldier's first duty—obedience; a soldier's single watchword—loyalty. Be studious, be attentive, be obedient, be loyal, be honorable, son of the *émigré* Desnouettes, and your future may be a brilliant one. I shall hear of you. Farewell."

He motioned the lad out, but ere the boy turned to go, he stammered out words full of joy and thankfulness. "Sire," he said, "you shall hear of me. I will be true, and—thank you for Babette."

Then he followed Monsieur the secretary, and was soon speeding away with him in one of the household carriages, on the panel of which was emblazoned the imperial N.

Straight to the dirty Street of the Washerwomen the carriage sped. And what a time there was in that dark and narrow quarter of the old city when the carriage drew up before the little coped fountain where "that pig of a Pierre" had shaken the fist of derision and contempt!

And when from the carriage stepped the boy in his new suit, with Monsieur, the Emperor's secretary, and Monsieur, the deputy mayor of the section (the alderman of the ward, as one might say), following after, then how the people stared!

And when Monsieur the deputy mayor in a loud voice announced that for gallant action and for loyal deed his imperial majesty the Emperor took into his service Philip the son of the emigrant Desnouettes, how the people cheered; and Mother Thérèse, that foxy old tyrant, "blessed the boy," and did not see how she could spare him, and took the purse of money the Emperor sent her, while "that pig of a Pierre over the way" turned so green with envy that Philip really felt sorry for him.

And how little Babette laughed and cried in the same breath when Philip told her the Emperor had heard about her and meant to make a lady of her!

So it was soon over, for all the world like some wonderful fairy tale, and Philip Desnouettes, son of the *émigré*, bound boy of the washerwomen's quarter, protégé of the Emperor, turned his back upon the narrow and dirty street he had once called his home, and, riding away from the past, was entered as a pupil in the military school of St. Cyr.

From the day when, as a new boy, he was introduced into the new school of St. Cyr, and was gradually transformed from an uncouth street-boy to a little machine, to the day when, four years later, he left it for other scenes, Philip Desnouettes's life was one of continuous training. He got up by the drum, he ate his meals by the drum, he went to bed by the drum. He learned to drill, to ride, and to build fortifications; he received instruction in languages, literature, history, and mathematics; he toughened without fires, developed by austere discipline, lived by rule, played pranks and took his punishment as he did his medicine — without grumbling, grew, strengthened, broadened in mind and body, learned to be a French schoolboy, a French soldier, a French gentleman.

Then came 1810. Great things had been happening while Philip was a school-boy at St. Cyr. The map of Europe had been changed again and again, and Napoleon was the map-maker. There had been wars and rumors of war; there had been mighty marches, bloody battles, terrible triumphs; and with march and battle and triumph the fame of Napoleon, Emperor of the French, had grown to mighty proportions. In 1810 France and Napoleon were the greatest names in all the world. And Philip had met Corporal Peyrolles.

Peyrolles, the wooden-legged, had left his good leg of flesh on the bloody field of Austerlitz, and, pensioned by the Emperor, had been made one of the drill-sergeants in St. Cyr school.

To Peyrolles the Emperor was not a man, he was "the Emperor"; and Peyrolles worshiped him even as did the Romans of old worship their highest and bravest — as something more than mortal. And yet the boys at St. Cyr declared that but for Peyrolles the Emperor would never have been; for it was Peyrolles's delight to recount for the boys of St. Cyr how "I and the Emperor" conquered the world!

CADET DESNOUETTES AND CORPORAL PEYROLLES.—"'BE A SOLDIER OF FRANCE!'"

But it was largely by Peyrolles's friendly promptings, *plus* the instruction of the St. Cyr school, that Philip became proficient in drill and ambitious of glory. And when, even be-

fore the allotted term of training, the summons came to "the cadet Desnouettes" to attend upon the Emperor, the boy felt that both fame and glory lay well within his grasp.

But Peyrolles said, "See what it is to have Corporal Peyrolles for your friend, cadet. Do you think it is because your sharp ears served the Emperor, when you were but a boy of the streets, that he now calls you to his side, even before your military schooling is done? Not so. It is because of me. It is because Peyrolles has had you in hand. The Emperor has heard of it. He bids you come to him that you may show others in his service what it is to be tutored in arms by the man who helped the Emperor to win the day at Arcola and Lodi, at Castiglione and the Pyramids, at Marengo and Ulm and Austerlitz. Long live the Emperor, and long live Peyrolles, his right hand! Do not disgrace my teaching. You are but an infant yet, cadet. But so were we all once, and even a child can be brave. Listen, you cadet: rush not rashly into danger, but, once in, do not back out. Strike not until you can strike swift and sure. Obey, and you shall be obeyed; follow, and you shall be followed; seek glory, and glory shall seek you. Be a soldier of France, and France shall be proud of her soldier, and shall say to the world: 'Behold, this cadet was a pupil of Peyrolles of St. Cyr, grenadier and helper of the Emperor!'"

So Philip left St. Cyr and reported at the Tuileries, that noble old palace in the city, whose story is interwoven with that of France's ups and downs through fully three hundred years.

And in Napoleon's private study, beyond the Diana Gallery and next to the Blue Room, Philip once more saluted the Emperor.

"So, it is young Desnouettes, the boy with the good ears," was the Emperor's greeting. "Have both eyes and ears served you well at St. Cyr, you cadet? You look a little soldier already. Are you prepared to march and to fight?"

"Yes, Sire — for the Emperor," the boy replied shrewdly.

"Good"; and Napoleon pulled the cadet's hair good-humoredly. "But these are no longer days of blood. The empire is at peace. I have sent for you to serve here at court. Take your orders from the Baron de Meneval. From this day you are a page of the palace."

Chapter IV.

THE BALL AT THE EMBASSY.

It was a new life into which this imperial appointment plunged the active boy of fourteen. It was discipline, and yet it was delightful; it was slavery, and yet it was splendor; there was labor to tire both feet and brain; there were long hours of monotony, but many opportunities for pranks and frolics. It was run here and run there; it was do this and do that; it was not soldiering, and yet it had its conflicts; it was not a call for courage, and yet it was duty joined to temptation and tried by opportunity. The life of a page of the palace was not all play, though passed in the midst of splendor; nor was it all dignity, though spent in a constant round of fête and ceremonial.

And into fête and ceremonial young Philip Desnouettes was speedily introduced. It was the year 1810. In that year Napoleon the Emperor married the Archduchess of Austria. The son of a poor Corsican lawyer wedded the daughter of the Austrian Cæsars. It was a year of brilliancy, of excitement, of restless rounds of display and constant repetitions of marvelous entertainments.

Never was a boy of fourteen surrounded by more of glitter, or permitted to be a part of more royal "goings on." All this might ruin a boy of weak nature; but Philip was blessed with a cool head, a well-balanced mind, and much common sense. He had "cut his wisdom-teeth" as a street-boy of Paris; he had learned discipline in the school of St. Cyr; and so, though often sorely tried and many a time in scrapes and in disgrace, he was too manly a fellow to "lose his head," and so he was really developed as well by the temptations as by the duties that filled his daily life in those most brilliant surroundings — the court of the First Empire.

As page of the palace, he was on duty both at the splendid Tuileries and at beautiful St. Cloud. And through the month of March there was enough going on in both these great

palaces to tire any ordinary boy, and keep his head a-whirl with bewilderment. For then it was that Paris and the palaces were making ready for the reception of the new mistress of France, the girl Empress, Marie Louise of Austria.

Philip could not understand it all. Austria had been "a red rag" to every French boy since the days of Marie Antoinette. And, at St. Cyr, Philip had been brought up to hate the Austrians, with whom the Emperor was so often at war, and whom three times he had faced and conquered.

"I would like to know what Peyrolles thinks of this," he often said to himself. "The Emperor marry an Austrian? Well, for one, I can't see through it!"

But what of that? No boy of fourteen gives much thought to political right or wrong, or to the policy of kings and cabinets. Only the events that bring him opportunity, or the doings that mean excitement and fun, arouse in him anticipation and desire.

He ran here and he ran there; he fetched and he carried; he rehearsed for ceremonies and waited for orders at palace doors; he "bossed things" whenever he had a little brief authority; he did the thousand and one "chores" that are a part of the duties of a royal page, who is above servants in station and below officials in rank. The Grand Marshal of the Palace, the Chief Secretary to the Emperor, the First Gentleman in Waiting, the First Page of the Palace, and, first of all, the Emperor himself — these were the boy's masters, and, as became a royal page, he ignored all others, and gave himself airs whenever he was beyond the beck and call of his acknowledged superiors.

Fête crowned fête, and ceremony ceremony. By stately stages, from Vienna on to Paris, the Austrian princess came to her throne, escorted by Peers of France, and surrounded by all the pomp and power of this theatrical First Empire. Then Napoleon met her; and on a bright April day she entered Paris in a blaze of glory.

And Philip entered, too, so spick and span in a new and gorgeous livery that he felt certain all eyes must be looking at him quite as much as at any one who had a place in that long and glittering procession escorting Napoleon and Louise from St. Cloud to the Tuileries.

And where do you think the boy was? Clinging with five other pages, for all the world as if they were "cutting behind," to the footboard of the magnificent coronation coach of glass and gold in which sat the Emperor and Empress. For there, according to the etiquette that governed the imperial "show," was the place for the pages, while as many more hung on to the driver's seat; and I really believe the boys and girls of Paris thought it almost as fine to be one of those clinging pages as to be the Emperor in his cloak of red and white velvet, or the Empress by his side, glittering in her golden dress and her circlet of diamonds. I am sure Babette thought so, when she spied Philip. For Babette was one of the throng of little girls, dressed in white, who at the Arch of Triumph showered the coronation coach with flowers, and sang a welcome to the new Empress.

So, under great arches and along the crowded streets, which were gorgeously decorated and lined with tiers of seats built for the people, with the imperial cavalry in advance, with lancers and chasseurs and dragoons marching in splendid array, with bands playing their best, with heralds-at-arms in brilliant costumes, and with eight prancing horses drawing the coronation coach topped with its golden dome, its four spread eagles, and its imperial crown, Philip and the Emperor brought the girl Empress into Paris.

The bells rang merrily, the artillery thundered salutes, the picked soldiers of the Grand Army in double files along the route presented arms, the young girls strewed the way with flowers, the great marshals of France and the colonels of the Imperial Guard, mounted on their splendid horses, surrounded the glittering coach. Thus, up the shouting Champs Elysées,— real Fields of Paradise that day,— and under the great arch into the Tuileries gardens, this splendid procession moved to where, in the magnificent Square Room of the palace of the Tuileries, Napoleon and Louise, surrounded by kings and queens, by lords and ladies, by car-

dinals and priests, and in the presence of eight thousand invited guests, were married by the Cardinal Fesch, Grand Almoner of France.

It was a regal display, one of the few really gorgeous ceremonials of history. Not the least interested spectator was young Philip Desnouettes, as, with the throng of royal pages, he crowded upon the steps that led to the great platform on which the marriage ceremony took place. Then followed the promenade in the picture-gallery, the reception in the splendid Hall of the Marshals, the imperial banquet in the theater, the public concert in the vast amphitheater built in the Tuileries gardens, the fireworks all along the Champs Elysées, the illumination of the Tuileries and of the great avenues and bridges and buildings of the city, which blazed with light until, as Philip declared, "all Paris seemed on fire."

He missed a part of the show, however, because he had a special duty to perform. He had to keep a dog from barking.

Into a room of the Tuileries he had been introduced by young Master Malvirade, the very important First Page to the Emperor, and had been ordered to wait there until relieved.

"There 's a dog in here," the First Page had told him, "and a parrot. See to it, young Desnouettes, that the dog does not bark, nor the parrot squawk."

Here was a nice job for a boy who wished to see the fireworks! Philip was almost tempted to rebel; but he had been trained to obey, and he said not a word.

The room was at the end of a long corridor that was narrow and dimly lighted, but in the room itself there was a blaze of light from many lamps and candles. Philip had never seen this room before, and looked at it critically. It was clearly not a state apartment; it was more homelike than handsome. There were drawings and paintings on the walls, the furniture was not new, and certainly not Paris-made. Here hung some tapestry-work; there, birds in cages. On a gilded perch a great green parrot was clawing and shifting, cocking one bright eye down at a little dog crouched on a rug below him. It was this dog and this parrot that Philip was to keep quiet.

He waited some time. The cheers of the crowd in the garden and the sounds of the great chorus at the open-air concert came, muffled, to his ears. The parrot was uneasy; the dog was restless; so, too, was Philip, and he grumbled inwardly at his imprisonment; but, all the same, he did his duty, petted the dog, and soothed "poor Polly" with promises of a make-believe cracker.

At last he heard steps coming along the corridor. The parrot cocked its head to listen; the dog started up and tried to "woof," but Philip's hand smothered the incipient bark.

The door opened, and a lady entered. She was young,—scarcely more than a girl,—but she was splendidly dressed, and her face was pretty and pleasant.

She stopped, blinded at first by the flood of light after the dimness of the corridor. Then she looked about her, started suddenly, and as the dog, with a bark and a struggle, broke away from Philip and sprang toward her, she dropped on her knees, regardless of her splendid dress, and fondled the dog with a cry of joy.

"Why, it is my room!" she cried, looking about in bewilderment,—"my own room at Vienna! The very same carpet, the very same chairs, my sister Clementine's drawings, my mother's tapestry, my uncle Charles's paintings, my books, my birds—Polly—and you—you dear, dear Fritzkin!" here she hugged the little dog again. Then she sprang to her feet and, saying impulsively, "Oh, Sire, how kind you are!" flung her arms about the neck of the gentleman who had followed her into the room,—a short, stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a splendid court costume, and a handsome face that sparkled with pleasure at the success of his little plot. It was Napoleon, and this was his surprise to his girl wife. He had reproduced in the Tuileries the room she had tearfully said good-by to in her father's palace at Vienna; he had remembered everything—even to the dog and the parrot that were her especial pets.

It was such a successful surprise that fun-loving Philip could not keep back the smile of sympathy.

"So, it is you, young Desnouettes; you are the genie in charge, eh?" the Emperor said. "Louise, this page once saved my life from

plotters; and now, behold! he is in a plot against the Empress. There 's gratitude for you!"

The girl Empress cast a bright, quick look of pleasure at the kneeling boy, and held out to him a hand which Philip loyally kissed, swearing fealty to her in his chivalrous young heart.

"THE EMPRESS HELD OUT A HAND WHICH PHILIP LOYALLY KISSED."

And the Empress never forgot him, amid all the strange faces and crowding scenes of her new life as a sovereign.

Through the spring and into the summer these faces and scenes thronged, one upon the other, in quick succession. In April the Emperor and Empress, on their wedding journey, made "a progress" through northern France; during May and June festivity followed festivity in Paris, so closely and with such grandeur that Philip really grew weary of magnificence. Finally, on the first day of July came the conclusion of this series of grand entertainments in honor of the Emperor and Empress—the ball at the Austrian Embassy.

In his fine old mansion on the Street of Provence, sometimes known as Hospital Road, and sometimes known as the Street of the Crooked Stocking, the Austrian ambassador, Prince Schwarzenberg, gave a great ball. The house was not large enough for the entertainment he wished to give, so in his garden he built, "for one night only," a great wooden ball-room.

It was so splendidly decorated and furnished that it looked like a fairy palace. Its walls were covered with gold and silver brocade, draperies of spangled gauze were festooned all about it, fastened with flowers and glittering ornaments, while lights from chandeliers and candelabra made the great ball-room as brilliant as day.

The guests entered this splendid "palace for a night" through a long gallery that connected it with the mansion. Musicians played in the Court of Honor; grottoes and arbors and temples were scattered all about the garden; on the lawn brilliantly costumed dancers took part in a delightful spectacle, and in the ball-room itself nearly two thousand people began to dance at midnight.

Philip was there, too—semi-officially on duty as a royal page, but also in for a good time as a guest of the ambassador.

He was having such a good time! There were plenty of young people there; and though, of course, the pages could hardly be expected to dance in the great ball-room, the boys found partners somehow, as boys are wont to do when such a fine chance for a dance occurs. To the same music that guided the grand quadrille in the ball-room, the boys and girls started an impromptu quadrille on the lawn, and had, no doubt, a much better time than the great folks at the stately function inside.

Philip found himself dancing with a pretty girl of about his own age, whose name he failed to catch in the hurried introduction that made her his partner; but they enjoyed their dance quite as much as if they had always known each other. And, when the first quadrille was over, the boys and girls crowded into the big ball-room to see the Emperor make his progress through the room, and to watch the young Empress on the imperial platform as she talked with two queens and a king or two.

In the Court of Honor the trumpets sounded a flourish; in the Temple of Glory a song of triumph was being sung; everything was brightness and beauty and gaiety and brilliancy, when, suddenly, Philip saw several gentlemen dash into the throng; then he heard a shout of warning, a note of terror; then came another rush, and above the flourish of the trumpets and the voices of the singers rang out the cry:

"Fire, fire! — the ball-room is on fire!"

It was no false alarm. The draperies caught quickly; the hangings burst into a blaze; there was a mad race for the one doorway that led into the house, and everywhere were confusion, terror, and a desperate dash for life.

Philip caught by the arm the young girl with whom he had been dancing on the lawn.

"Quick, give me your hand, mademoiselle!" he cried; "trust me and I will save you. The garden is our best chance."

But the girl seemed dazed. "My father! — where is my father?" she cried. "Oh, find my father!"

Philip was as wiry as he was plucky and sturdy, but an excited crowd in a blazing ball-room knows neither courage nor courtesy where all are struggling to escape.

Even as he lost his hold of the girl's arm when she sought to dart off in another direction, the splendidly dressed mob surged in between, and, separating the two, flung the boy to the floor, where he lay, trampled upon and kicked about in this mad rush for safety.

And, as he fell, he heard above the uproar the terrible danger-call: "A plot, a plot! Frenchmen, defend your Emperor!"

(To be continued.)

SNOW SONG.

Over valley, over hill,
Hark, the shepherd piping shrill!
Driving all the white flocks forth
From the far folds of the North.
Blow, Wind, blow;
Weird melodies you play,
Following your flocks that go
Across the world to-day.

How they hurry, how they crowd
When they hear the music loud!
Grove and lane and meadow full
Sparkle with their shining wool.
Blow, Wind, blow
Until the forests ring:
Teach the eaves the tunes you know,
And make the chimney sing!

Hither, thither, up and down
Every highway of the town,
Huddling close, the white flocks all
Gather at the shepherd's call.
Blow, Wind, blow
Upon your pipes of joy;
All your sheep the flakes of snow
And you their shepherd boy!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

BLACK DOUGLAS.

(A Ballad.)

By Anna Robeson Brown.

COME hither, Rob and Alison,
And leave your noisy plays.
There is an hour or so till tea,
A border tale I'll tell to ye,—
So draw your chairs up cozily
Around the cheerful blaze!

Black Douglas rode through Cumberland,
And sacked the border-side!
A hundred spearmen, bold and bright,
A hundred bowmen, fierce in fight,
A hundred men-at-arms that night,
Did with Black Douglas ride!

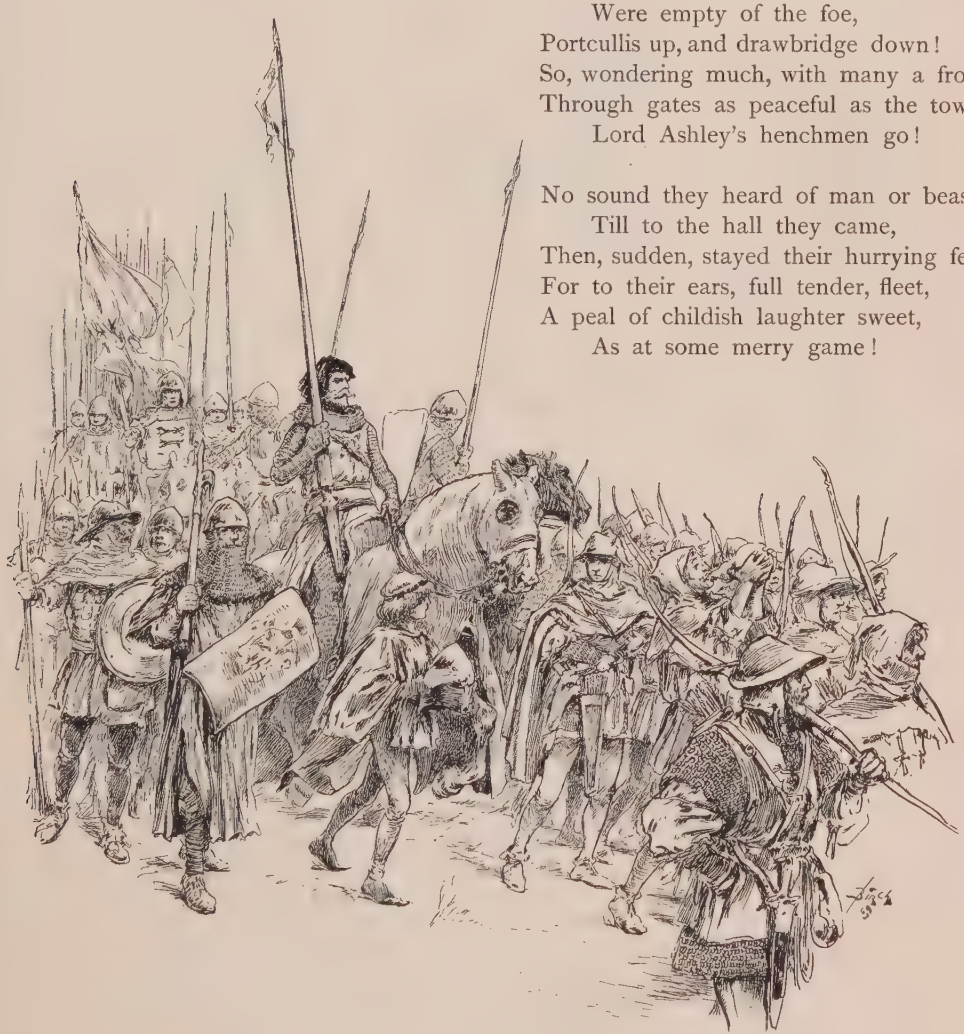
And straight for Ashley Towers they went.
Lord Ashley, Douglas' foe,
With gallant train had fared that morn
To chase the deer with hound and horn,
And knew not of his trampled corn
And waving fields laid low.

But when Lord Ashley reined at dusk
His horse upon the hill,
'T was not his tired steed he spared,
Nor for his ruined grain-fields cared,
When in his ears the noises blared
Of weeping, loud and shrill.

He galloped madly to the gate,
And then threw down his rein;
For Ralph, his henchman, weeping wild,
Cried out, "My lord, the child! the child!—
The lady Maud, by force beguiled,
Is by yon robber ta'en!

"We held the postern steadily,
And thought to rout the foe;
But as we strove the little maid
Too far from out the shelter stray'd,
And, swift, Black Douglas had her laid
Across his saddle-bow!"

Oh, white grew brave Lord Ashley then,
While ordering his array.
Awhile he with his dagger play'd,
And in his clenchèd teeth he said,
"If he hath harmed my little maid,
Douglas shall rue the day!"



From all the harried country-side
Poured men to join the force;
And soon six hundred bows of yew,
A hundred steel-clad knights so true,
Of stalwart pikemen not a few,
Had filed along the course.

But when to Douglas' hold they came,
They raised a mighty shout,
And then stood still in sheer amaze:
Unguarded were the castle ways!
And on the battlements at gaze
No bowmen stood about!

But door and wall and castle, all
Were empty of the foe,
Portcullis up, and drawbridge down!
So, wondering much, with many a frown,
Through gates as peaceful as the town,
Lord Ashley's henchmen go!

No sound they heard of man or beast
Till to the hall they came,
Then, sudden, stayed their hurrying feet;
For to their ears, full tender, fleet,
A peal of childish laughter sweet,
As at some merry game!

"St. Andrew!" cried Lord Ashley then.
"Am I awake, or mad?
Stay here, my men, for I will see
What sort of witchcraft this may be
That rings a laugh so cheerily
To make Lord Douglas glad!"

But when he stood within the hall,
He thought his wits astray:
It was as full as it could hold
Of Douglas' henchmen, who behold
A little child with curls of gold
A-toss in merry play,

While sounds her laughter sweet and shrill,
And fearless as the breeze,
As thus she tries a bolder course,
And holds with all her baby force
To the Black Douglas, as her horse,
Down on his hands and knees!

But when her father she beheld,
Straight to his arms she flew.
"Give Maud a kiss, Papa!" she said;
Then, as he kissed her curly head,
All quickly spoke the little maid,
"Now kiss Lord Douglas, too!"

Oh, then the laughter loud did ring
Along that vaulted hall!
I wot they laughed until they cried;
Even Lord Douglas held his side,
And brave Lord Ashley, all untried,
His sword let clattering fall.

Out spake the fierce Black Douglas then:
"Lord Ashley, by my hand,
Your lady Maud has sealed a peace
Between us two that should not cease,
But will with love and time increase
Our fortunes and our land!

"A Douglas cannot stoop to sue,
And yet, to make this good,
If you to peace agree to-day,
For all the loss of this foray
A hundred head of kine I 'll pay—
I swear it, by the Rood!"

"Lord Douglas, since your wish is plain,
Peace be it!" quoth the Earl.
Their mailèd hands together rang,
While all their followers shout, and clang
Spear-heads and shields; and laughed and sang
For joy the little girl.

"And now, Lord Ashley, by your grace,"
Lord Douglas did aver,
"Stay here to-night and take your rest;
You and the maid shall share my best.
Howbeit she grant," he said in jest,
"I take one kiss of her!"

Thus did these two lords end their feud,
Thenceforth in peace to bide.
In friendship long they reaped and sowed;
And when again war's beacon glowed,
Lord Ashley and Lord Douglas rode
To battle, side by side!

Nay, no more tales, my Alison!
Jump down from off my knee.
The fire is dull and all burnt out;
Poor Robbie is asleep, no doubt;
And, children, do not jump about
When Jane brings in the tea!

"JACK FOLLOWED THE CAPTAIN AND THE YOUNG LADY UP THE CROOKED PATH TO THE HOUSE."

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

By Howard Pyle.

[*Begun in the April number.*]

Chapter XXVI.

THE PIRATES' LAIR.

It took nearly a week to run from Norfolk to Bath Town. It was in the early daylight that the sloop came about and, with a short tack, sailed into the mouth of Bath Creek. On one side a swamp fringed with giant cypress-trees, their bright green foliage standing out against the darker green behind, came close down to the point. Upon the other side were open clearings and plantations. About half a league up, at the end of the mouth of the creek, the houses of the little town clustered among the trees upon a gentle rise of open ground. A long, straggling foot-bridge stretched out across the water, from the town to the further shore. The sloop was sailing smoothly nearer and nearer to the bluff shore upon which stood a square frame-house with a tall sloping roof and two lean chimneys. The house was almost hidden by the shade of two great cypress-trees that grew up from what seemed to be a little marshy hollow. A glimpse of a clearing showed, stretching out to the edge of the woods beyond. A half-dozen or more boats were drawn up on the beach, and a sloop, perhaps a little larger than that in which the pirates sailed, rode at anchor near a little landing-wharf. Two rough-looking white men and some half-dozen negroes stood on the landing, looking at the sloop as it sailed toward them. Jack was so interested in everything that he scarcely noticed the bustle and movement around him—the preparations for quitting the sloop; the shouts and calls. The boatswain's whistle sounded shrilly, and in answer the anchor fell with a splash, and the sloop drifted slowly around to the wind, the mainsail flapping and beating heavily in the light air. Dred's head appeared above the cabin companionway. "Ballister!—Jack Ballister! Where 's Jack Ballister?" he called.

"Here I be," said Jack, hurrying toward him.

"Come here," said Dred, and Jack followed him down into the cabin.

The Captain was combing out his shaggy hair, and the young lady sat with her arms leaning upon the table. She wore an air as of dumb expectation. "Here, boy," said the Captain, "you 're to go ashore with me and the young lady. I want you to carry that bag of clothes up to the house. You 're to wait upon the young lady, and be handy whenever my wife wants you, d' ye understand?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jack.

Just then Hands came to the companion-way. He stooped and looked down. "The boat 's ready now, Captain," said he.

"Come, Mistress," said Captain Blackbeard; "if you 're ready now, we 'll go ashore."

The young lady rose instantly from her place and stood, resting her hand upon the table, and looking about her. "D' ye want any help?" said the pirate. She shook her head. "Well, come along, then." The Captain and Morton and Dred led the way to the deck; Miss Eleanor Parker followed, and Jack came behind. The young lady looked around her. The faint wind stirred the hair at her temples. She gazed steadily at the little town lying seemingly so close. Jack noticed how thin and pale she had grown. "Come along, Mistress!" called out Blackbeard. The men made way for her with a sort of dumb deference as she crossed the deck. They held the boat close to the side of the sloop, and the Captain and Morton and Hands helped the young lady into it. Then the Captain took his place beside her.

"You jump aboard up there in the bow," said he to Jack; and then, as soon as Jack took his place, the men pushed off and began rowing away toward the shore.

Jack watched the wharf as it came nearer and nearer. He could see that one of the white men who stood there looked haggard and pinched as though with illness. He and the other white man and the negroes stared curiously at them. The next moment the bow of the boat struck with a bump against the landing, and Jack jumped up upon the wharf. "Come here," said the Captain, "and help the young lady ashore." Jack hurried toward her. He reached out his hand, and the next moment felt her grasp, soft and warm. She held tightly to him as he helped her up from the boat to the landing under the gaze of the men on the wharf.

Jack followed the Captain and the young lady up the crooked path to the house. From a distance the house had looked picturesque — almost beautiful — hidden among the soft green foliage of the cypress-trees; but it looked shabby and weather-worn and even squalid upon a nearer approach. A woman who was between twenty and thirty years old stood in the doorway looking at them as they came up the path. Her face was not uncomely, but was heavy and dull. Her hair was light and colorless, and was tied up under a dirty cap. She was in her bare feet; she wore a jacket without sleeves, partly pinned, partly buttoned, and under it a flaming red petticoat. She stared at them with wide eyes, but the pirate said nothing at all to her, and she stood aside as he led the way directly into the house. The dirty floor was bare and uncarpeted. There was a table and two chairs. Some tin boxes and a couple of candlesticks, caked with grease, stood upon the mantel that held a loud-ticking clock. The room, with its bare plastered walls, was naked and cheerless, and was filled with a rank, smoky smell. "Sit down, Mistress," said Blackbeard; and then, as Miss Eleanor Parker obeyed him, "This is my wife," said he, "and she 'll look after you for a while. D' ye hear, Betty? You 're to look after the young lady. Go up-stairs now, and get the spare room ready, and be as lively about it as you can."

Jack followed the woman up the steep, rickety stairs to the sagging floor above. "Here, this is the room," said she, opening the door into a room directly under the roof. It looked out through two windows across the creek to the swamp on the other side, a half-mile or so away.

"Who is she?" said the woman to Jack, as he followed her into the room and laid the traveling-bag upon the bed.

"The young lady down-stairs? She 's Miss Eleanor Parker," said Jack.

"A grand, fine lady, be n't she?" And Jack nodded.

"Well, you trig up the room a little, now, won't you? I 'll just go put on another dress, for, d' ye see, I did n't look for Ned to bring such fine company. You 'd better fetch up a pail of water, too, for I reckon she 'll be wanting to wash herself."

Blackbeard's wife was gone for a long time. The pirate walked restlessly and irritably up and down the room, stopping once at the mantel-shelf to fill up a pipe of tobacco. The young lady sat impassively, with her hands lying in her lap, gazing absently upon the floor. Once or twice the pirate glared with angry impatience at the door. At last there was the sound of footsteps — this time not of bare feet — clattering down the stairs, and a second later the pirate's wife opened the door and entered the room. She had changed her slatternly dress for a medley of finery. She wore high-heeled shoes, and silk stockings with red clocks. She courtesied to the young lady as Blackbeard stared at her.

"If you 'll come along with me now, Madam," said she, with an air, "I 'll show you to your room."

Chapter XXVII.

at bath town.

The pirates, excepting a few who came from neighboring plantations, lived in the town. By noon they had all gone home excepting Dred. "You and Chris Dred will have to share one room," the pirate's wife had said to Jack. "He 's lived here ever since he came back from Virginia. He sleeps in the corner room. There ain't no bed in t' other, so, now the young lady 's come, you 'll have to share with him." And Jack had answered, "Why, that suits me well enough, Mrs. Teach."

"Look 'e, boy," said Captain Teach to Jack the next morning, "I want you to take this letter up to Bath Town and give it to Mr.

Knight. You 'll take one of the boats. Dred 's aboard of the sloop. Tell him to send a couple of black men to take you up."

"Very well," said Jack.

As he stood on the wharf looking out across to the sloop, he could see Dred moving about directing the negroes whom the Captain had borrowed from a neighboring plantation, and who were washing down and holystoning the deck. Everything was dripping with the water that flowed out of the scuppers in dirty streams, and in which Dred pattered in his bare feet. There was a dinghy alongside, in which the black men who were busy at work had doubtless come off from the shore.

Jack called out to Dred, and he came to the side of the sloop, holding to the ratlines. "I have got to take this letter to the town," called Jack, holding up the note in his hand, "and the Captain says that you 're to let two of the black men take me up." And Dred, who was smoking a short black pipe, nodded his head in reply. He turned, and Jack saw him speaking to the negroes. In answer two of them dropped the buckets from which they were washing the deck, and, scrambling over the side into the dinghy, pushed off and came rowing toward him.

The town appeared singularly interesting to Jack as he walked up. The main street with its dirt sidewalk was shaded with trees, through which filtered uncertain, wavering spots of sunlight. The day was hot; a dry wind rustled the leaves overhead, and a belated cicada trilled its shrill note that, rising and falling, pulsed whirring away into silence. The houses, mostly built of frame, were small and not very clean. They nearly all stood close to the street. A sort of indolent life stirred in the place, and further down the street a lot of men were lounging in front of a building that looked as if it might be a store of some sort. Among the group Jack noticed several of his late companions, and he knew instinctively that they were talking about the events that had lately occurred in Virginia. As he drew near to them he heard one of them say, "There 's the boy now"; and the faces of all were turned toward him.

"Hullo, Jack!" called out one of the others. "What do you do up here in Bath Town?"

"Why," said Jack, "the Captain sent me up with a note to Mr. Knight."

"To Mr. Knight?" said one man whom he did not know. "Why, I reckon Mr. Knight be n't in town. He went off across the country the day afore yesterday, and I reckon he be n't back yet."

"Yes, he be back," said another; "anyway, I am sure his horse is back again, for I saw Bob a-rubbing it down as I came by the stable a half-hour or so ago."

They lounged impassively as they talked, and made no move to aid Jack in his business. "Well, anyhow," said Jack, "I 've got to find Mr. Knight if he 's in town; and so where can I come to him?"

"Come here," said one of his late companions aboard the sloop; "I 'll show you." He led him out into the middle of the street. "D' ye see that open place yonder? Well, that 's where the church stands; just beyond that — you can see it from here — is the house. 'T is the very next house to the church. Well, that 's Mr. Knight's house."

"How 's the young mistress by now, Jack?" said one of the men.

"She 's well enough," said Jack shortly. He did not choose to talk about the young lady.

"She looked kind of peakish, to my mind, when she came ashore," said the man. But Jack, making no answer, turned and walked on down the street in the direction that had been pointed out to him.

Mr. Knight's house was built of brick, and was rather better-looking than the houses that surrounded it. Jack found that the Secretary was at home, and was shown into his office. He was smoking a pipe of tobacco and looking over some papers which littered the writing-desk at which he sat. He was a rather thin, dark man, not ill-looking, but nervous and jerky in his movements. He wore a black cloth skull-cap upon his head, and Jack saw a fine wig of black hair hanging behind the door.

He turned his head and looked over his shoulder at Jack as the boy came into the room. "Well," said he, "what d' ye want?"

"Why," said Jack, "Captain Teach hath sent me up with this note for you, sir."

"Oh! he did, did he? Well, let me have it."

He leaned back in his chair and reached out for the note, which Jack handed to him, and which he tore open quickly and sharply. Jack noticed how the letter trembled in his nervous hand as he held it. He watched Mr. Knight's eyes as they traveled down the page until they reached the bottom, and then as he turned over the paper to make sure that there was nothing upon the other side. "Very well," said he, when he had ended. "Tell the Captain that I 'll be there to-morrow."

Mr. Knight came down to the pirate's house at the appointed time. Captain Teach stood at the door watching him as he came up the crooked path. The pirate had been playing upon his guitar, and he stood holding it under his arm. Mr. Knight limped slightly, and walked with a cane. The evening was warm, and he carried his hat in his hand. Jack stood around the end of the house, also looking at the Colonial Secretary as he approached. "How d' ye do, Captain?" said Mr. Knight, as soon as he had come near enough.

"Why, I 'm well enough," said Captain Teach surlily, taking his pipe out of his mouth to reply. "Hands and Morton and Dred are all here, and we 've been waiting for you for some time now. Come in."

He led the way into the room where the three of whom he had spoken were sitting smoking. Mr. Knight nodded to the others. "Well, Captain," said he, as he took his seat and laid his hat and cane upon the table, "what 's this business you want to see me about? What 's this I hear about a young lady you 've brought down from Virginia?"

"Why," said Captain Teach, "I reckon 't is just about as you 've heard it." He had laid aside his guitar and had gone to the mantelshelf, and was striking a flint and steel to light the candle. "I brought a young lady down with me from Virginia — she 's staying here with my wife."

"Well, what 's your business with me?"

"I 'll tell you just exactly what the business is we want of you, and just what we 've been doing. Do you know of Colonel Birchall Parker?"

"Why, to be sure I do," said Mr. Knight. "Why do you ask me such a thing as that, Captain?"

"Well, I 've carried off his daughter; we 've got her here in this house."

Mr. Knight sat quite still for a long time. "Then 't is just as I heard this morning," said he at last; "but indeed I could n't believe it, nor how you would dare do such a thing as to carry off Colonel Birchall Parker's daughter. 'T is the maddest thing I ever heard tell of in all my life, and if I were you I 'd send the young lady back just as soon as ever I could."

"Why, then, Mr. Secretary," said Captain Teach, "I 'm much beholden to you for advice, but just you listen to me for a little, will you? — and give me time to say my say before you advise me. I 'm not going to send her back just now, in spite of your advice, nor until her father pays a good round sum to get her back. I tell you what 't is, Mr. Secretary Knight, there be a greater one than you or me mixed up in this business — no less a one, if you believe me, than Mr. Dick Parker."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Knight, "Mr. Richard Parker! What d' ye mean by that?"

"Why, I mean just what I say," said Captain Teach. "Mr. Parker is the one man in this, and we manage it as his agents. So you may see for yourself we 're not so likely to come to any harm as ye might think; for if we come to any harm it drags him along with us. 'T was his plan and by his information that the young lady was taken — and more than that, his plan is that you shall write to him as though to give him the first information of her being here in the keep of the Pamlico pirates. Then he 'll go to Colonel Parker and make the best bargain he can to have her redeemed."

"Stop a bit, Captain!" interrupted Mr. Knight. "You 're going all too fast in this matter. You seem to be pleased to count on me in this business without asking me anything about it. I tell you plain that this is too serious a thing for me to tamper with. Why, d' ye think I 'm such a villain as to trade in such business as this at the risk of my neck?"

"Well," said the pirate Captain. "That is just as you choose, Mr. Secretary. But I don't see that you need bring yourself into any danger at all. 'T is I and those with me," said he,

sweeping his hands toward Morton and Hands and Dred, "who really take all the risk, and I take it even though I know that if anything should happen, you 'd throw us overboard without waiting a second moment to think about it."

Mr. Knight sat in thoughtful silence for a while. "What money is there in this for you?" said he, looking up sharply.

"That I don't know neither," said the other. "Mr. Parker will manage that at t' other end."

"What does Mr. Richard Parker expect for his share in this precious conspiracy?"

"Why," said Captain Teach, "there he drives a mightily hard bargain. He demands a half of all for his share, and he will not take a farthing less."

Mr. Knight whistled to himself. "Well," said he at last, "he does indeed drive hard at you, Captain. But, after all, I do not know that I can be easier upon you. For if I go into this business it 'll be upon the same stand as Mr. Parker takes — I will have the half that is left after he has taken his half."

Captain Teach burst out laughing. "Why," said he, "'t is one thing for Mr. Parker to make his terms, and 't is another thing for you to do it. I tell you what shall be your share of it, and you 'll have to rest easy with that. Your share shall be as it hath always been: I shall have my third first of all, and you shall stand in for your share with Hands and Morton and Dred as you 've always done."

Mr. Knight shook his head. "Very well, then," said the Captain harshly, pushing back his chair and rising as he spoke. "If you choose to throw away what may drop into your hands without any risk to yourself, you may do so and welcome. I 'll manage the business as best I can without you."

"Stop a bit, Captain," said Mr. Knight; "you 're too hasty by half. Just what is it you want me to do in this business?"

"Why," said Captain Teach, "I 've told you in part what I want you to do. 'T is first of all to write a letter to Mr. Richard Parker saying that you have certain information that the young lady, Colonel Parker's daughter, is in the hands of certain pirates, and that they won't give her up unless a ransom is paid for her. Ye may add also — as is the truth — that she appears to be in the way of falling sick if she is n't taken away home pretty quick. Then, after you 've writ your letter, you must hunt up a decent, responsible merchant-captain or master to take it up to Virginia and see that it is delivered into Mr. Richard Parker's hands."

Mr. Knight looked very serious.

"And have you thought of what danger you 'd be in if she were to die on your hands?"

"Yes, I have," said the other; "and so you need n't say any more about it. Tell me, will you take in with this business, or will you not?"

"Humph!" said Mr. Knight, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. He sat for a long time looking broodingly at the flickering candlelight. "There 's Nat Jackson hath gone up the river for a cargo of wood shingles. He 's looked for back here on Friday. 'T is like enough he would be your man to take the letter if I go into this business."

"I dare say he 'll do well enough," said Captain Teach impatiently. "But tell me, what is your answer, Mr. Secretary? Will you go into this business or not?"

"I 'll tell you to-morrow," said Mr. Knight. "If I go into it I 'll send you a draft of the letter to Mr. Parker. Will that suit you?"

"Why," said the other sullenly, "'t will have to suit; but methinks you might give a plain yes or no without so much beating about the bush, or taking so much time to think it over."

Jack and the pirate's wife sat in the kitchen. They could hear the grumble of talk from the room beyond. "I tell you what 't is," said Jack, breaking the silence, "to my mind the young lady don't look anything like so well as when I saw her in Virginia."

"I don't know why she 'd be sick," said the woman. "We give her good enough victuals to eat, and she does n't lack for company. I 'm sure I sat with her nigh all afternoon, and she answered me pretty enough when I talked to her."

By and by they heard the party in the other room break up, and Mr. Knight's parting words as he left the house. Presently Dred came into the kitchen. He looked dull and heavy-eyed. "I reckon I must 'a' got a fever," said

he; "my head beats fit to split—I 'm that hot I 'm all afire. D' ye have any spirits of bark here, Mistress?"

The pirate's wife got up and went to the closet, and brought out a bottle of bitter bark from which she poured a large dose into a tea-cup. Dred drank it off at a gulp, making a hideous, wry face. Then he wiped his hand across his mouth.

The letter reached Mr. Richard Parker, some two weeks later, at Marlborough, where he was then staying. The great house was full of that subdued bustle that speaks so plainly of illness. The invalid was Colonel Parker. In the shock and despair that followed the abduction of his daughter, the gout had seized him again. The doctor was in the house all the time. "How is my brother this morning?" Mr. Richard Parker had asked of him.

"Why, sir, I see but very little change," said the doctor. "His honor does not suffer so much, but the gout still clings to his stomach, and is not to be driven out."

It was some little time after the doctor had so spoken that Mr. Knight's letter was given to Mr. Parker. He had eaten his breakfast alone, and the plate and broken pieces of food still lay spread before him. He read and re-read the note. He sat perfectly still, without a shade of change passing over his handsome face. "'T is indeed true," said part of the letter, "that the young lady appears to be really ill, and if her father doth not presently redeem her out of their hands she may indeed fall into a decline." And then was added, in a postscript to the passage, "*This is, I assure you, indeed the truth*," and the words were underscored.

Chapter XXVIII.

an expedition.

One day Hands, who had been making a visit at a plantation, was brought to Blackbeard's house, shot through the knee. There had been a quarrel at the plantation, and he had been shot by accident. The men lifted him, groaning, from the ox-cart in which he was brought, and carried him up-stairs. Dred was sick in the bed, but he had to turn out to give place to the wounded man. After that he and Jack slept in the kitchen.

Dred had been in bed for some three weeks, and Blackbeard had been away from home for some days in Bath Town—a longer stay than he commonly made. Then one morning he suddenly returned from the town.

Jack and Betty Teach were at breakfast in the kitchen. Dred lay upon a bench, his head upon a coat rolled into a pillow.

"You 'd better come and try to eat something," said Betty Teach. "I do believe if you tried to eat a bit you could eat, and to my mind you 'd be the better for it."

Dred shook his head weakly without opening his eyes. Jack helped himself to a piece of bacon and a large sweet potato. "Now, do come and eat a bit," urged the woman.

"I don't want anything to eat," said Dred irritably; "I wish you 'd let me alone." He opened his eyes for a brief moment, and then closed them again.

"Well," said Betty, "you need n't snap a body's head off. I only ask you to eat for your own good—if you don't choose to eat, why, don't eat. You 'll be as testy as Hands, by and by—and, to be sure, I never saw anybody like he is with his sore leg. You 'd think he was the only man in the world that had ever been shot, the way he do go on."

"'T was a pretty bad hurt," said Jack, with his mouth full, "and that 's the truth. 'T is a wonder to me how he did not lose his leg. 'T is an awful-looking wound." Dred listened with his eyes closed.

Just then the door opened and the Captain came in, and at once they ceased speaking. He looked very glum and preoccupied. Dred opened his eyes where he lay, and looked heavily at him. The Captain did not notice any of the three, but went to the row of pegs against the wall and hung up his hat, and then picked up a chair and brought it over to the table. "Have you had your breakfast yet, Ned?" asked his wife.

"No," said he briefly. He sat quite impassively as she bustlingly fetched him a plate and a knife and fork.

"Chris," said he, "I got some news from Charleston last night. Jim Johnson 's come

on, and he says that a packet to Boston in Massachusetts was about starting three or four days after he left. There 's a big prize in it, I do believe, and I sent word out around the town to all the men that we were to be off to-day."

Jack sat listening intently. He did not understand quite what was meant, and he was very much interested to comprehend. He could gather that the pirate was going away seemingly on a cruise, and then he began wondering if he was to be taken along. Again Dred had opened his eyes and was lying looking at the Captain, who, upon his part, steadfastly regarded the sick man for a moment or two without speaking. "D' ye think ye can go along?" said Blackbeard presently.

"Why, no," said Dred weakly. "You may see for yourself that I can't go along. How could I go along? Why, I be a bedrid man."

"But how am I to get along without you?" said Blackbeard savagely. "That 's what I want to know. There 's Hands in bed with his broken knee, and you down with the fever, and only Morton and me to run everything aboard the two sloops. For they do say that the packet 's armed; and if so we 'll have to take both sloops."

Jack had listened with a keener and keener interest. He felt that he must know just what all the talk meant. "Where are you going, Captain?" said he. "What are you going to do?"

The pirate turned a lowering look upon him. "You mind your own business, and don't you concern yourself with what does n't concern you," he said gruffly. Then he added, "Wherever we 're going, you 're not going along, and you may rest certain of that. You 've got to stay home here with Betty, for she can't get along with the girl and two sick men to look after."

"He means he 's going on a cruise, Jack," said Dred from the bench. "They 're going to cruise outside and stop the Charleston packet."

"I don't see," said Jack to the pirate Captain, "that I 'm any better off here than I was up in Virginia. I had to serve Mr. Parker there, and I have to slave for you here, without getting anything for it."

Blackbeard glowered heavily at him for a few moments without speaking. "If ye like," said he, "I 'll send you back to Virginia to your master. I dare say he 'd be glad enough to get you back again." And then Jack did not venture to answer anything. "Somebody 'll have to stay to look after all these sick people," Blackbeard continued, "and why not you as well as another?"

The pirate's wife had left the table, and was busy getting some food together on a pewter platter. "You take this up-stairs to the young lady, Jack," said she, "while I get something for Hands to eat. I never see such trouble in all my life as the three of 'em make together — the young lady and Hands and Chris Dred here."

"When d' ye sail?" Dred asked of the pirate Captain, and Jack lingered with the plate in his hand to hear the answer.

"Why, just as soon as we can get the men together. The longer we leave it, the less chance we 'll have of coming across the packet." Jack waited a little while longer, but Blackbeard had fallen to at his breakfast, and he saw that no more was to be said just then. So he went up-stairs with the food, his feet clattering noisily as he ascended the dark, narrow stairway. After that Blackbeard ate for a while in silence.

"How 's the young lady?" said he at last.

"Why, I don't see as she 's any better," said Betty Teach; and the pirate frowned gloomily.

At last he ended his meal and pushed back his chair suddenly.

"I 'll go up and see Hands," said he. He went up-stairs noisily. Jack followed him, standing in the door of the sick-room.

"Phew!" said the Captain, and he went across the room and opened the window. Hands, unconscious of the heavy, fetid smell of the sick-room, was sitting in bed propped up by a pillow, and smoking his pipe of tobacco. He was very restless and uneasy.

"What 's going on?" he asked.

"Why," said Blackbeard, "we 're going off on a cruise."

"Going off on a cruise?" said Hands.

"Yes," said Blackbeard, as he sat himself down on the edge of the bed. "I was up in

town last night, along with Knight, when Jim Johnson came in. He 'd just come back from Charleston, and brought news of the Boston packet sailing. He says it was the talk then that there was a chist o' money aboard."

Hands laid aside his pipe of tobacco, and began growling.

"What did Jack Trivett mean, anyway — to shoot me wantonly through the knee?" He tried to move himself in the bed. "M-m-m!" he grunted, groaning. He clenched the fist upon which he rested, making a wry face as he shifted himself a little on the bed.

The pirate Captain watched him curiously as he labored to move himself. "How do you feel to-day?" asked he.

"Oh, I feel pretty well," said Hands, groaning again, "only when I try to move a bit. I reckon I 'll never be able to use my leg again, to speak on."

Betty Teach came in with a platter of food. "What ha' ye got there?" asked the sick man, craning his neck.

"Why," said she, "a bit of pork and some potatoes."

"Potatoes and pork," said he. "'T is always potatoes and pork and nothing else." She made no reply, but set the platter down upon the bed and stood watching him. "When do you sail?" asked Hands.

"As soon as we can," said Blackbeard briefly.

It was a cloudy, windy day. When Jack came down to the wharf there was a great air of bustle and preparation. Other boats had come down from the town, making six in all, and another was just coming. A group of three or four men were lounging at the end of the wharf, and as many more sat in the boat waiting, perhaps, for the Captain. "Hullo, Jack!" called out one of the pirates — a young fellow not much older than Jack himself — as Jack joined the group. "D' ye go along with us?"

"Why, no," said Jack, "I don't; I 've got to stay at home and nurse Hands and Dred."

Blackbeard ate his dinner ashore; and it was some time after noon before all the men had come down from the town and the sloops were ready to sail. The larger vessel of the two got off some time — a half-hour or so — before the other, in which the Captain himself sailed. The two were to meet at Ocracock. The clouds had blown away, and the autumn sun shone warm and strong. Dred had come down from the house with the Captain to see the departure. The Captain carried his guitar with him. He handed it carefully into the boat before he himself descended into it. Dred and Jack stood on the edge of the landing, watching the rowboat as it pulled away from the wharf toward the sloop, the Captain sitting in the stern. The deck of the sloop was crowded with many figures, and from the midst of them the long-gun in the bows pointed out ahead silently and grimly. The click-click-clicking of the capstan sounded ceaselessly, and, with iterated clatter, the mainsail rose higher and higher apeak. Still Jack and Dred stood on the end of the wharf watching the sloop as, the sail filling with the wind, it heeled slowly over, and then, with gathering speed, swept sluggishly away from its moorings, leaving behind it a swelling wake, in which towed the boat that had brought the Captain aboard. They watched it as it ran further and further out into the river, growing smaller and smaller in the distance, and then, when a great way off, coming about. They watched it until, with the wind now astern, it slipped swiftly in behind the jutting point of swamp and was cut off by the intervening trees. Everything seemed to have grown strangely dull and silent. The two stood inertly for a while in the silence. The water lapped and splashed and gurgled against the wharf, and a flock of blue jays from the wet swamp on the other side of the creek began suddenly calling out their shrill, noisy clamor. Presently Dred groaned. "I 'm going back to the house," he said; "I ain't fit to be out, and that 's a fact. I never had a fever to lay me out like this. I 'm going up to the house, and I ain't going to come out ag'in till I 'm fit to be out."

(To be continued.)

"DEAR ME, LUCY ANN, IF YOU 'RE NOT MORE CAREFULLER OF YOURSELF, YOU 'LL NOT LAST TILL CHRISTMAS!"

CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

By Albert Stearns.

Chapter I.

"Naow, haow much am I offered fer this beautiful lamp? Quit laffin' naow, an' jest cast your eyes over it. This here lamp, I am informed, cost Perfesser Huxter over one hundred dollars on accaount of its great age, but yeou kin hev it at yeour own price. It 's in perfick order, an' with a leetle polishin' 'll make a han'some parlor ornament. Naow, what am I bid?"

There were in attendance at this "Grand Sale" (as the handbills put it) "of the effects of the late Professor Joel Huxter, consisting of household furniture and many other rare old curios," the usual number of curiosity-seekers and idlers, with a thin sprinkling of buyers.

It was well for poor old Professor Huxter's peace of mind that he had not foreseen the disposal which was finally to be made of these "rare old curios," collected by him during a long lifetime and at the expense of great labor and self-sacrifice. Now that he was dead, they were being sold for a mere fraction of their actual value, for offering them to the good people of South Dusenbury was like casting pearls before swine.

The professor's antique vases and other curious specimens of the handiwork of bygone ages were, to these simple yokels, only so many second-hand pots and pans, and were sold at prices that would have made an antiquarian's blood boil.

But there was no antiquarian present — only twenty or more women, who sacrilegiously handled the professor's treasures, and commented cynically upon them; half a dozen men, including the village postmaster and the "oldest inhabitant"; and a school-boy, who lingered near the door and surveyed the scene with evident curiosity.

"Ain't nobody goin' tew bid nothin' fer this here vallyble lamp?" went on the auctioneer. "Start it, somebody — dew!"

"I 'll give ten cents for it," said the school-boy.

"Gone, b' gosh!" said the auctioneer, with startling promptness. "I begun tew be afeard I wa'n't goin' tew git red of it. Come right up, Chris Wagstaff; hand over yeour dime an' take persession o' yeour property."

The boy, a rather good-looking lad of thirteen or fourteen, came bashfully forward, produced two nickels from the depths of his trousers' pocket, and took the lamp from the auctioneer's hands.

"Biggest bargain yeou ever made, Chris," said that worthy, facetiously. "It may be the makin' o' yer everlastin' fortin'. Keep it a couple o' hundred years, an' yeou may re'lize han'somely on 't; fer, 'cordin' tew Perfesser Huxter, these kind o' things is wuth more an' more the older they git."

Amid the laughter that followed this sally, Chris beat a retreat with his prize. With blushing face, he hurried up the village street, and soon turned into an unfrequented lane.

"It is n't much to look at, and that 's a fact," he muttered, seating himself upon a stone and critically surveying the lamp. "But I wanted something to remember the old professor by, for he always seemed to like me, and treated me better than he did any one else. Anyhow, it must be worth over ten cents. Bill Skidmore does n't know any more about auctioneering than I do about — astrology. Well, it 's a mighty queer-looking old lamp — must be about a million years old. I wonder what that inscription on the side is; it looks like Chinese. I 'll keep the old thing on the mantelpiece in my room. Guess I can polish it up so that it will look pretty well."

Chris began the polishing process at once by vigorously rubbing one side of the lamp with his coat-sleeve. Scarcely had he done so when

a sound like a clap of thunder caused him to spring to his feet. A thick cloud of smoke, the origin of which was not apparent, surrounded him. It rapidly cleared away, and the startled boy saw standing before him a figure the like of which he never had seen unless in the pages of a picture-book by some highly imaginative writer, or in a dream after an indigestible supper.

It was the figure of a being perhaps ten feet in height and clad in an Oriental costume embroidered with strange devices. Its hair was thick and waving and of snowy whiteness, as was its beard. Fixing its dark, piercing eyes upon the boy's face, this creature demanded in a deep, thunderous voice:

"Well, what is it?"

"I — I d-don't quite understand y-you, sir," stammered the terrified Chris.

"I ask you," said the strange apparition, "what it is that you want? As you are, of course, aware, I am the slave of that lamp and of its owner."

"Why, good gracious!" exclaimed Chris, gaining courage, "you don't — you can't mean that this is Aladdin's lamp?"

"Yes," was the reply; "a former owner of the lamp was named Aladdin. Fine, genial fellow, too; always liked him, though we parted on bad terms. Is he a friend of yours?"

"Friend of mine!" gasped Chris, pinching himself to make sure that he was awake; "why, he 's been dead thousands of years — that is, if he ever lived at all."

"Indeed?" returned the genie — for that he was one of these supernatural beings it seemed impossible longer to doubt. "I 'm sorry to hear of his death. As for his having lived, I can testify to that, for he made things extremely lively for me for a while — kept me working day and night, with hardly time for meals. But to business: what can I do for you?"

"I don't know," said the bewildered lad. "Give me a minute to think."

"Take all the time you want," responded the genie, affably. "I 'll be glad to do anything I can for you. Would you like me to give you a trifling exhibition of my power by transplanting this entire village to the Desert of Sahara, inside of ten seconds? It might amuse you, and would really be no trouble to me at all."

"No, no," said Chris hastily; "don't think of such a thing."

"Just as you say," grumbled the genie, who seemed somewhat disappointed; "though I could bring it right back again if you wanted me to. Suppose I run up a sixteen-story palace with all modern improvements for you while you wait?"

"No, no," said Chris, somewhat pettishly; for the idea that this awful being was, after all, merely his slave was already becoming a familiar one to him. "Keep still, can't you? and let me reflect."

"Enough said," returned the genie, with an injured air; and he seated himself upon the ground, clasped his knees with his hands, and closed his eyes.

The thought occurred to Chris that if any one happened to come along, the situation would be rather embarrassing. How could he explain the genie's presence without revealing what he had already determined to keep a profound secret — the wondrous power he had so unexpectedly acquired?

"I say!" he cried; and the genie opened his eyes, and sleepily asked:

"Well, what is it?"

"No offense," said Chris, who felt some delicacy about referring to the matter, "but — but as you 're not acquainted in these parts, and as you are so — so different from other folk, I 'd rather not have you seen — at least, not just at present."

"I see; you want me to make myself invisible. That 's very easily done. Give the old lamp a rub when you are ready for me again."

"Hold on!" interposed Chris, for the genie had already begun to fade away; "when you come back, is it necessary for you to be accompanied by thunder and smoke and all that sort of thing?"

"Not absolutely necessary," replied the genie, with a surprised look; "but it has been the custom of genii from time immemorial."

"Well, it 's a mighty poor custom, I think," said Chris; "and I 'd be obliged if you would n't do it any more."

"Just as you say," returned the genie, sullenly.

"And another thing: if what I have read is true, a genie can take any shape he chooses."

"THIS CREATURE DEMANDED IN A DEEP, THUNDEROUS VOICE: 'WELL, WHAT IS IT?'"

"Yes," replied Chris's companion, with animation; "and if you say the word, I will guarantee to take one hundred separate and distinct shapes, including a complete change of costume in each case, inside of ten minutes. Shall I begin? And how shall I appear first?"

"No, no," said Chris; "I wish you would n't make so many foolish suggestions. I only wanted to say that there 's no sense in your appearing as an old man nearly a dozen feet high, when you have your choice of so many more attractive shapes."

"Force of habit — merely force of habit," said the genie stiffly. "I will try to meet your wishes on my return. Anything more?"

"Not just now."

The genie vanished.

Chris drew a long breath. It all seemed like a dream, but it was n't one. The wonderful lamp lay upon the ground where it had fallen at the moment of the genie's sudden appearance; yonder were the old sawmill, and the Methodist Church, and the railway depot, and the Dusenbury Academy.

The Dusenbury Academy! Chris's heart sank as he gazed at its cold, gray walls. Then a sudden happy thought struck him, at which his face lighted up, and he laughed aloud.

"I 'll do it!" he exclaimed. "If he 's as powerful as he pretends to be, and as he used to be when Aladdin owned the lamp, it will be a mere trifle for him to do what I wish."

The boy seized the lamp and rubbed it. Instantly, the figure of a little old man dressed in modern costume, his hands grasping the lapels of his coat, appeared on the exact spot where the genie had stood when he faded from view.

"Well, here I am," said this personage, discontentedly; "but I must say I don't like this

commonplace way of making my appearance. You might allow me a little red fire at least."

"Is that you?" exclaimed Chris, startled in spite of himself. "I never should have known you."

"I suppose not; I 've changed a good deal since we last met. You 're not quite used to my ways yet. Well, have you made up your mind what you want?"

"Yes."

"Then why are n't you there now?" inquired the genie. "Is n't there any school to-day?"

"Well, yes," confessed Chris, blushing a little; "but I — well, the fact is I did n't feel like going."

"Not to put too fine a point on it," said the genie, "you are playing hookey."

He looked, in his new guise, so remarkably like little old Professor Brown, the Latin teacher, that Chris actually quailed before his glance.

"THE FIGURE OF A LITTLE OLD MAN DRESSED IN MODERN COSTUME APPEARED."

"What is it? eight or ten million dollars' worth of precious stones? Why, certainly, I —"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Chris. "What do I want of precious stones? What I am going to ask of you is something a good deal easier than that."

"Nothing could be easier."

"Will you *please* stop interrupting? Do you see that big stone building over yonder?"

"Call *that* big?" exclaimed the genie, scornfully. "You ought to have seen the palace I built for Aladdin. Why, honest, it —"

"Never mind that now. That building is the Dusenbury Academy, and I am one of its pupils."

"That 's about it," he replied sheepishly.

"Humph! Well, what do you want me to do?"

"I 'll tell you. You can fix yourself up to look like me, can't you?"

"Of course I can."

"Well, do it."

The next instant, Chris saw, standing before him, a boy the exact counterpart of himself, even to the minutest detail of costume.

"Well, that beats me!" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"That 's nothing," said the genie, complacently. "What do you want me to do next?"

"Do you understand algebra?"

"I should say I did."

"*I* don't, and I don't believe I ever shall. Somehow, I can't get it through my head. It was algebra that kept me from going to school to-day. Now, you take these books"—Chris produced them from under his coat—"and go up to the academy. You 'll be in time for the recitation in algebra. You 're sure you can pass yourself off for me?"

"There 's no room for doubt on that point"; and the genie turned to go.

"Hold on a minute! I forgot to tell you one thing: you 'll be thrashed for being late. You don't mind that, do you?"

"Oh, not in the least," replied the genie, sarcastically. "I shall rather enjoy it, I imagine. Say," he added appealingly, "can't you think of anything for me to do except this? It 's very humiliating, don't you know, for a spirit of my power and influence to submit to this sort of thing."

"I know it must be," said Chris, uncompromisingly, "but I can't help it. Make any good excuse you can think of for being late, and maybe you 'll escape the thrashing. I doubt it, though; and I advise you to hurry along, for the later you are the worse caning you are likely to get."

Upon hearing this, the genie started off at a rapid pace.

Chris stood and watched him until he was out of sight. The spectacle of *himself*, his books under his arm, climbing up the hill that led to the academy, and finally disappearing within the portals of that institution, aroused very singular sensations within his breast. He was not exactly satisfied with the condition of affairs. To be sure, he had escaped the algebra recitation, and the genie was going to suffer his punishment; but would he not to-morrow be as badly off as ever?

And suppose the genie, who could not be expected to know much about the rules and regulations of establishments like the Dusenbury Academy, should in some way misbehave himself and bring down disgrace upon the head of his master? Chris resolved that his double should disappear forever as soon as school was over.

Taking up his lamp, the boy walked slowly homeward. He had gone but a short distance when he met old Jared Beckwith, a neighboring farmer, returning from market.

"Why, haow 's this?" cried the old man, bringing his team to a standstill. "Haow 'd yeou git daown here, Chris?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Beckwith?"

"Wal," was the response, "this is the blamedest thing ever *I* see. I met you jest naow up by the 'cademy, an' haow yeou got daown here is more 'n I kin figger aout. Ain't tew on yeou, be there?"

Chris hurried away, reflecting that he must be more careful if he did not want his secret to become public property.

"Let me see," he mused; "I know mother 's out, and there 's nobody in the house but Huldah. I 'll steal up to my room and hide the lamp, and then I 'll go and head off the genie on his way back from school."

The first part of this program was successfully carried out. Chris reached his room unseen, concealed the lamp, and beat a retreat without being discovered. But when he took his position in a lane through which he knew the genie must pass, he was startled to see that eccentric spirit approaching, not alone, but in company with Fanny Ingalls, Doctor Ingalls's daughter, for whom Chris had long cherished a somewhat tender feeling.

The boy hastily concealed himself behind a clump of sumac bushes.

"Really, Chris," he heard Fanny say, as she and her companion passed, "you astonished everybody with your algebra to-day. Why, it was only Monday that Professor Cipher said you were the worst pupil in algebra in the school, and yet this morning you asked him questions that he could n't answer, and worked out some of the hardest problems in the book, as quick as lightning. I think you 're awful smart, Chris."

"Oh, what I did this morning was nothing," said the genie, airily; and Chris heard no more.

"I 'll put a short stop to this sort of thing," he said fiercely. "When he comes back from dinner, I 'll get him to change himself into something else in double-quick time."

But, as luck would have it, Chris's mother accompanied the genie back to school, and the

boy had no chance to speak to him. And after school a number of the boys went home with him and played in the barn until dark. Then they departed, and the genie went into the house, apparently without a thought of his master.

All this the wildly indignant and half-famished Chris observed from a distance.

"How long does he mean to keep up this sort of thing?" he exclaimed, as, seated by the roadside, he saw his father and mother and his double seat themselves at the supper-table. "He must know that I am waiting out here somewhere, and he 'll come out after supper."

But he did n't. When the meal was over, the genie and Chris's father played a game of checkers, and then the bogus Chris arose and went up-stairs.

In about ten minutes the boy saw the light in his own sleeping-room extinguished. His double was now undoubtedly snugly tucked under the sheets, while he stood, shivering and hungry, outside his father's house.

"Oh, if I only had that lamp, I 'd bring him down in a jiffy!" he muttered. "But if I went in to get it now, I should have to tell the whole story, and I won't do that. I 'll wait until morning — then I can get it easily enough."

He managed to make his way into the barn, and was soon fast asleep in the haymow.

Chapter II.

The hoarse crowing of a rooster awakened Chris from a dream in which he and his double had been engaged in a hand-to-hand combat, with the odds very much in favor of the genie.

"It 's to-morrow morning," muttered the boy, sleepily. "It won't be long before everything is all right again. I can slip in quietly now, and the way I 'll make him change himself back into an old man won't be slow. Gracious, how hungry I am! It seems as if I could n't wait till breakfast-time."

He climbed down the ladder and stepped out briskly in the fresh, clear morning air.

"I suppose *he 's* asleep," he mused bitterly. "It would be just my luck if he did n't get up till eight o'clock. But what 's the matter? There 's a light in my room! And mother 's up there! Maybe —"

At this moment the front door flew open and Chris's father rushed out, half dressed. He ran across the road to Dr. Ingalls's house, and gave the bell a violent pull. Almost immediately the doctor's head appeared at an upper window, and Chris heard him ask:

"Who 's there?"

"It 's Wagstaff," was the reply. "Chris has been taken suddenly ill. I don't know what 's the matter with him, but I 'm afraid it 's something serious. Come right over, Doctor, please."

"I 'll be there directly."

The doctor's gray head disappeared, and Chris's father recrossed the road at a bound and entered the house again.

The boy seemed to turn cold all over.

"The genie sick!" he exclaimed. "What can that mean? He is n't used to being a boy, and maybe it has disagreed with him. Oh, if I only could see him alone a minute, or get at that lamp!"

But he could not; and he stood trembling from head to foot with cold and apprehension, until he saw Dr. Ingalls enter his father's house.

It was nearly half an hour before the front door opened again, and the physician reappeared, accompanied by Chris's father.

"You don't consider it anything serious?" Mr. Wagstaff asked anxiously.

"I think not," replied the doctor. "I must confess that the case puzzles me somewhat; but I am inclined to believe that Chris will be much better before night."

"Mrs. Wagstaff and I wanted to go to Hartford this morning," said Chris's father; "but I guess we 'd better postpone the trip."

"That is not necessary," replied the doctor. "Chris is in no immediate danger; you may as well go if your business is of any importance."

The door was again closed, and Chris was once more alone.

"There 's no knowing how long he 'll be sick," mused the boy, despairingly. "One thing is certain: he won't go to school, and I may not have a chance to see him to-day. What shall I do? Maybe I 'd better go in and tell the whole story. No, I won't do that yet. I 'll go back to the barn and wait until father and mother start for the city. Then I 'll sneak out and go up to my room and get the

lamp. Then, if I don't make that genie provide me a square meal, my name is n't Chris Wagstaff! I 'll have sausages, raspberry jam, and a whole mince-pie."

He returned to the barn, climbed up to his old place in the haymow, and, despite his hunger and excitement, fell asleep.

It was broad daylight when he again awoke. The clock in the kitchen was striking the hour.

"Nine o'clock!" exclaimed Chris, springing up. "I never slept so late before. Whew! I 'm hungry! I must have something to eat, and that mighty soon. Now, to get into the house!"

As he was descending the ladder, he heard loud laughter in the voice of Huldah, the maid of all work. Then, "Oh, that 's nothing!" was shouted in the genie's voice—no, in Chris's own.

"What is he up to now?" muttered Chris.

He hurried to the barn door and peeped out.

His position commanded a view of the kitchen window, which was open. Inside the room he saw his counterpart indulging in a series of the most extraordinary antics.

Presently he ended his remarkable performance by turning a triple somersault, landing on his feet directly in front of the evidently astonished Huldah.

"How 's that?" he asked smilingly.

"Well, I never!" gasped the girl. "Why, I had n't any idea you was so clever, Chris. Why have n't you done these things afore?"

"You never asked me to," replied the genie. "Want me to sing another comic song?" he continued.

"HE ENDED HIS REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE BY TURNING A TRIPLE SOMERSAULT."

"Why, yes, if you know any more."

"I know more songs than you could shake a stick at. How does the idea of an Irish song and a breakdown strike you?"

The genie proceeded to sing a ditty so excruciatingly funny that Huldah became almost purple in the face from laughter, and even Chris forgot his woes for the time and doubled up with irrepressible merriment.

It was while the genie was dancing the breakdown that the eager boy managed at last to catch his eye.

In energetic pantomime, Chris commanded him to come out to the barn at once. But the

sprightly genie only winked at him, and kept right on with his dance.

"He won't obey!" muttered Chris, in great dismay. "What does that mean? He never behaved that way toward Aladdin."

"Anything more you 'd like this morning?" asked the genie, bringing the dance to an end. "Shall I do a few sleight-of-hand tricks?"

"No; I guess you 'd better go and leave me to do my work," replied Huldah. "But say, there 's one thing I wish you *could* do. When I was in the city, my aunt took me to the theater, and I saw a man walk on the ceiling just like a fly."

"Why, I originated that act," interrupted the genie. "Keep your eye on me."

He gave a spring, and the next moment was walking on the kitchen ceiling, apparently with the utmost ease. Huldah watched him in open-mouthed amazement. When he had dropped gracefully to the floor, she said: "Why, where in the world did you learn to do that?"

"Oh, I know lots of other tricks," answered the genie, evasively. "But I guess I 'll go out and take a walk."

"Your ma said you was n't to go outside the house to-day," objected Huldah.

"I 'm going, all the same"; and the genie tripped out of the kitchen door, and started in the direction of the barn.

Chris dodged out of sight just in time to escape the notice of the girl. As the genie entered the barn, Chris fiercely slammed the door. Then he said: "Well, here you are at last."

"Here I am," was the smiling response. "I thought I might as well come out and see what you wanted. Fine morning, is n't it?"

Ignoring the polite query, Chris said:

"I 'll tell you what I want, mighty quick: I want something to eat."

"Hungry, eh?" said the genie, laconically.

"Yes, I am. And as soon as my breakfast is ready, you can disappear."

"Anything else?" inquired the genie, with an ill-concealed smile.

"That 's all at present. Now, please hurry the breakfast. I 'll take it right here. Just give me some sausages, scrambled eggs, rolls —"

"One moment," interrupted the genie. "I can't accommodate you."

"What do you mean?" cried Chris.

"Just what I say. I 'm no caterer, my young friend."

"B-but you 're the slave of the lamp, are n't you?" stammered the astonished Chris in great dismay.

"That 's what I am."

"Well, I 'm the owner of the lamp, and —"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the genie, "but you 're not."

"I 'm not?" shouted Chris.

"You are *not*," repeated the genie, quietly.

"Who is, then?" demanded the boy, hotly.

"Huldah. Now keep quiet a moment and I 'll explain. You see, I was sick this morning and your mother went to the closet in your room to get a comfortable to put over me. Behind the big pile of bed-clothing she found the lamp, which I suppose you hid there; and a mighty foolish thing it was for you to do, in *my* opinion. But never mind that. Your mother gave the lamp to Huldah, with permission to do what she pleased with it. That 's the whole story."

"But," cried Chris, "don't you see that I am the real owner of the lamp, still? My mother had no right to give it away."

"That 's a nice point of law which I do not care to discuss," said the genie, with a bored look. "I recognize Huldah as the owner of the lamp, and that settles the matter."

"But it does n't settle it," exclaimed Chris, angrily. "I bought it and paid for it, and it 's mine. I order you to bring me my breakfast."

The genie quietly seated himself on an inverted bushel-basket, humming an air.

"You won't do it?" demanded Chris.

"I certainly shall not," was the response.

"Well, then," cried the boy, in desperation, "will you disappear, or change yourself into somebody else?"

"I can't do it, my boy," replied the genie. "I 'm perfectly well satisfied with my present shape, and I don't propose to change it just now. Do you know? — I rather like your folks. I think I shall get along here first-rate."

"But what will become of me?" demanded Chris, in desperation.

The genie shrugged his shoulders.

"I really don't know," he said. "You 'll have to look out for yourself. You got yourself

into the scrape, you 'll have to get yourself out of it. You can't blame *me* for what has happened, you know — if you stop to think of it. I did exactly what you bade me as long as you had possession of the lamp — you can't deny that."

"I don't deny it," said Chris. "But see here, you might do me a little favor."

The genie shook his head.

"Are you utterly heartless?" cried poor Chris, almost sobbing.

"Why, of course I am," laughed the genie; "I 'm heartless, lungless, liverless, boneless. You don't seem to have grasped the idea that I 'm a genie."

"Well, see here," said Chris, after a dismal pause, "if I get the lamp, you 'll be my slave again, won't you?"

"Beyond the shadow of a doubt."

"Then I 'll go and get it now"; and the boy started for the door.

"All right; I 'll go with you," responded the genie, linking his arm with Chris's.

"Why, that won't do," cried the lad, aghast. "Huldah would see us together, and then —"

"That 's just the point," interrupted the genie. "You don't seem to have any sense of humor. Just think how astonished she will be when she sees us coming along, the exact counterparts of each other! What a study her face will be — eh, Chris? Come on!"

But Chris held him back by main force.

"No, no!" he cried. "I would n't have Huldah see us for a hundred dollars."

"Pooh!" sneered the genie, with the utmost disdain, "I 'd give a million or two at any time for a little sport like this. Are n't you coming?"

"No, I am not," replied Chris, emphatically. "Wait a moment," he added appealingly; "I want to ask you a few questions."

"Well, go ahead," said the genie, somewhat impatiently; "what do you want to know?"

"I 'd like to know what was the matter with you this morning when the doctor was called."

The genie laughed heartily. "Nothing, nothing whatever," he said. "I was playing sick."

"Playing sick? What for?"

"Why, because I did n't want to go to school this morning. I got the idea from the boy who sat next me yesterday; I forget his name."

"Scotty Jones?" suggested Chris.

"That 's the fellow. I told him I considered the whole business an awful bore, and he advised me to make believe that I was sick this morning. As you know, I did so. I pretended to have a frightful cold. You ought to have seen me. You know I have facilities for that sort of thing which you do not possess. My face was swollen so badly that I could hardly open my eyes, and I could scarcely speak. Your father and mother were very much frightened, I can tell you."

"What was the use of getting them up so early?" said Chris. "Why did n't you wait till seven or eight o'clock?"

"I did n't know that was the proper thing to do. You see, I never was a school-boy before in my life. But it turned out all right."

"You 're sure you did n't give Scotty a hint," began Chris, anxiously.

"That I was a genie? Oh, no, I 'm too sharp for that. I 'm not that kind of a genie. At that time I was working in your interests, and of course I would n't say anything that might compromise you. Nor do your father and mother suspect anything yet. While on the subject, I must say that they and the doctor did all they could to make me easy. They left me tucked up in bed very comfortably; and I should probably be there now if Huldah had n't rubbed the lamp."

"Oh, *that 's* how you happened to be in the kitchen, is it?" cried the boy.

"Of course it is."

"You did n't tell her that you were a genie, did you?" asked Chris.

"No, I believe I did n't; though there 's no particular reason why I should not have done so. I only asked her what she wanted, and she said nothing in particular, but that she thought South Dusenbury was an awful slow place, and she wished a circus would come to town. I replied that I was a whole circus myself, and offered to prove it. The rest you know."

"Well, don't tell her what you are, will you?" pleaded Chris. "Don't tell her just yet, anyhow. I 'm sure to have the lamp again pretty soon, and then it would be very awkward if she knew."

"I can't help that," said the genie. "I — but hold on! she 's rubbing the old lamp now."

The next moment he had disappeared.

(To be continued.)

THE MARTYRDOM OF A POET.

By Marion Hill.

Rex stood at the foot of the stairway and scowled up that innocent vista. "Who has the ink?" he shouted, in a high, aggrieved tone.

"Madge," answered that young woman herself. Her voice came from above—from her own room, probably.

The scowl which deepened on Rex's face was not an ill-tempered frown; it was merely the Dunbar wrinkle of earnestness, and showed on all their young foreheads. It was particularly noticeable on Rex's handsome face, for he was the most earnest of the four of them. Rex, by the by, would have been astounded at hearing himself called handsome, for he had red hair, and thought that circumstance "did for him," to use his own lugubrious phrase.

"*Please* let me have the ink," he called again, after a fruitless pause.

"What do you want it for?" asked Madge, unrelentingly.

"To do my Latin."

"It is ridiculous to think that it is '*the* ink'; it is as bad as to have to ask for '*the* needle,' or '*the* tooth-brush,' or '*the* hair-pin.' It is a shame not to have two bottles," came floating down-stairs in Madge's most precise utterance.

"It is; it 's a howling sin. But hand over the fluid, please."

"I can't; I 'm using it."

"You always are, lately. What do you do with it, pray? *Drink* it?"

Rex bounded up-stairs. Madge, wise in experience, flew to her door and succeeded in locking it in his face; so he took the only satisfaction in his power—the illogical one of bestowing a few useless thumps on the panels.

Madge ironically murmured, "Come in."

"Oh, I 'll get even," said Rex, cheerfully.

"Do."

"When I get your precious ink, I 'll take care that you don't get it again in a hurry. I 'll hide it; I 'll sleep on it; I 'll put it—"

"On your hair, where it is needed," finished Madge.

"I 'll pay you for that, too," announced Rex, departing down the passage.

In his own room he found an interloper, his brother Benny, a small, small youth just out of baby dresses. Knitting his brows and putting forth strength, Rex seized this inoffensive party by his numerous waistbands and lifted him in the air and held him there rigidly, while Benny shrieked with mirth and agony, and twisted, and howled, and suffered, and enjoyed himself awesomely until lowered safely to the floor by this strong, big brother who always came home just at this hour from some mysterious place called "High School."

"Hullo, Wex," panted Benny, at the conclusion of this ceremony.

"Hullo. What have you been doing with yourself all day?"

"Putting f'owers on 'Bingo's' gwave." Bingo was Madge's much-loved kitten, which had died a week ago.

"Good boy. Where 's mother?"

"In her sewin'-machin'," was the lucid reply.

Rex strolled into the sewing-room, and chatted a few minutes, entertaining his mother with school anecdotes. He was an undemonstrative boy, and would rather be thrashed than be caught kissing any of his family; but he was of an affectionate nature, and these afternoon chats were regular institutions.

After sitting on a half-made dress, and messing up some spools, and spouting machine-oil out of the can, Rex wandered away down-stairs to find something to eat, as if he were a boy of ten instead of a young man of sixteen.

He found his younger sister helping herself to cake out of the dining-room cupboard.

"Aha! caught you stealing!" he cried, noting with deep pleasure that she jumped at least a foot.

"I 'm not," wailed Carrie; "mother told me I might."

For safety she crammed as much as she could into her mouth, and then made cautious efforts to get the table between herself and Rex. In her interviews with that young man

"'WHO HAS THE INK?' REX SHOUTED."

she never felt secure unless behind some bulwark. Madge was too old for him to inflict bodily injury upon her, and Benny was too young, but she, unfortunately, was just right, as her every aching bone and muscle could testify.

"Hast thou some ink, Carolina?" he inquired, making a futile snatch at her long braid of hair as she hurried past.

"Ink?" she echoed, though the word sounded like "Ok?" so full was her mouth.

"Ink, damsel. The fair Margaret useth the family consignment, and I crave some, cravingly."

"I 'll lend you my stylographic pen."

"I thank thee."

She presented him the pen, in a defensive attitude, with elbow raised; for Rex's requests were generally lures to bring her within clutching-distance, and never more so than when his phrasing was dramatic. But he peaceably accepted the loan, and set to work upon his translation.

Carrie sat companionably on the edge of the table, and watched him. Terror must have its charms, for she was always hovering near him even when black and blue from his attentions.

"Is Latin hard?" she asked amiably.

"Not hard enough to crack nuts on, nor soft enough to sit on." To compose this reply, he rested from his labor and held his pen in suspension, so that a blob of ink oozed dejectedly from the point and splashed upon the exercise.

"Thunder," he remarked mildly. He contended that this objectionable expletive was harmless if uttered non-explosively, and he set to work again with a conscience void of offense.

"Have you seen poor little Bingo's grave since we fixed it?" asked Carrie, sinking her voice to the apologetic hoarseness of those who tread upon the skirts of grief.

"That pleasure is in reserve," said Rex, adding a placid "thunder" as a second blob fell:

"Will you have to write that over?" asked Carrie.

"Looks like it," said Rex, thoughtfully viewing his work, and inanely holding his pen so that a third disfigurement dripped from the generous instrument.

"Thunder three times," announced Rex, laying down his weapon. "If the recording angel would only employ a stylographic pen, he would n't have to use his tears to blot out his entries. I will ascend the stairs and see if oh-rare-pale-Margaret is ready to relinquish her grip on the family bottle."

He found the once-locked door open, and Madge sitting pensively at her window.

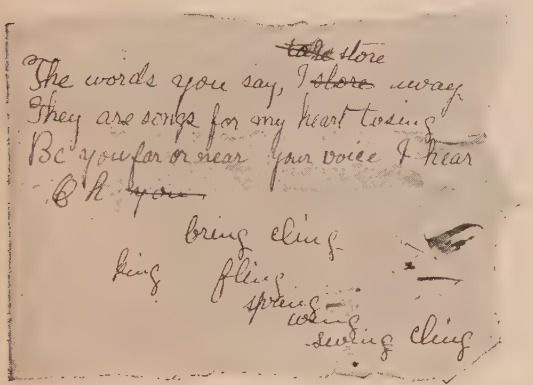
"Done with this?" he asked sarcastically, with his hand on the bottle.

"Quite," replied Madge.

As was his invariable custom, he accidentally spilled some drops, and seized a crumpled wad of paper from Madge's waste-basket to sop them up, carrying the paper with him in case of further mishaps.

When he reëntered the dining-room he found it deserted, and he worked at his translation

uninterruptedly. It was nearly dinner-time when he finished. Before clearing away his books, he sat for a few minutes in lazy content, and unconsciously smoothed out the scrap of paper he had brought from Madge's room, and read what was written thereon. The inscription was so cabalistic that he read it again and again, and finally set himself to a downright study of it. What he saw was —


The words you say, I store away
They are songs for my heart to sing
Be you far or near your voice I hear
bring cling
sing fling
spring
wing
swing cling

The more he puzzled over it, the less he made of it. Madge's writing, surely, but what had she gone off on a string of *ings* for? Unless — why, to be sure! — Miss Sentimental had taken to writing poetry! Evidently love-poetry, too! The various rhymes to "sing" she had arranged in a group for convenience. Rex smiled a broad smile, and blessed the kind fate which had placed this means of torture in his hands. If he could get hold of some completed "poems," it would be a grand idea to memorize them; a time would surely arrive when he could repeat them with stirring effect. The plot was too good a one to give up, and, anyhow, he had a score to settle with Madge at once; so, with delight in his heart, he sped up-stairs to ransack Madge's desk. He lifted the lid, but had no time to choose, for he heard Madge's step approaching; so, appropriating a random handful of papers, and stuffing them into his pocket, he escaped from the room.

"What were you doing there?" she asked, coming suddenly upon him.

"Avenging my wrongs," he replied enigmatically.

The dinner-bell rang just then, and he gave it prompt obedience by flinging himself upon the balusters, and thereby reaching the lower floor in the shortest possible time.

After dinner the Dunbars, who were a sociable family, all gathered in the sitting-room and entertained one another, and themselves, with books, or games, or conversation. Benny, of course, was not a member of this charmed circle, he being in the land of dreams.

Pretty Madge, who had artistic aspirations, drew out her paints and worked upon a picture. Rex hung over her chair, manifesting a fiend's interest in her sketch, criticizing, advising, exhorting, and extravagantly commending, till she lost all heart, and said indignantly:

"Oh, Rex, do go away and leave me alone! No one can stand such persecution. It would not be a wonder if I never turned out to be anything, so disheartening is your teasing!"

"'Turn out'! What an expression for a young lady of culture! You 'turn out' a team, or you 'turn out' your toes, miss; but you 'develop into' a poet — *if you are lucky!*"

Madge looked up at him in sudden consternation. Rex returned the gaze with interest, and murmured dreamily, "Cling, wing, sing, ring-a-ching-ching, ting-a-ling."

"Oh, Rex!" cried Madge, starting to her feet and clasping her hands in agony.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Rex, backing into the center of the room, and drawing some papers from his pocket, "it gives me great pleasure to introduce to the reading public the verses of the talented young author Miss Margaret Dunbar."

"Rex, give them to me!" shrieked Madge, grasping vainly at her precious papers, and throwing herself upon her tormentor. Rex found an unexpected ally in Carrie, who clung to her suffering sister, and shrilly piped:

"I 'll hold her for you, Rexie; go on!"

"What have we here?" continued Rex, examining the topmost sheet. "I must state that I myself have never before had the pleasure of hearing these gems of literature, and must confess to being all agog. Let me read you the first which reveals itself to my gaze. It is entitled 'What More?'"

"Oh, father, stop him! Mother, stop him!" begged Madge, writhing in Carrie's coils.

"Stop what, dear?" asked Mrs. Dunbar, to

whom this excitement was but a sample of the hourly, harmless scrimmages indulged in by her lively brood.

"No interruptions," hastily said Rex, reading in a great hurry, and with a burlesque tone of sorrow:

WHAT MORE?

To dream and see the dead,
  To wake and wish you dreamed;
To sift a friend and find that he
  Was not the friend he seemed;
To smile, and bleed at heart;
  To weep, and find it bliss,—
On those sad days when hope falls dead,
  What more seems life than this?

LINES TO MY DEAD KITTEN.

I press my face against your form,
  I say good-by, my dear;
My tears fall on your snowy coat,—
  Do you neither see nor hear?

Only a cat, a soulless cat!
  Ah, let those chide who will,
I mourn unshamed o'er my little friend
  So strangely cold and still.

Carrie contritely relaxed her hold, and hied herself to the sofa. "Poor little 'Bingo-bingo'! Seems 's if I can see her now," she sobbed. Carrie was always an impressionable young person, and shed tears with frightful ease.

"'NO INTERRUPTIONS,' SAID REX, READING IN A GREAT HURRY, AND WITH A BURLESQUE TONE OF SORROW."

"Too long," said Rex, critically. "I flatter myself I could be briefer:

Little cat, little cat,
Now defunct, where *are* you at?

Mere hysteria wrung from Carrie a strangling snort of amusement, and Rex resumed jubilantly:

"This third selection bids fair to be flattering, for it seems to be addressed to me."

Having tried physical force in vain, Madge here tried to appeal to Rex's soul, — and failed.

"Give me the rest, Rex, I beg of you," implored Madge, her face scarlet with the ordeal; yet she felt an odd thrill of satisfaction, too, in hearing her verses fall from other lips.

"The second effusion," continued Rex, unmoved, "is harrowing in its pathos. Allow me:

"Dear Rex," she said earnestly, "if you read *that*, I will never forgive you."

"Dear Madge," echoed Rex, just as earnestly, "if I should lay it aside unread after seeing its alluring title, I should never forgive myself.

REX, MY KING.

A CROWN you wear on your sunny hair—
The royal crown of youth;
And a jewel lies in your steadfast eyes,
Those turquoise wells of truth.
Not a word you say but I store away,
As a song for my heart to sing.
Be you far or near, your voice I hear,
Oh, Rex, my brother, my king!

"This does n't seem to me as funny as I thought it," mumbled Rex, flushing guiltily. "Here, Madge, take your old poems! Who wants them!"

Madge eagerly took the offered papers, but Carrie, failing to see that the humor had gone out of the thing, made a clever grab, secured them, and skipped across the room, where she stood dancing in monkeyish enjoyment at having a hand in the game, while she read in a clear gabble:

You need not roam from your childhood's home,
A kingdom to seek or subdue;
For we who dwell 'neath your loving spell,
Are your subjects loyal and true.
And your kingdom, dear, you can find it here,
Without any wandering;
So, I pray you, deign in our hearts to reign,
Oh, Rex, my brother, my king!

"That 's enough of that!" commanded Rex, angrily. He was honestly contrite at having laid bare Madge's innocent affection for himself.

"No, it is n't," said Carrie, obtusely; "there 's another verse.

We cannot confess all our tenderness
In this practical world of ours;
And my soul I shrine, O brother mine,
As a violet shrines its flowers.
No fear have I that you 'll ever pry
Through these lines where my heart I fling;
And you 'll never know that I loved you so,
O Rex, my brother, my king!

Rather an awkward pause fell for a moment upon the family, as they recognized that Rex and Carrie, between them, had been bawling out Madge's sacred little secrets. Madge herself, trembling with indignation, rose from her chair, and said bitterly:

"I hope you are all satisfied." Then she burst into tears and left the room.

Rex did not quite know what to do. He looked askance at his father and mother, and felt abused because they had so solemn an air. Then he glanced accidentally at Carrie, and felt like choking her. The grinning little ninny! What business had she to be amused? Finally, he stuck his hands in his pockets and stalked out of the room, not to find Madge—oh, no!—but he noticed that she was n't in the parlor, nor the library, nor the music-room, nor in any of the bedrooms. There was only the cheerless play-room left.

"Madge, are you there?" he asked, putting his head into the darkness. There was no answer; but the silence proved nothing, so he began to explore the apartment. He went about it, after the fashion of most people in the dark, with his eyes tightly shut and his arms waving wildly around. After a slow progress, he was rewarded by stumbling over a small foot which drew itself out of his path. He stood in abject silence for a while.

"Madge, I 'm sorry," he said at last.

"Go away," came in a strangled whisper.

"Will you forgive me, Madge?" he asked.

"Go away, I tell you!"

"I 'll never go to your desk again, Madge, truly."

"It 's too late now." At the recollection of her wrongs, she broke into a fresh gush of tears. Then she experienced the surprise of her life. Rex, the hard-hearted, the unsentimental, knelt down beside her in the darkness, and took her hand. His voice, too, was astonishingly husky as he said:

"Won't you please stop crying? Don't you think I feel mean enough without that? I did n't know a fellow *could* feel so mean at finding out that his sister loved him. But—but—*it won't hurt me to know it, Madge!*"

She felt a soft kiss laid upon her cheek! What next! Why, *next*, Madge had an odd sense of being herself the culprit. What had he done so very wrong? She mentally reviewed the whole occurrence, and in spite of herself she discovered a ludicrous side to the tragedy.

"Get up," she said briefly.

"Am I forgiven?"

"I suppose so."

"Quite?"

"Quite;—right, smite, tight, blight," she said, giving way to uncontrollable mirth.

And peace was restored.

The Fool's Christmas

by Florence May Alt

On Christmas eve, the king, disconsolate,
Weary with all the round of pomp and state,
Gave whisper to his fool: "A merry way
Have I bethought to spend our holiday.
Thou shalt be king, and I the fool will be—
And thou shalt rule the court in drollery
For one short day!" With caper, nod, and grin,
Full saucily replied the harlequin:
"A merry play; and, sire, amazing strange
For one of us to suffer such a change!
But thou? Why, all the kings of earth," said he,
"Have played the fool, and played it skilfully!"
Then the king's laugh stirred all the arras dim,
Till courtiers wondered at his humor grim.

And so it chanced, when wintry sunbeams shone
From Christmas skies, lo! perched upon the throne
Sat Lionel the Fool, in purple drest,
The royal jewels blazing on his breast.

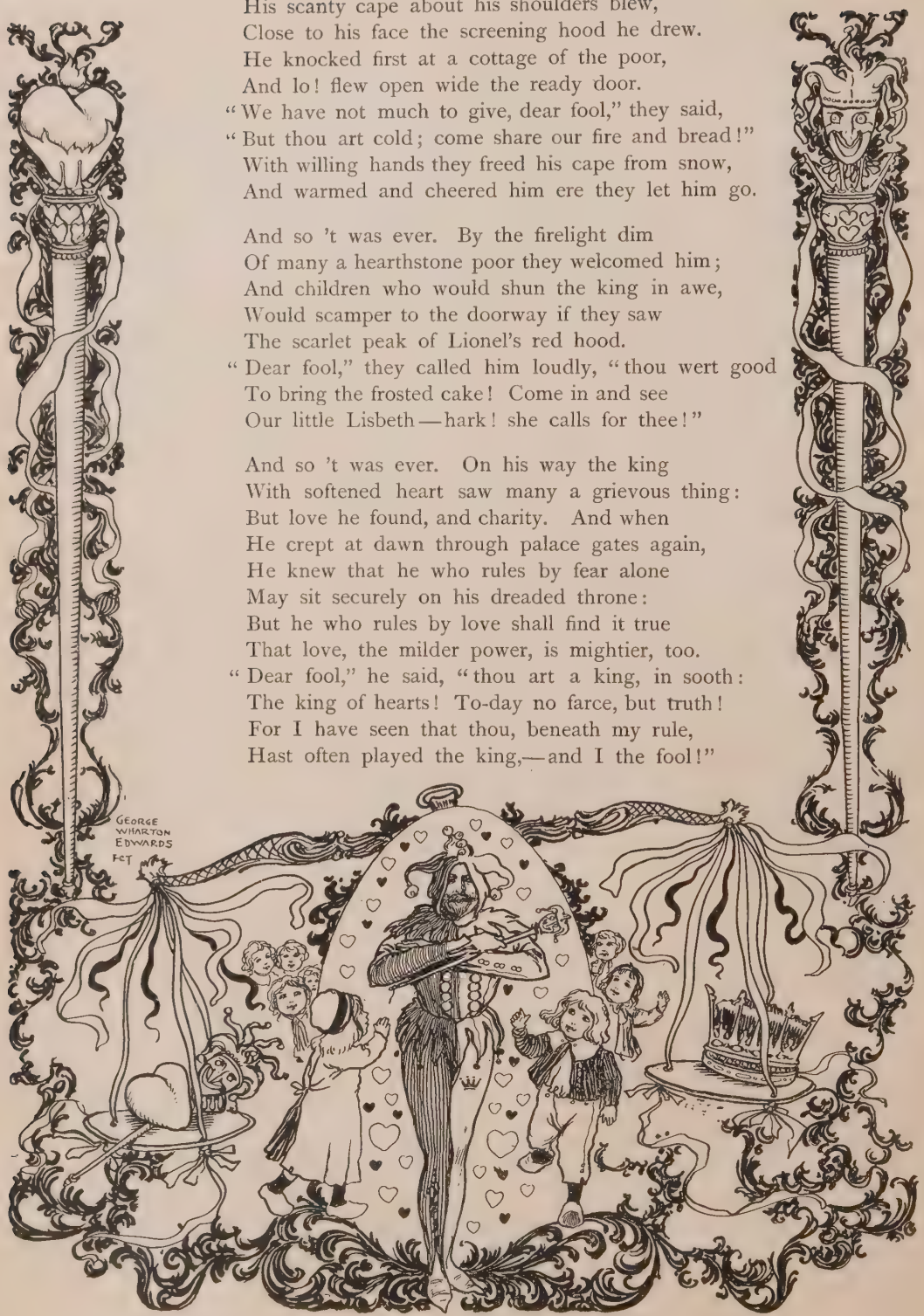
On Christmas morning, too, the king arose,
And donned, with sense of ease, the silken hose
Of blue and scarlet; then the doublet red
With azure slashed; upon his kingly head,
That wearied oft beneath a jeweled crown,
He drew the jingling hood, and tied it down.
All day he crouched amid the chill and gloom—
None seeking him—within the turret room.
But when calm night with starry lamps came down
Her purple stairs, he crept forth to the town.

"'WE HAVE NOT MUCH TO GIVE, DEAR FOOL,' THEY SAID,
'BUT THOU ART COLD; COME SHARE OUR FIRE AND BREAD!'"

His scanty cape about his shoulders blew,
Close to his face the screening hood he drew.
He knocked first at a cottage of the poor,
And lo! flew open wide the ready door.
"We have not much to give, dear fool," they said,
"But thou art cold; come share our fire and bread!"
With willing hands they freed his cape from snow,
And warmed and cheered him ere they let him go.

And so 't was ever. By the firelight dim
Of many a hearthstone poor they welcomed him;
And children who would shun the king in awe,
Would scamper to the doorway if they saw
The scarlet peak of Lionel's red hood.
"Dear fool," they called him loudly, "thou wert good
To bring the frosted cake! Come in and see
Our little Lisbeth—hark! she calls for thee!"

And so 't was ever. On his way the king
With softened heart saw many a grievous thing:
But love he found, and charity. And when
He crept at dawn through palace gates again,
He knew that he who rules by fear alone
May sit securely on his dreaded throne:
But he who rules by love shall find it true
That love, the milder power, is mightier, too.
"Dear fool," he said, "thou art a king, in sooth:
The king of hearts! To-day no farce, but truth!
For I have seen that thou, beneath my rule,
Hast often played the king,—and I the fool!"



IS IT A YULE LOG?

Ho! what is this that comes rolling in sight?

"It is a Yule log for Christmas!" many of you learned St. Nicholas folks may say. But no; Mr. Meredith Nugent has told me all about it.

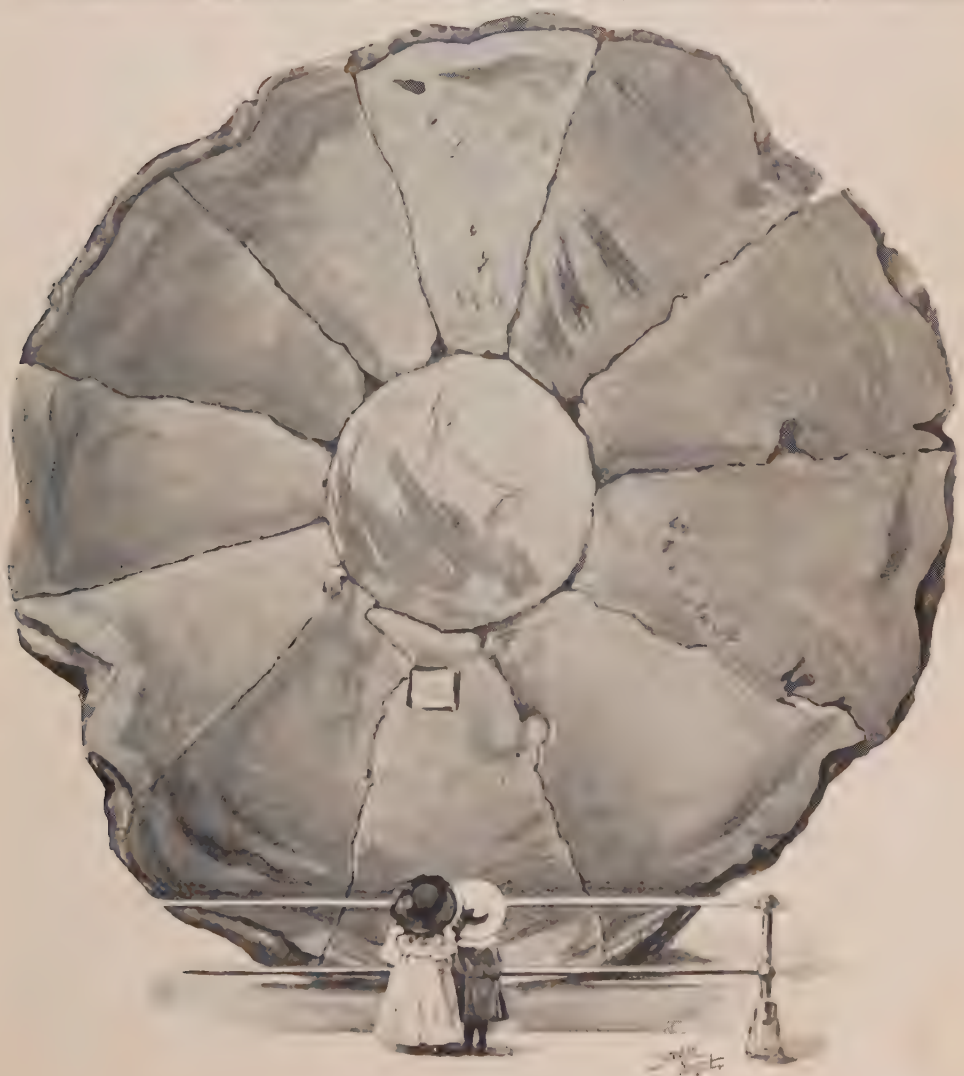
There is no fine open chimney-place in my meadow, in which a great Yule log may be laid to send up its grand, lapping flames, its sparks and crackling cinders; but there always is room for a wonder-picture around which we all may gather—and this is a wonder-picture indeed!

It is only a slice from one of California's biggest trees. But what a slice! Mr. Nugent has drawn it from life, so to speak, as all of my hearers within reach of New York city may testify; for they can see the original any day in the American Museum of Natural History, near Central Park.

I am told that not long ago a giant Sequoia tree—after years of steady growth—lay prostrate in the grove known far and wide as the Sequoia Grove; and a slice was then taken from its mighty trunk, and this slice was sent to New York. The huge round thing could not, of course, be sent in one piece; that would be quite out of the question, for it measured about twenty feet across and sixty feet in circumference. So they divided it into sections; and these sections were brought on by rail, and finally they were put together, each piece restored to its proper place, as shown in Mr. Nugent's drawing. Crowds may now enjoy this sight at the museum, and form some idea of the tremendous girth of that mammoth tree.*

The very young man and woman in the picture may well gaze in rapt astonishment at the huge thing. Who would n't?

* The Little Schoolma'am says you all may read about the felling of this very tree, in St. Nicholas for December, 1892.



NOT A YULE LOG.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

CHRISTMAS EVE, and six children's stockings to be darned before bedtime. Mrs. Chequidden — the children's mother — could n't even *think* of darning more than one of each pair. Each child needed one to hang up for Santa Claus; and wanted that stocking to be in the best of order.

This Christmas eve they had all gone to take tea with their grandmother, and before leaving had begged their mama to be sure and darn the stockings that they were going to hang up in the big chimney-place.

So she took the big work-basket on her lap, and began to search for the little darning-gourd. But the gourd was not in the basket. She got up, and looked here and there and everywhere, but could not find it. At last she sat down and drew a stocking-foot on her left hand. "I must try and darn them this way," she said with a sigh, "but it is harder, and I am very, very tired." And with that she leaned back in her rocking-chair and fell fast asleep. Then there came a chuckle from under the bureau.

"What 's that?" asked the darning-needle, with his one eye turned in the direction of the sound.

"It 's I," was the answer, and out rolled the little gourd.

"Why did you hide away?" asked the needle.

"I 'm tired of being scratched all over while darning stockings," said the gourd. "It 's bad enough at other times, but at Christmas time it is *too* much."

"Suppose you had a hundred pins stuck into you at a time, what then?" said the round pincushion.

"Oh, you 're so fat that it can't hurt you much," said the gourd.

"Well," said the scissors, "you ought n't to grumble. I have to do much more than you do."

"But then, you see, you have n't been used to anything else," said the little gourd. "But think of *me*. Once I hung high on a beautiful green vine. Sweet flowers grew all about me — I think I can smell them now. The birds came and sang to me — I think I can hear them now. The butterflies and the bees all nodded to me as they flew by — I think I can see them now. Oh! how happy I was! And to be taken from that lovely home and thrown into a work-basket, and made to help darn children's stockings, it — it is — it really is too much."

"Stop your grumbling," said the scissors, "and let me talk awhile. If you had been left there what would have become of you? When winter came, you 'd have found yourself hanging on a dry, brown rope instead of a beautiful green vine. And you could n't have smelled the flowers, because there would n't have been any flowers; and you could n't have heard the birds, or have seen the bees and the butterflies, because they 'd have been gone too. And there you would have hung, a lonely little gourd, rudely shaken by wintry winds."

"Yes," added the darning-needle; "the scissors knows. He was lost outdoors all winter. There is n't much you can tell *him* about a winter in a garden."

"As for the children," said the fat pincushion, "it is a pleasure to do anything for them. They are very nice children. And their mama, too, is just the mama for such children."

"And how neatly she keeps the work-basket," said the scissors. "It 's really a pleasure to live in it."

"And what a pity it would be," said the darning-needle, "if the children should come home and find the stockings they want to hang up for Santa Claus, just as they left them, with the same holes —"

"Don't say any more — don't say any more," here broke in the little gourd. "I 've heard quite enough. I 'm sorry I hid, and sorry I grumbled. I 'll roll over and touch our mistress's foot, and she 'll wake up and see me, and then perhaps the children's stockings will be darned in time, after all."

So it rolled over and touched the mother's foot once — twice — thrice; and the third time she awoke, and saw the gourd, and saying, "Why, there it is! How glad I am!" picked it up.

And when the children came home from their grandmama's, they found their stockings as good as new, and hung them up in a row.

And Christmas morning, each stocking was stuffed full of Christmas presents!

By Garrett Newkirk.

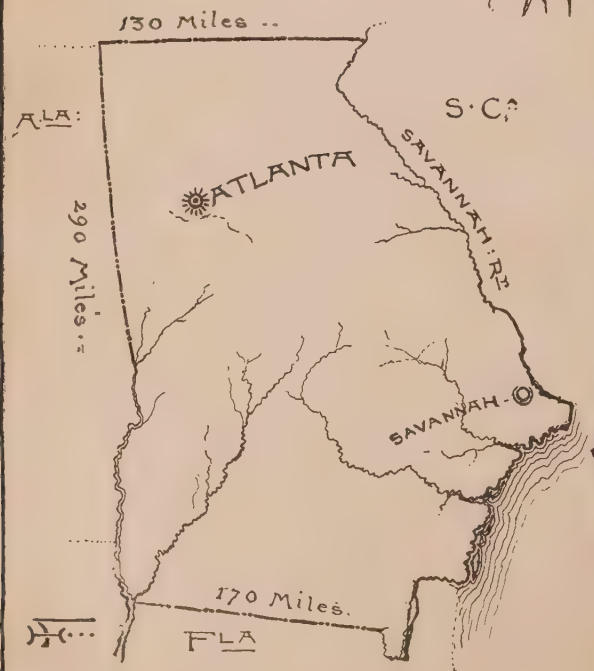
GEORGIA

From England General Oglethorpe
A colony did bring;
And named the thirteenth of the States
For the second George, his King.

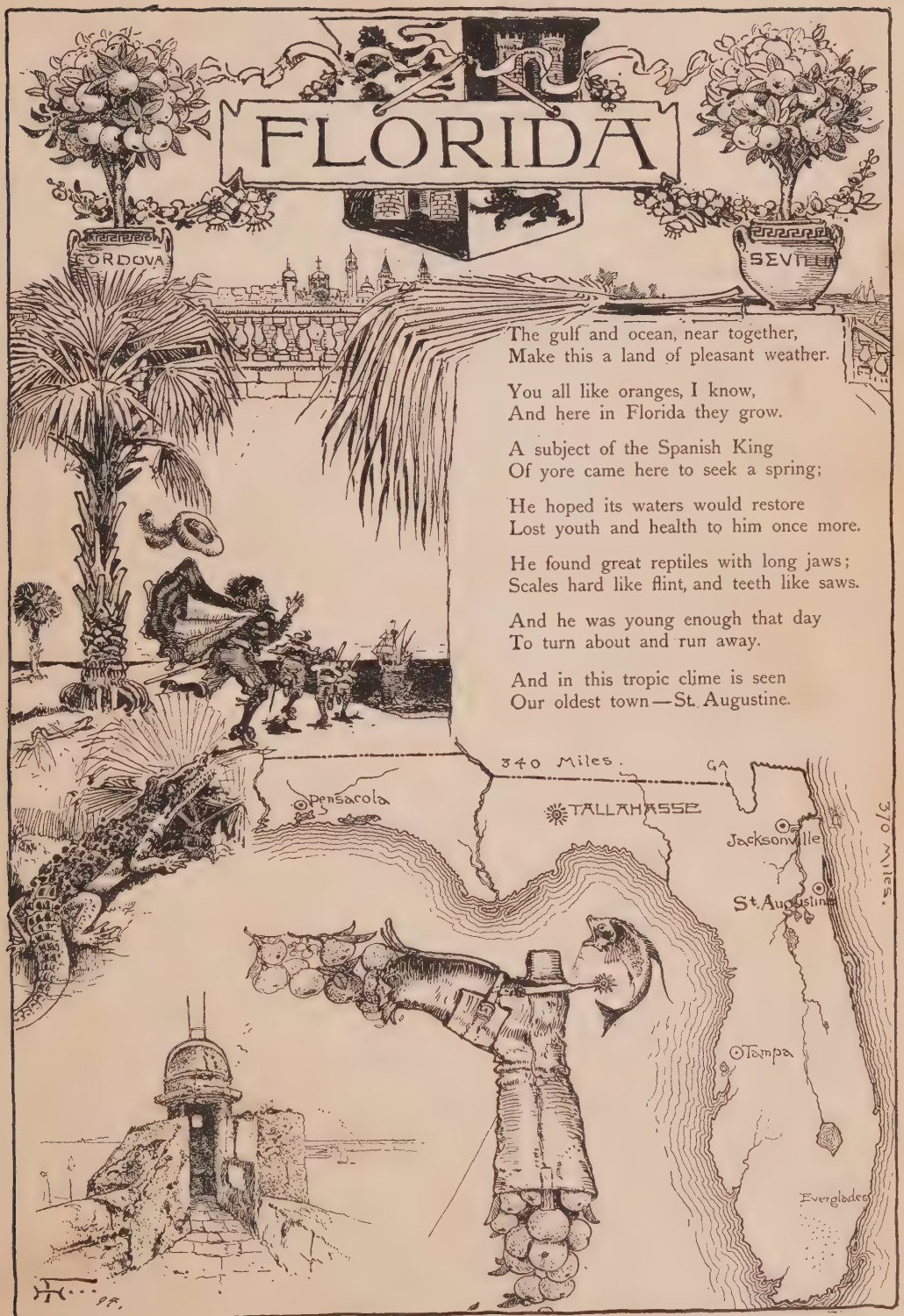
Georgia to-day is often called
"The Empire State of the South";
Savannah 's the largest city,
And is near the Savannah's mouth.

All grains are grown in Georgia,
And thousands of cotton-bales;
It is as large as England,
Including also Wales.

The capital, Atlanta,
A city far renowned,
In beauty has arisen,
Though once burned to the ground.



Gen: Oglethorpe.


FLORIDA
CORDOVA
SEVILLE
The gulf and ocean, near together,
Make this a land of pleasant weather.
You all like oranges, I know,
And here in Florida they grow.
A subject of the Spanish King
Of yore came here to seek a spring;
He hoped its waters would restore
Lost youth and health to him once more.
He found great reptiles with long jaws;
Scales hard like flint, and teeth like saws.
And he was young enough that day
To turn about and run away.
And in this tropic clime is seen
Our oldest town—St. Augustine.
340 Miles.
GA
Pensacola
TALLAHASSE
Jacksonville
St. Augustine
370 Miles.
Tampa
Everglades

THE LETTER-BOX.

VOORHEESVILLE, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about the interesting collection I am making. It is of post-marks, and it has helped me in many ways. There are many places that I had never heard of before that through my collection I have learned much about. Then, too, there are such queer names for many of the places, some of which are Painted Post, Kissimee, Birch Tree, and Candiporte. Silver Peak is one that I think very pretty.

I have taken you only two years, but in that time I have learned to love you dearly, and every month, when ST. NICHOLAS arrives, the girls all flock in, and we read you together. Your devoted reader,

ROBERTA D——.

PALMA SOLA, FLA.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for eighteen years, though, of course, I have not enjoyed reading you all that time, as I am not quite thirteen; but I like to read you now ever so much.

I have lived in Florida all of my life. My home is on the loveliest river, called Manatee. We have boats, and spend a good deal of time on the water. The river flows into Tampa Bay, and about eight miles across its green waters is what is called Passage Key, a lovely little island bordered on one side by the bay and on the other by the great Gulf of Mexico. The surf-bathing is splendid. One can find any number of the most beautiful shells of every shade, shape, and size on the beaches out there.

Sometimes, as you approach the key, you see hundreds and hundreds of pelicans just covering the shore. The sea-gulls lay their eggs there during the months of May and June, and it is such fun to hunt for them, as the pelicans build their nests right on the ground. The eggs are very good to eat; I think they are quite as nice as hens' eggs.

With wishes for your success always, I am yours appreciatively, "SWEET CRACKER."

ST. MARTIN'S LANE, WISSA. HEIGHTS, PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but now I have something interesting to tell you. I have a duck nearly full grown, which I have raised from an egg. The other day I looked out of my window, and saw the duck eating out of the plate with the two cats in the garden. They were not in the least frightened of each other, and went on eating till all the food was finished.

I am very fond of reading you. My eldest sister has taken you ever since you first came out, and I have read every story in all the volumes.

Your little reader, ETHEL S——.

ST. CROIX, LE 15 SEPT., '94, D. W. I.

CHER ST.-NICOLAS: Voilà bien des années que nous lisons, ma sœur et moi, votre intéressant et amusant journal. Nous demeurons dans les Indes Occidentales, loin de cette chère Amérique que nous aimons tant. Nous avons comme distractions votre journal, des promenades magnifiques le long de la mer, deux chiens du nom de "Bijou" et "Jacque" (Jack), et une gentille chèvre que nous attelons à une petite charrette.

L'année passée nous avons été dans votre voisinage, car en allant avec nos parents, notre petit frère, et nos grandes sœurs, à l'Exposition de Chicago nous avons passé par New York. C'était bien joli et merveilleux ce que nous avons vu, car dans notre petite île on ne trouve pas toutes ces curiosités. Si notre lettre n'est pas trop longue, vous nous feriez bien plaisir en l'imprimant. Vos petites lectrices vous envoient le bonjour.

NINA ET EDNA M——.

CHATFIELD, MINNESOTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read about racoons in the June number of ST. NICHOLAS, and thought I would tell you about one we have. We are always very fond of pets, and usually have a great many; but we never had one so attractive as our pet coon. We raised it in a curious way. This spring we had an old cat that had one kitten. After a while we found a baby coon in the woods. It was very small, not larger than a very small kitten, and we were afraid that we could not raise it.

We then thought perhaps our old cat would raise it, so we gave it to her. She did not offer to eat or harm it, but seemed much pleased with it, and at once adopted it as one of her family.

Shortly afterward we found a young gray squirrel, and the cat owned that also.

The old cat raised her curious family of a cat, coon, and squirrel, and they are very attractive pets. Every one who comes desires to see them, and after that always wants to see the old cat who so kindly befriended them. The coon is getting very mischievous, and is nicer, I think, than the squirrel. The coon will climb into the very tops of trees. It is great fun to see him and our dog play together. I remain your admiring reader,

MAE M——.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you and tell you about something I saw. A few weeks ago, in walking down Fourth street, we — my sister Charlotte and myself — saw a dog walking along; it was all covered with tags, medals, and checks. I recollected the story in ST. NICHOLAS about "Owney of the Mail-Bags." I said to Charlotte, "I wonder if that is Owney." My sister went up to the dog to see, and she saw "Owney" on the collar. Then we read about him in the paper.

Yours truly, LOUISE P——.

MAXWELL CITY, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Hollander, and have read your pieces about my countrymen, and must say that you do not exaggerate as some papers do. There are many foolish and untrue tales told about Holland, and many people therefore get an idea that they are all fisher-folks, and that the tails of all the cows in the kingdom are tied to the ceiling of the stalls. Such things are exceptions, not the rule.

In Holland, school-boys of the same age as those here that have gone to school regularly are further advanced.

Also, the Paris fashions are in vogue there, and educated Hollanders are just as polite as Americans, and perhaps more so.

We must irrigate if we want to raise crops here in New Mexico, and as few of your readers know how it is done, I will describe the process to them.

Firstly, a ditch is taken out of some stream; this ditch must have at least five feet of fall to the mile, as otherwise the ditch would fill with dirt, and from this ditch the water runs into reservoirs to be kept until needed. Out of these reservoirs the water is run into ditches which bring it to the place where it is needed. It is then run into the irrigating-ditches, in which are placed checks — sticks long enough to cross the ditch. Upon these sticks canvas is nailed so that it will hang in the ditch. A little dirt is then thrown on the edge of the canvas to keep it in place. This check stops the water and forces it to flow over the ditch-bank and on the field to be watered. The water is allowed to flow until the ground is thoroughly wet, and is then allowed to flow to the next check. A good big stream of water is needed to irrigate well, as the water must run over any unevenness of the surface.

I have read ST. NICHOLAS for many years, and think it is well worth the money.

Your reader, PETER M——.

(Printed as it was written.)

SEOUL, KOREA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live at the American legation in Seoul, Korea. I am eight years old. Harry, who is my brother, is ten years old. I am born in Korea; Harry is born in China. There is a lot of troble in Korea. Japan and China are at war; the Korean Palace is taken, the King is prisoner; there are Japanese guards all around the palace; there are American solgers at the legation; not a man can come in without a pass. Two of my favoricet solger freiends are Dick and Jack. We have a pony. Now I think I will close my letter.

MAURICE A——.

BURNT OAK, CURRENCY CREEK, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We often see letters in your paper written by children who take an interest in it, as we do; and we think we must write you a letter, too, telling you something about our home and our friends and our pets here in South Australia. We live in the ranges about eighty miles from Adelaide, and when we go by train to town have to cross the "Spider Bridge," as it is called because it looks so light you would not think it strong enough to bear the heavy trains running over. You look out of the carriage window upon such a deep gully below, and then back at the tunnel through which you have just come, for that opens directly upon the bridge; this is when you are going through the Mount Lofty ranges. But we are quite used to it now, and do not mind at all when we are going over. Now I must tell you of our friends. Some of them live in Adelaide and come to spend the summer holidays with us; but our greatest friend down here is Tracy Miller, who lives about five miles from here, in a little town close to the sea and near a lovely beach where we like to have picnics sometimes. Tracy is very fond of horses, like ourselves, and has a pony to ride, but it is not quite broken in yet, and often plays sad pranks. Just, perhaps, when Tracy is in a hurry, "Baby," as he is called, gets an obstinate fit and won't go; but generally he is a dear little thing, and has such a pretty head. Our horses we call "Star" and "Rainbow." Star is a bright bay with black points, and arches her neck. She is very spirited, and will not let any one but myself catch her. We have to live in Adelaide part of the year on account of our lessons, and one evening Star and Rainbow got out of the paddock where we keep them when in town, and started for home. Some men stopped them, but they would not let any one go close to them, and I was obliged to follow myself and catch them. Rainbow, my sister Isabel's horse, is a dark bay; she is spirited, too, and carries her head very well. Papa has nearly all wire fences down here, for we have a sheep-station; but there is one old brush fence left. A brush fence is a fence made of logs and boughs. Over this we have trained our horses to jump, and they like it as much as we do. Rainbow will stand without being tied wherever she is left, and this is very useful when Isabel and I go out mustering with papa; for sometimes the sheep and lambs are very troublesome, and we have to get off our horses and drive them. We love horses better than anything, but our greatest friends always love the stories about horses you put in sometimes, and only wish they were longer. "Rangoon" was a lovely story. "The Apple of Arabia's Eye" and "How Janet did it" were our favorite ones. We are always pleased when ST. NICHOLAS comes in from the post — we know we shall have something to amuse us.

Ever your interested reader,

MAY W——.

APONY CASTLE, NEUTRAER COMITAT, HUNGARY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sisters have had your magazine every month since 1885. The stories I like best are "Juan and Juanita," "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," "Tiger! Tiger!" and "Toomai of the Elephants." I am a little Hungarian boy nine years old. My papa promised me, if I passed my examination well, that he would allow me to shoot. I have three guns, and have shot already one buck, one stag, five hares, one wild boar, and many sparrows and frogs. I have two ponies, one named Tavory that I ride every day, and another one called Lalu that I drive about sometimes. Two years ago I began to make a collection of butterflies and beetles. I should be so glad to exchange specimens from here with any little boy or girl in America who may be doing the same thing. In a valley about an hour's walk from our house we have a trout-pool, and sometimes we go fishing, which is very amusing.

In the winter we live in Budapest, and while we were there this year our villa was partly burned. *Éljen* (long live) ST. NICHOLAS! Your little friend,

HENRY A——.

CAMPOBELLO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if many of your readers have ever seen a sea-serpent. In a private museum in Boston there is a collection of the skeletons of animals, and among them there is what is supposed to be the vertebræ of a sea-serpent. The specimen is very long, and extends around three sides of a large room. There is no proof, however, as to whether these are real vertebræ; but it is certain that one of these strange animals has been seen.

A good many years ago a serpent was seen off the beach at Nahant. It raised its head about twelve feet out of water, and remained in the same position for about two hours.

A sketch was made at the time, and a paper was signed by the people who saw this remarkable animal. Having seen the picture and the paper makes this incident more interesting for the fact that it is true.

Very sincerely, K. C. P——.

HANOVER, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and have taken you as long as I can remember, but I have never written a letter to you, so I thought I would tell you how I found life in a foreign country.

This is the second time I have been here in Germany,

and this time I came to spend my holidays in a boarding-school in the Harz Mountains. This school was kept by a pastor in a little village, so one can imagine how nice it was. I learned to write German very easily, and improved in the language, which I had learned to speak at home. The bauern or peasants are very different from our country people. Over their coat they wear a blue gown, which extends to the waist. The older peasants wear small caps, and instead of long trousers they wear knickerbockers, whereas the younger peasants wear broad-brimmed hats somewhat resembling those of the cow-boys.

Early in the morning the Brocken, one of the highest mountains in North Germany, was covered with mist for almost half-way down, and from a distance it looked very beautiful.

There are a good many old ruined burgs (strong castles) near here. One of the strongest of the burgs belonged to a robber knight, the Count of Regenstein. The foundation of his castle was hewn out of the solid rock. He had a dungeon which was cut out of rock about fifty feet deep, into which he threw merchants whom he had captured and robbed, and they were left there to die of starvation if they could not pay him a certain sum of money. One can see the skeletons and skulls and bones, which are still down in the dungeon, when a lantern is let down. At last he was taken prisoner and kept in a box about ten feet wide, ten feet long, and six feet high, for two years, in the city of Quedlinburg. The food was given to him through a little window in the side of the box.

The Germans are very fond of making foot-tours in the mountains, and once the professor took a few boys and me for a three days' walking tour.

Your faithful friend,

CHARLES TROWBRIDGE T——.

WE have received pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow: Estill S., J. Stacey, Adelaide M., Shepherd S., Wm. Scollay W., John C. McK., Marie and Edouard S., Herbert W., Mary Caroline F., Georgia, Elsie and Lois M., Marian L., M. F., Irene S. T., Frederic H. R., R. C., H. M. K., Paul J. P., C. C. H., Edwin E. P., Fannie L. de C., Eleanor H. D., E. C., Floss, Ida, and Maggie G., Clarissa C., Margaret H. W., Sophia S., Lydia L., Dwight E. C., Katharine N., Alvin J., May W. S., John L., Kenneth H., Joan W., Ethel A., Vina S. T., Lillian M. G., May G., Jean D. E., Vera H., E. C. S., Rosamond, Alice O., Rossa S., A. N. G., Ellen M. C., Julia S. H., Emma E., Eleanor G. A., Harriet S. A., Jennie M. H., B. L. B., and Bertha A. Nesmith.

FOOT-BALL AT FROGSTOWN—"THE TACKLE."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

MUSICAL PUZZLE. Mozart. 1. Mandolin. 2. Ocarina. 3. Zither. 4. Accordion. 5. Rebec. 6. Trumpet.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Discrimination.

COMPASS PUZZLE. North to south, nucleus; west to east, warlike; northwest to southeast, nobless; southwest to northeast, sculpin.

PI.

Like one who lingers yet upon the sands,
Gazing his last upon the fading sail
That bears his friends afar to other lands,
I watch the bleak November daylight fail,
And, weltering in the pale and watery skies,
The dim stars falter forth, the cold moon rise.

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES. 1. S-lit-s. 2. S-hip-s. 3. D-are-d. 4. D-i-d. 5. S-cent-s. 6. G-on-g. 7. G-an-g. 8. S-lot-s. 9. S-in-s.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "If you want learning, you must work for it."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Nausicaa; finals, Penelope. Cross-words: 1. Nap. 2. Are. 3. Urn. 4. She. 5. Ill. 6. Coo. 7. Asp. 8. Ale.

DELETIONS. Thanksgiving Day. 1. Pa-trio-t. 2. W-hit-e. 3. C-and-id. 4. Car-no-t. 5. Sin-kin-g. 6. De-sir-ed. 7. A-go-ny. 8. F-in-ish. 9. De-vote-e. 10. Cl-ink-ing. 11. Am-nest-y. 12. Le-gate-e. 13. La-din-g. 14. B-ask-et. 15. Ga-yet-y.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Opera. 2. Paper. 3. Epode. 4. Redan. 5. Arena. II. 1. Trial. 2. Rabbi. 3. Ibsen. 4. Abele. 5. Liner. III. 1. April. 2. Peace. 3. Rabid. 4. Icing. 5. Ledge. IV. 1. Wheel. 2. Hello. 3. Elbow. 4. Elope. 5. Lower. V. 1. Elate. 2. Level. 3. Avoid. 4. Teine. 5. Elder.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Jesse Chapman and John Fletcher — "Three Buckeyes" — "Too Many to Count" — M. McG. — Josephine Sherwood — V. E. L. — Paul Reese — Jo and I — Two Little Brothers — "The Wise Five" — Hubert L. Bingay — "The Quartette" — Blanche and Fred — L. O. E. — Paul Rowley — Wilford W. Linsly — "Tod and Yam" — Ida Carleton Thallon.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Marie Snow, 1 — Muriel E. G., 2 — Lucetta Dickinson, 2 — Victor J. West, 1 — G. B. Dyer, 10 — Anna Coates, 1 — Klara and Alice, 2 — C. H. Robinson, 1 — Maud and R. C., 1 — C. V. Briggs, 1 — Ethel M. C., 2 — Mary Kent and Mama, 5 — "Two Girls in Blue," 2 — Caroline L. Bull, 1 — Jean D. Egleston, 1 — "Crab Club," 1 — M. E. P., 1 — Leonard Kebler, 1 — Reginald W. Murray, 1 — C. K. H. and A. L. H., 8 — Rheta, 1 — Florence S. Wheeler, 1 — W. B. Gill, 1 — Carrie and Helen, 2 — Katharine D. Hull, 1 — E. Wallace Cornish, 1 — I. G. L. and G. A. L., 3 — Aunty Specs and Betty, 3 — Virginia M. Farley, 1 — "Siamese Twins," 2 — Helen O. Koerper, 1 — Helen Lovell, 6 — M. A. D. and P. U. D., 2 — W. L., 10 — "Dad and I," 2 — "Wolverine," 1 — Mary Stone, 3 — L. and H. Gardner, 1 — Jeannette S. K., 1 — Two of a Kind, 1 — Blanche Millard, 1 — L. Adele Carll, 2 — Natalie Cole, 1 — Claire Hale, 1 — "Dr. Jack," 5 — "Bumble Bee," 1 — Jessy C. P., 1 — Virginia J., 1 — Ernestine Housel, 1 — Mama and Sadie, 9 — "We, Us and Co.," 1 — Adelaide, Gerald and Adrian, 1 — Marguerite Sturdy, 5 — Mary V. D. Byram, 1 — Lillian Davis, 3 — Lotti A. D., 1 — "Haddonfield," 1 — Robert B. Farson, 3 — "We Four," 1 — Emory J., 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — Belle Hume, 2 — "Two Smart Little Girls," 1 — Mary Pratt, 2 — Julia and Deas, 2 — Dudley and Minnie, 4 — Pearl F. Stevens, 10 — "Tattycoram," 1 — Laura M. Zinser, 6 — "Romeo and Juliet," 2 — Oscar Treadwell, 1 — Louise Brigden, 1 — Helen Diehl, 1 — Caroline Fellowes, 1 — Belle and Alison, 5 — "The Brownies," 1 — Addison Neil Clark, 10 — Ada Hocker, 1 — Ralph B. Mason, 2 — "The Quartette," 7 — Marian Lent, 2 — Helen L. J., 2 — "The Mad Tea-Party," 9 — Lois and Elsie Metcalf, 3 — Daisy R. Gorham, 3 — Polly, 3 — Lucille E. Rosenberg, 1 — "The Butterflies," 8 — "Ana, Mana, Mona, Mike," 2 — "Adirondack Party," 10 — M. Louise Baldwin, 1 — Hattie M., 1 — Bessie Crocker, 10 — "Mama and I," 6 — Mia Olmsted, 2 — No name, Garrison, 6 — "Two Jersey Mosquitos," 10 — R. O. B., 7 — Marjory Gane, 5 — E. M. Cassels, 1 — G. B. D. and M., 10 — L. Fletcher Craig, 4 — Jennie Liebmann, 10 — Geo. S. Seymour, 10 — Mable Snow and Dorothy Swinburne, 10 — "September Gale," 1 — Marjorie E. Bushnell, 1.

FALSE COMPARATIVES.

EXAMPLE: Positive, a boy; comparative, a portable frame for ascending or descending. Answer, lad, ladder.

1. Positive, a want; comparative, a fine varnish.
2. Positive, a support; comparative, seemly.
3. Positive, a salutation; comparative, an arbor.
4. Positive, angry; comparative, a plant used in making pigments.
5. Positive, a kind of meat; comparative, a carpenter's tool.
6. Positive, part of a ship; comparative, a ruler.
7. Positive, a body of water; comparative, to consider.
8. Positive, money earned by labor; comparative, a bet.
9. Positive, a preposition; comparative, to fade.
10. Positive, an uproar; comparative, a hearty meal.
11. Positive, a wrap; comparative, to prance.
12. Positive, a narrow binding; comparative, to grow smaller.
13. Positive, to slide; comparative, a foot-covering.

ALICE I. H.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a certain school mentioned in one of Charles Dickens's stories.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One backward in book learning. 2. A number. 3. A trench. 4. To wash by immersion. 5. A river of Hades whose waters when drunk caused forgetfulness of the past. 6. A swimming bird. 7. To verify. 8. An Egyptian gateway to a large building. 9. A large stake driven into the ground as a support for some superstructure. 10. To cut in thin slices. 11. To draw off by degrees. 12. To burn with hot liquid. 13. A hard outside covering.

L. W.

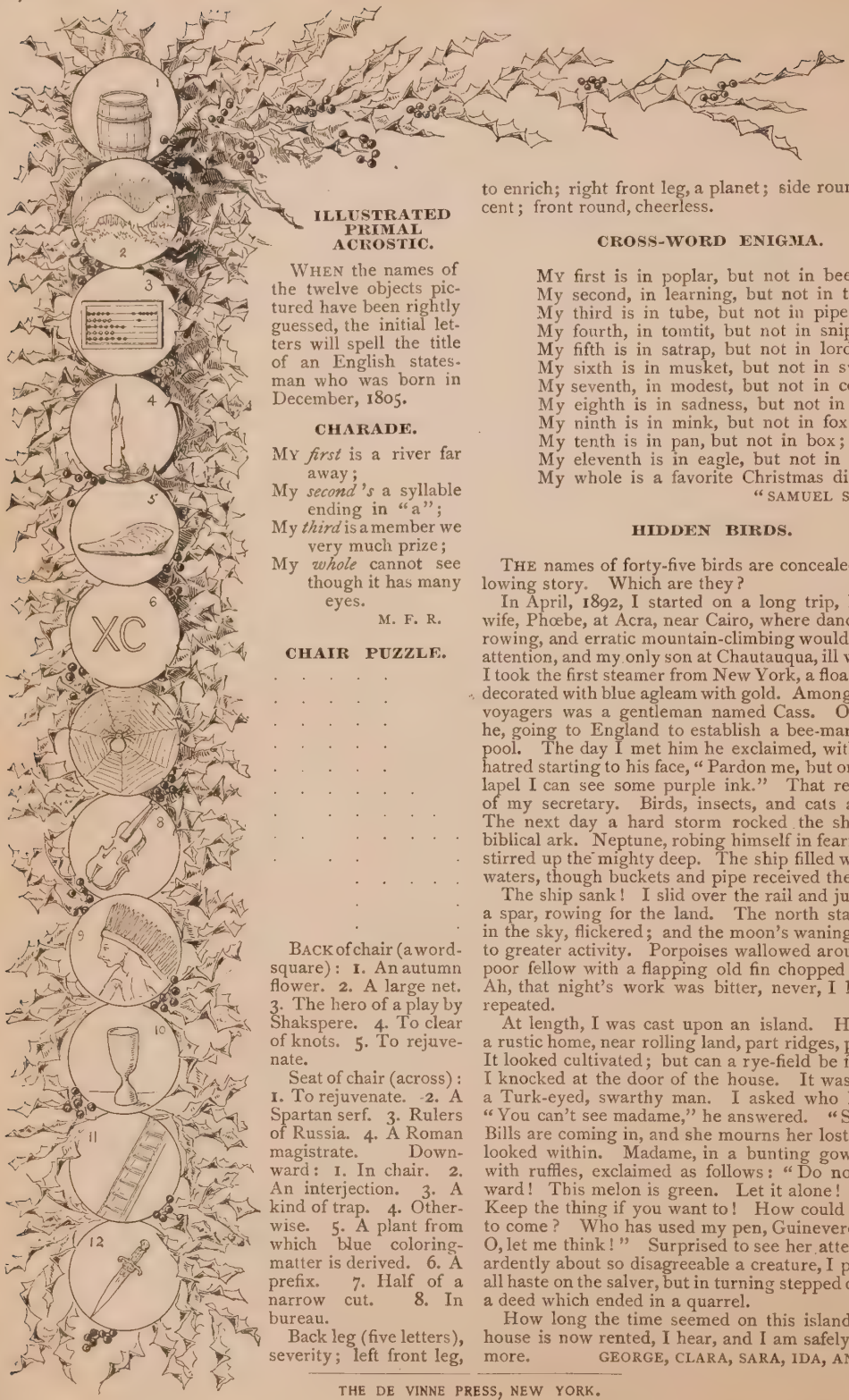
DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1 11
. 2 . . . . 12 .
. . 3 . . 13 . .
. . . 4 14 . . .
. . 5 . . 15 . .
. 6 . . . . 16 .
7 17
. 8 . . . . 18 .
. . 9 . . 19 . .
. . . 10 20 . . .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Justifies. 2. Releases from slavery. 3. Planned. 4. Engines. 5. Smirks. 6. Brings to light. 7. A character in "The Merchant of Venice." 8. Senselessly. 9. The state of being stopped. 10. The principal sail in a ship.

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the letters represented by the numbers from 1 to 10 will spell one of the Presidents of the United States; the letters represented by the numbers from 11 to 20, a saint whose festival occurs on December sixth.

F. S. F.



ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

WHEN the names of the twelve objects pictured have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the title of an English statesman who was born in December, 1805.

CHARADE.

MY *first* is a river far away;
My *second's* a syllable ending in "a";
My *third* is a member we very much prize;
My *whole* cannot see though it has many eyes.

M. F. R.

CHAIR PUZZLE.

. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . .
. . . . .

BACK of chair (a word-square): 1. An autumn flower. 2. A large net. 3. The hero of a play by Shakspere. 4. To clear of knots. 5. To rejuvenate.

Seat of chair (across): 1. To rejuvenate. 2. A Spartan serf. 3. Rulers of Russia. 4. A Roman magistrate. Downward: 1. In chair. 2. An interjection. 3. A kind of trap. 4. Otherwise. 5. A plant from which blue coloring-matter is derived. 6. A prefix. 7. Half of a narrow cut. 8. In bureau.

Back leg (five letters), severity; left front leg, to enrich; right front leg, a planet; side round, magnificent; front round, cheerless.

H. M. A.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in poplar, but not in beech;
My second, in learning, but not in teach;
My third is in tube, but not in pipe;
My fourth, in tomtit, but not in snipe;
My fifth is in satrap, but not in lord;
My sixth is in musket, but not in sword;
My seventh, in modest, but not in coy;
My eighth is in sadness, but not in joy;
My ninth is in mink, but not in fox;
My tenth is in pan, but not in box;
My eleventh is in eagle, but not in fish;
My whole is a favorite Christmas dish.

"SAMUEL SYDNEY."

HIDDEN BIRDS.

THE names of forty-five birds are concealed in the following story. Which are they?

In April, 1892, I started on a long trip, leaving my wife, Phœbe, at Acra, near Cairo, where dancing, music, rowing, and erratic mountain-climbing would occupy her attention, and my only son at Chautauqua, ill with grippe. I took the first steamer from New York, a floating palace, decorated with blue agleam with gold. Among my fellow-voyagers was a gentleman named Cass. O, wary was he, going to England to establish a bee-mart in Liverpool. The day I met him he exclaimed, with a look of hatred starting to his face, "Pardon me, but on your coat-lapel I can see some purple ink." That reminded me of my secretary. Birds, insects, and cats annoy him. The next day a hard storm rocked the ship like the biblical ark. Neptune, robing himself in fearful majesty, stirred up the mighty deep. The ship filled with rushing waters, though buckets and pipe received the flood.

The ship sank! I slid over the rail and jumped upon a spar, rowing for the land. The north star, lingering in the sky, flickered; and the moon's waning roused me to greater activity. Porpoises wallowed around me, one poor fellow with a flapping old fin chopped almost off. Ah, that night's work was bitter, never, I hope, to be repeated.

At length, I was cast upon an island. Here I found a rustic home, near rolling land, part ridges, part gullies. It looked cultivated; but can a rye-field be found here? I knocked at the door of the house. It was opened by a Turk-eyed, swarthy man. I asked who lived there. "You can't see madame," he answered. "She 's cross. Bills are coming in, and she mourns her lost riches." I looked within. Madame, in a bunting gown, trimmed with ruffles, exclaimed as follows: "Do not clap, Edward! This melon is green. Let it alone! But, phaw! Keep the thing if you want to! How could Ira venture to come? Who has used my pen, Guinevere, you or I? O, let me think!" Surprised to see her attendants buzz ardently about so disagreeable a creature, I put a card in all haste on the salver, but in turning stepped on a chick — a deed which ended in a quarrel.

How long the time seemed on this island! But the house is now rented, I hear, and I am safely home once more.

GEORGE, CLARA, SARA, IDA, AND MARY.

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"HE FELT A FEAR TO SEE HER THERE."

(SEE POEM, "THE ELFIN BOUGH.")

ST. NICHOLAS.

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BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

THE little lad was grave and good;
He ne'er had had such thoughts before.
(It happened in an English wood,
Two hundred years ago, and more—
Two hundred and two-score.)

A sturdy little lad was he,
Who always meant to do the right.
(His name was Year-of-Jubilee;
His clear gray eyes first saw the light
The year of Naseby fight.)

Along the woodland path he went,
Upon his errand, trudging slow;
His looks upon the ground were bent.
Between the trunks the sunset glow
Shone red across the snow.

It was the eve of Christmas Day,
When rigid rules aside were cast
By such as walked the wicked way:
His sober household kept a fast.
He wished the day were past!

In solemn fast small joy he had,
Though shamed he was his thought to speak—
This little, hearty, hungry lad!
Like ripened apple was his cheek,
So round, and plump, and sleek.

Hark! what was that? He starts, he stops:
The flutter of a rising bird?
A rabbit rustling in the copse?
A stiff, sad-colored leaf that stirred?
What was the sound he heard?

The light was round her as she stood,
The slender maid, so wonder-fair,
In gown of green, and velvet hood.
He felt a fear to see her there,
So lonely and so rare!

She fixed her starry gaze on him.
"I prithee now, good lad," said she,
"Canst break the bough with berries dim
That springs so high on yonder tree?"
"Yea, verily!" cried he.

In haste to serve so fair a maid,
He plucked her down the elfin bough;
But once again he waxed afraid.
With beating heart, with frowning brow,
He cried, "What maid art thou?"

"I doubt it is a heathen thing,—
My aunt Refrain hath told me that.
Its leaf is like a leathern wing;
It is as gruesome as a bat,
A toad, or brindled cat!"

("Perchance she is a blue-eyed witch
That dwelleth in the wood," he thought:
"Her silken gown is strange and rich.
In subtle snare she hath me caught;
My ruin, sure, is wrought!")

"Good Master Roundhead, shrink not so!"
She said. "Thou wast a friend in need
To pluck my pearly mistletoe.
A merry Christmas be thy meed
For that most gentle deed!

"But merry Christmas is no more
In English land! I mind me how
We kept the joyful feast of yore,
In yon old ivied Hall, whence now
I 've stolen, to seek this bough!

"The men and maids, a rosy crowd,
Made noisy mirth, and thought no sin.
With pipe, and tabor beating loud —
Ah me, with what a joyous din
They brought the Yule block in!

"On high the elfin bough would hang;
And surely 't was a gleeful game,
And all the walls with laughter rang
When Hodge kissed Moll beneath the same,
Nor thought the jest a shame!

"With plums, and spice, and citron sweet,
Madge cook would work in cunning wise;
She kneaded paste, she shredded meat —
I trow thou wouldst have oped thine eyes
To see the Christmas pies!

"Good store, good cheer, for many a year
In that old Hall had we," she said;
"But now the days are grim and drear,
The larder 's bare, and mirth is dead."
She sighed, she turned, she fled.

Along the woodland path she went
As swiftly as the speeding doe;
For now the wintry day was spent,
Between the trunks the sunset glow
Grew faint upon the snow.

And little Year-of-Jubilee
Stood still, and stared, and heaved a sigh.
He thought, "Perhaps it would not be
A grievous sin to wish that I
Could *dream* of Christmas pie!"

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter V.

IN THE STREET OF THE FIGHT.

Twisting and squirming with a persistency that would do credit to a modern foot-ball scrimmage, Philip wriggled his way from beneath those trampling feet, and at last stood erect — battered but whole.

He looked about him for an instant, striving to catch his breath and get his bearings. It was a scene of terror and despair. The great room was thick with smoke, the flames were already roaring up to the roof, and seemed to burst from the house with which the ball-room was connected. Cries and shrieks filled the air. Then was displayed one phase of that excitable French nature which so often loses its head in great crises.

Some, however, kept their wits about them, and worked like Trojans. By dint of much labor they cleared the blocked doorway, and hurried the throng into the garden and the street beyond. About the Emperor, Philip saw a ring of the officers of the Imperial Guard, who with drawn swords kept the surging mob at bay, while he heard above the turmoil the voice of the Austrian ambassador shouting to Napoleon, "My life for yours, Sire! If this is a plot it shall strike me dead before it touches you!"

And on the imperial platform, calmly seated on the throne, Philip, with a flush of pride in her courage, saw the girl Empress, the coolest one in all that excited crowd, quietly awaiting

the word of her husband, the Emperor, to leave the place with him.

There was no plot. The fire was but a fearful accident that was to wreck the beautiful building and bring death to many homes. Assured of this, Napoleon worked his way to the platform, took the Empress by the hand, hurried into the garden, and, placing her in a carriage which Philip had found for him, sent his wife in safety to St. Cloud. Then he returned to the scene of disaster, and, in the same spirit of command that made so many of his battles victories, worked amid ruin and smoke to save life and property.

Philip worked too. As excited and omnipresent, and probably quite as much in the way, as a boy always is at a big fire, he rushed hither and thither, helping and hindering alike, but anxious above all things to find the pretty little partner who had been swept from his side when the rush had overthrown and trampled him under foot.

He feared the worst. How could any girl escape what a boy had been unable to withstand? Burning beams were falling; now an overcrowded staircase gave way and collapsed; now the great chandelier came crashing down; the lost were crying; the wounded were calling for help, and a sudden storm bursting upon the doomed building fanned the flames into a roaring blaze.

Rushing along one of the garden walks, determined to search everywhere for the missing girl, Philip stumbled into a half-concealed grotto where the musicians had been. There, in the wreckage of overturned music-racks and forsaken instruments, he saw the body of a young girl. It was she whom he sought. Overcome by the smoke, or by the fright and frenzy of the stampede, she had evidently found a place of refuge and then comfortably fainted.

Of course Philip thought she was dead. "Oh, Mademoiselle!" he cried in despair.

But even as he raised her up, she recovered consciousness, looked about her dazed, and then called, "Father!—Oh, take me to my father!"

Philip recalled the stories of Bayard and Roland, and all the gallant knights of old who had succored maidens in distress. Here, now, was his chance to show himself a true chevalier.

"Mademoiselle, let me take you home," he said. "Your father is there, no doubt."

Still weak from her fall and fright, the girl leaned upon her protector, and they made their way through the garden to the street. A tardy fire-engine, as clumsy as it was useless, came lumbering up to the gateway, and Philip drew the girl aside to avoid a collision with the excited crowd that came with it.

Suddenly the girl gave a cry of joy.

"Father, father!" she called shrilly; and, breaking from her conductor's side, she sprang into the arms of a gentleman whose look of mingled misery and perplexity changed swiftly into one of relief and joy as he clasped the girl in a welcome that was also protection. Then they turned, and before Philip could reach them they had hurried through the gateway, and were lost in the crowd and the darkness.

"Well," said Philip, just a trifle chagrined at this unexpected ending to his attempt at knight-errantry, "she is safe, no doubt. If one might have known her name! I wonder who she is?"

Then, finding that some order was coming out of the chaos of disaster, and that the firemen, the soldiers, and the armed police had taken matters in charge, Philip concluded there was no more to be seen. Wet and smoky, disheveled and torn, he started for the Tuileries; but as he crossed the square near the Vendôme Column he spied a carriage with pages on the box pushing its way through the crowd.

"Holo you! To St. Cloud?" he shouted in inquiry. And a chorus of pages replied:

"To St. Cloud, yes! Where have you tumbled from, disreputable one? Come along, my Lord Mud and Soot! Climb up here, young Desnouettes." Philip clambered up without even stopping the coach, and, squeezing himself in among the pages, was soon chattering and clattering away to St. Cloud and a brief night's rest.

Early next morning, by order of the Emperor, he hurried to the Embassy for the latest news. He brought back sorry tidings. Its destruction was complete. Many had been injured; some had been killed outright, or had since died. Altogether it was a tragic ending to what had promised to be a brilliant affair.

But those were days when people were all too familiar with disaster and death. Crowding events pushed past happenings out of mind. Napoleon wished his court to be both gay and glorious, and disaster must never be mentioned.

So the fatal ball at the Embassy was forgotten, save by those who had experienced its terrors, either to their own hurt or in the injury or loss of those who were dear to them. The coming of new glories gave a fresh current to thought, while new happenings occupied young and old, rich and poor, in Paris.

Once a week, when off duty for a few hours, Philip always went to see Babette. He took as much interest in her education and progress as if he were indeed her guardian, and the sisters of the convent school in the Street of the Old Pigeon-House* welcomed the bright boy with smiles, and allowed him a generous half-hour's interview in the conversation-room.

There was enough of the street-boy nature remaining in Philip to make him like to "prowl"; and in these walks to see Babette in the Street of the Old Pigeon-House, the young page of the palace would often make roundabout journeys, stumbling into all sorts of out-of-the-way places, running all sorts of risks, but never getting into any real danger, though there was plenty of it beneath the surface-life in the Paris of those days.

It was while on one of his "prowls," one afternoon, when he had been to visit Babette, that he was strolling leisurely along the Street of the Fight,† one of the very quietest and quaintest of the streets of old Paris, when he was attracted by a tug of war between two hostile sparrows who were struggling for a tough straw that both seemed equally to fancy for nest-repairing.

The sparrows pulled and tugged and fluttered so vigorously that Philip, always alive to the humorous side of things, leaned against the nearest fence-rail and watched the equal match.

"Perhaps that 's why they call this the Fight Street," he was just saying to himself, when he felt a touch on his shoulder. Looking up, he saw a decent-looking house-servant.

"Will Monsieur enter?" the man said. "Mademoiselle receives."

Philip looked puzzled. "Mademoiselle?" he queried.

"Yes, Monsieur," the footman explained; "the Citizen Keeper's daughter. She saw you from the window, and her father, the Keeper, bids you enter. To-day Mademoiselle receives."

Philip looked closely at the house. He was certain he had never seen it before.

"But," he began, "I do not know Mademoiselle."

At that instant a tall, scholarly-looking gentleman came through the open doorway and stood beside him.

"Oh, but you do, my boy," he said, breaking in upon Philip's uncertainty. "Enter, I beg, and see for yourself."

The gentleman was so distinguished in appearance, and he laid so friendly a hand upon the page's shoulder, that Philip willingly entered the house.

The footman lifted a heavy curtain, and Philip stood within a neat drawing-room furnished in the simple style of the Revolution. A young girl came quickly forward from a group of people.

"I am so glad you came in," she said impulsively. "I saw you from the window, and knew you at once."

Philip looked closely at the speaker. In an instant it was all clear to him. "Mademoiselle" was his partner in the quadrille on the lawn — the girl he had rescued from the grotto that fatal night of the ball at the Embassy.

He bent low over her extended hand, for thus were boys of those days taught to "make their manners" to ladies.

"Mademoiselle is very kind," he said.

The girl laughed merrily at this stately politeness, and, making up for the forgotten ceremony with which she should have greeted him after the fashion of the day, she courtesied deeply in acknowledgment. Then she laughed again, joyfully and unaffectedly.

"Did you not think us most ungrateful, we two — father and I," she said, "that we should have so rushed away from you that dreadful night? But my father — why, where is he? See, my father, was I not right? — it was our benefactor."

Philip's conductor gave him a cordial smile of welcome. He took both the lad's hands in his. "My best of boys," he cried, "how proud I am to see you here! We have long wished — we two thoughtless ones — to learn who was the brave young gentleman who united us that dreadful night — "

* Rue du Vieux-Colombier. † Rue de Mêlée.

"When we lost our schottische," interrupted Mademoiselle. "Do you not remember that was next to come when the wreaths caught fire?"

"And such a charming schottische as it would have been," said Philip gallantly.

"Let me make you known to our friends," said the master of the house, as he took the boy's arm and hurried him toward the waiting group. "My friends," he said, "let me present to you—"

Here his daughter again interrupted him. "But, papa," she cried, "we do not know Monsieur's name—nor does he know ours. Is it not droll?"

"So! the little one is right," said the introducer with a laugh. "Permit me, Monsieur. We are the household of Daunou, Keeper of the Archives. I am the Keeper. Mademoiselle here is my dear daughter Lucie. And you?"

"I, Monsieur the Keeper," replied the boy, "am Philip Desnouettes, one of the pages to the Emperor."

"Ha, that Corsican!" The exclamation came from a little fat man of middle age and fierce face, who stood at the elbow of Monsieur the Keeper of the Archives.

Philip fired up in an instant.

"Sir, I said the Emperor!" he exclaimed, a flush of surprise and anger mantling his face.

"Pouf, pouf! What a young game-cock it is! How hot we are! And is he not a Corsican?" the fat man fumed.

But the Keeper of the Archives clapped a hand over the offending mouth. "Be quiet, Fauriel," he said. "Monsieur the Page is my guest, and such words are not for him. We all have our preferences and our loyalties. Desnouettes, did you say, my boy?"

"Yes, Monsieur; Philip Desnouettes," the boy replied.

"The name has a familiar sound," said the Keeper. "Your father?"

"An *émigré*, Monsieur," the boy answered. "Executed in 1796 for not leaving France when the nobles were that year expelled."

"What, you boy!" Fauriel the fat broke in, "your father a martyr, and you a slave of the Corsican!"

"Sir, my Emperor was not the murderer of my father; he has been my protector," Philip began, hotly. But the other broke in quite as hotly.

"Pouf!—a fine protector, he! A wolf shielding the lambs! Whom has he protected? Has he not enslaved, has he not juggled with—has he not—"

"But, papa," Mademoiselle cried appealingly, "do I receive, or does Uncle Fauriel? Tell him he shall not spoil my day with his hateful politics. See, Monsieur Philip is very angry, and so am I."

The Keeper of the Archives laughed aloud. "Do not mind him, Monsieur the Page," he said; "this is a little pot and soon heated. There, there, Fauriel, do not get angry; you know your bark is worse than your bite. Let him alone; he is but a boy. What should he care for your tirades, except perhaps to love his Emperor the more and regard you the less?"

"But our boys are the Frenchmen of the future, Daunou," the little man replied. "I am angered to see them worshiping at the shrine of the Corsican—this Nicholas,* this little beast, this—"

"Sir!" Philip shouted.

"Uncle! Papa!" Mademoiselle protested. And, almost before he knew what he was doing, the angry page of the palace sprang at the detractor of his Emperor and thumped him soundly on his ruffled shirt-front.

"Fellow!" he cried, red with rage, "he who maligns my Emperor insults me! Withdraw your words or I will kill you!"

But the fat calumniator of Napoleon looked into the face of the Emperor's young champion, and snapped his fingers once, twice, beneath the boy's nose.

"Pah! Infant!" he said. "That for you!" Then he turned his back on the angry boy and called out with the laugh that maddens, "Daunou, send for his nurse!"

CHAPTER VI.

A FUSS WITH FOUCHÉ.

PHILIP fairly cried with rage. A boy's wrath is sometimes so overmastering that it unnerves him, and he can do nothing but let it dissolve in tears. But the boy quickly dashed the un-

* One of the nicknames of Napoleon.

welcome drops from his eyes, and turned to the Keeper of the Archives.

"Sir—" he began, but the Keeper interrupted him, gently but firmly:

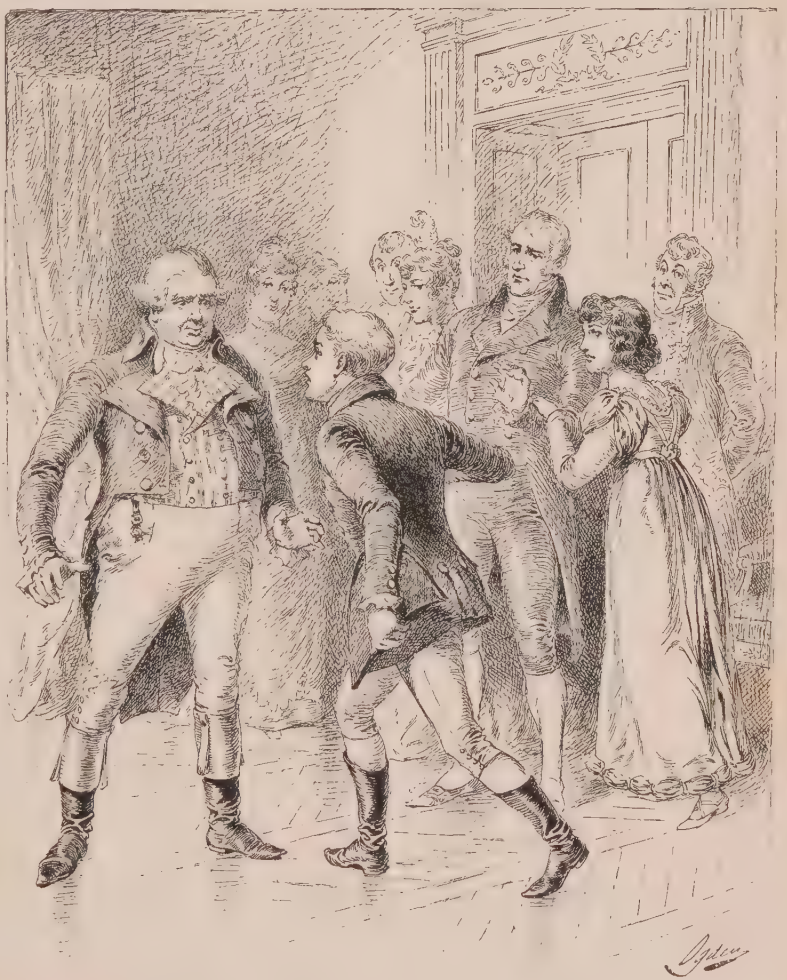
"We are all citizens in this household, my boy," he said. "For us, at least, the Republic is not yet dead, nor have we grown weary of its simple ways."

"Citizen Keeper, then," Philip said, falling back upon the old address of the Revolution, "I bid you and Mademoiselle good day. If it be the ways of the Republic to malign the absent and to insult guests, then am I glad the Republic is dead. Long live the Emperor!"

And, deeply bowing, the boy turned toward the door. But the Keeper of the Archives caught him by the arm. "Amen to that wish, my son!" he said. "None surely could breathe it more sincerely than do I, though I neither countenance all the actions nor blindly follow the lead of the Emperor. I, too, am in the service of the State. So do I seek to render, as is my duty, loyal and devoted service, even though the Emperor does not love me, and I am friend enough to him to know his faults and wish him well enough to see him mend them."

"And I am friend enough to Monsieur Philip—he, surely, is not yet old enough to be Citizen Philip, is he, papa?—to wish him well out of the nest of politics into which he has fallen." So said Mademoiselle. "For me, papa," she added, "I do think you might at least protect him from Uncle Fauriel here, whose tongue is sharper than Celestine's needle without being able to do nearly as much work—nor as good, either."

Hereupon, Uncle Fauriel came forward, his hand extended, his fierceness lost in a smile.



"THE ANGRY PAGE OF THE PALACE SPRANG AT THE DETRACTOR OF HIS EMPEROR."

"You are a brave boy, young Desnouettes," he said; "and I an old fool. My tongue is but a galloping steed that often bears me runaway. I ask your pardon. Any boy who has pluck enough to help the helpless and champion the absent has my admiration, even though the helpless one be the girl who detests her Uncle Fauriel, and the absent one be the Cor— the fellow I detest. Come, take you my apology and my hand. I need to fight with a fellow

first to make me love him. And I love you. Here, friends all: a toast, in Mademoiselle's own grape-juice. I give you: 'Monsieur the Page. May Mademoiselle never need a doughtier knight, or Napoleon himself a more loyal champion.' I drink to Monsieur the Page!"

And all the company caught up the delicate glasses from Mademoiselle's little table.

"To Monsieur the Page!" they cried, and emptied their glasses with a will.

"There, now; we are all friends, are we not?" cried Mademoiselle, gleefully. "Come, Monsieur Philip, let me finish papa's unlucky attempt. You must know us all." And, taking the boy's arm, the young girl introduced him to her guests.

The greetings were most cordial, and Philip soon found himself in such novel and yet such friendly surroundings that he was glad of the adventure and even did not regret his quarrel. For even those who disagree with us think all the more of us if we are ready to defend our principles stoutly and with vigor. Philip's first principle was loyalty to the Emperor; and this he was prepared to maintain against all comers, and even in hostile company.

He enjoyed himself so much that he very nearly overstayed his time. His adieus, therefore, were hurried; but he accepted Citizen Daunou's earnest invitation to come to them again, and he bade Mademoiselle good day with boyish warmth and emphasis.

"I am so glad to have met you, Mademoiselle," he said, "that I do not even regret the fire."

"Nor I my ungracious flight from my preserver," she replied smilingly; "and — we yet may have that schottische."

As Philip was hurrying along the Street of the Fight toward the New Bridge, an arm was slipped through his, and a puffy, panting voice said, "So! but you travel fast, you boy. Let us walk together, we two."

It was Uncle Fauriel. Philip was almost startled by the friendliness of his late ferocious adversary.

"What! you, Monsieur?" he cried.

"Come, come; none of your aristocratic notions with me, son of the *émigré*. Don't Monsieur me! I am plain Citizen Fauriel. That is surely enough for any honest Frenchman in these days when marshals and dukes are as plenty as pease in a porridge; or you should call me as does my dear Mademoiselle — Uncle Fauriel. I should like to be Uncle to all the brave boys and girls of France. I wish to walk and talk with you, young Desnouettes. I meant nothing against you by my talk. Of course you know that. It is but my way. I hate the Corsican, and I make no secret of saying so — among friends."

"But why?" Philip inquired.

"Why?" Uncle Fauriel replied. "See here, my Philip; I am of the Revolution. I went through blood for the rights of man. I cried down kings and thrones. When that the abbey of St. Denis was sacked, I was there — to batter down its statues and dig up the bones of kings. My comrades and I handed the red bonnet to Capet, and let loose toward heaven the doves of Robespierre. I sang 'Up, Vengeance!' with the loudest, and danced the Carmagnole with the maddest. Yes, I was not so fat then as to-day. I could dance. I adored the Revolution. I loved the Republic. But when the Republic became the Terror, and blood only was its soul, then I saw that even liberty can become tyranny, and longed for one who should save the nation. He came. It was the Corsican — the Commander, the Conqueror, the Consul. I hailed him as the deliverer of France. But power has puffed him up, and he who might have been France's savior is himself France's tyrant. Then I gave up — I who had been a soldier of the Republic, I who had served as secretary to Fouché —"

"The Duke of Otranto?" Philip cried in surprise.

"Give me no dukes, boy," Uncle Fauriel returned, hotly. "He is but Fouché to me; and ever the same Fouché, though steeped in titles — Fouché, the renegade priest, bloodhound of the Terror, chief spy of the Empire!"

"Citizen! — quiet, quiet, I pray!" Philip exclaimed in alarm, but under his breath. "Fouché is everywhere."

"And you are a page of the Emperor," Uncle Fauriel said, with a knowing nod. "You are wise, you boy, and know upon which side of your bread the butter has been spread. But

now you know why I hate the Corsican. He has betrayed liberty. I hailed him as the one man who might redeem France; he has been the one man to enslave her. So I gave up politics for pen-work. But still is my anger hot. Listen, son of the *émigré:* you are young; you are hopeful; you have everything to choose from and everything to do. Your life lies before you. Worship no man. If you must serve the Cor—the Emperor—then serve him well; not for his interest, though—for the nation's. Our boys are our only salvation. So, if I get growl-y, if I anger you again, forgive me and say to yourself: Uncle Fauriel is a madman; but he has run against all sorts of people and knows how small a thing is a man. Adieu, young Desnouettes; adieu, my Philip. Here is my home. You are a bright boy; be bright with both your eyes."

And with that the boy's new friend darted into the doorway of one of the lofty houses in the narrow Street of the Gibbet, leaving Philip wondering. So rapid had been Uncle Fauriel's flow of talk that Philip had not been able to get a word in edgewise. It was a new experience to him, to find men opposed to the Emperor — and not Austrians, nor Prussians, nor Englishmen, but Frenchmen! This gave him a sensation at once surprising and unpleasant. He could not understand it, for he knew that Uncle Fauriel, notwithstanding his hot temper, was a wise man. But at last, with a boy's ready carelessness, he threw aside the unpleasant notion even as he spurned the advice. "Hate the Emperor?" he said to himself. "How absurd! It is folly; it is treason!"

But, for all that, Philip's new friends proved such an attraction that the boy found his feet again and again turning down the narrow and peaceful Street of the Fight, and he became a welcome visitor at what her father, the Keeper of the Archives, was pleased to style, laughingly, "Mademoiselle's salon."

So it came about that, though Mademoiselle hated politics, and Philip loved a good time, he could not help gathering much that was of value to an expanding young mind eager to hear and to learn of new and novel things. But besides much wise talk from the scholars and thinkers who frequented the house of the Keeper of the Archives, Philip also heard the tales related of what men had hoped and what men had done in the days when the Republic was really a dream of liberty; and how France might have been a second America if there could but have risen a Washington, as in the land beyond the sea. There, too, though he had many a war of words with "Uncle Fauriel," as he came to call him, Philip learned to love the fiery patriot who had hoped for so much, and had been so sadly disappointed, in the Revolution, the Republic, and the Consulate. For out of these three had come the Empire; and to Uncle Fauriel the empire was only—the Corsican!

There are some natures that distrust makes all the more loyal. Such was Philip Desnouette's. He redoubled his efforts to please this Emperor whom some deemed more than mortal and some called less than man. He became so zealous in the doing of his duty that even Napoleon noticed his tireless energy, and, playfully pinching his ear, said to him one day in the Tuileries: "Don't hurry so, you boy. Time enough to overdo when occasion calls. I must keep young France healthy for France's needs. Help to make the palace bright and gay. Are you happy here, young Desnouettes?"

"I am happy to be near you, Sire," the boy replied.

"Good boy"; and again came the favorite ear-pinching that every one about this singular man had experienced, from Empress and marshal down to page and post-boy. "And could you sing 'Zig-zag,' think you, as you did when you were our 'dirty boy,' for Uncle Bibiche and little Napoleon? Poor little Napoleon!"

For the little Prince Napoleon, the son of King Louis of Holland, the probable heir of his uncle the Emperor, had died suddenly in the days when Philip was at the school of St. Cyr. And no one had yet taken the bright little fellow's place in the Emperor's affections, for Napoleon had dearly loved his baby nephew and namesake.

The very day of the recognition of Philip's zeal by the Emperor was also one of Mademoiselle's "salon days," and Philip's exuberance of spirits found vent in a particularly hot debate with Uncle Fauriel, who delighted to stir the boy's loyalty into fresh protestations.

Even during their roundabout walk homeward from the Street of the Fight, by way of the Square of the Louvre, they still kept up the talk, and both grew so heated over it that

"I AM HAPPY TO BE NEAR YOU, SIRE,' SAID PHILIP."

Uncle Fauriel was glad to stop a lemonade-man and "stand treat" in some of the acid coolness that the man drew for them from the odd-looking tank he carried on his back.

As they turned to cross the square, Uncle Fauriel, occupied in wiping the moisture from his lips, was well nigh run over by a coach which came dashing heedlessly across their path, and was saved from the collision only by Philip's strong young hand.

"Now then, stupid one! What are eyes for, you?" cried the coachman, scarcely deigning to rein up his horses at this narrow escape.

"Ah, beast!" Uncle Fauriel called back, furiously. "If I but had here you and your master, I would teach you manners!" and he shook his fist at horses and driver as the coach rolled past. The man within, attracted by the jar and the loud voices, looked out at the window. He caught sight of Uncle Fauriel's doubled fist; he saw the protecting arm of the page. A decoration gleamed upon his breast; a look of mingled recognition and contempt was on his heavy face.

And, as that face appeared at the window, Uncle Fauriel only shook his fist the harder. "Ah, you spy!" he cried; "you would run down honester men than yourself, would you?"

But Philip, too, had recognized the heavy face at the coach window.

"My faith!" he exclaimed, as he dragged Uncle Fauriel away; "but you will get yourself into trouble, Citizen Uncle, with that tongue of yours. Did you see who it was, that?"

"Did I not, then?" was the reply. "Bah! the spy!" And again he shook his fist at the retreating carriage. The man within the coach was Fouché, the Emperor's hated chief of police.

The next day, as Philip was awaiting orders at the Tuileries, an order came. "Young Desnouettes is called to the Emperor," came the order from the first page, Malvirade. And Philip passed into the Emperor's study.

"So, sir, you consort with malcontents, do you? You conspire with traitors, eh?" the Emperor broke out, even before the page could make his salute. "Is this, then, your return for my good offices?"

The tone was so different from the imperial greeting of the day before, it was so startling in its hostility, that Philip drew back in surprise, dismayed and dumfounded; he was unable to reply.

"What! have you no tongue, you boy?" the Emperor cried. "Come! speak! Speak up, you!"

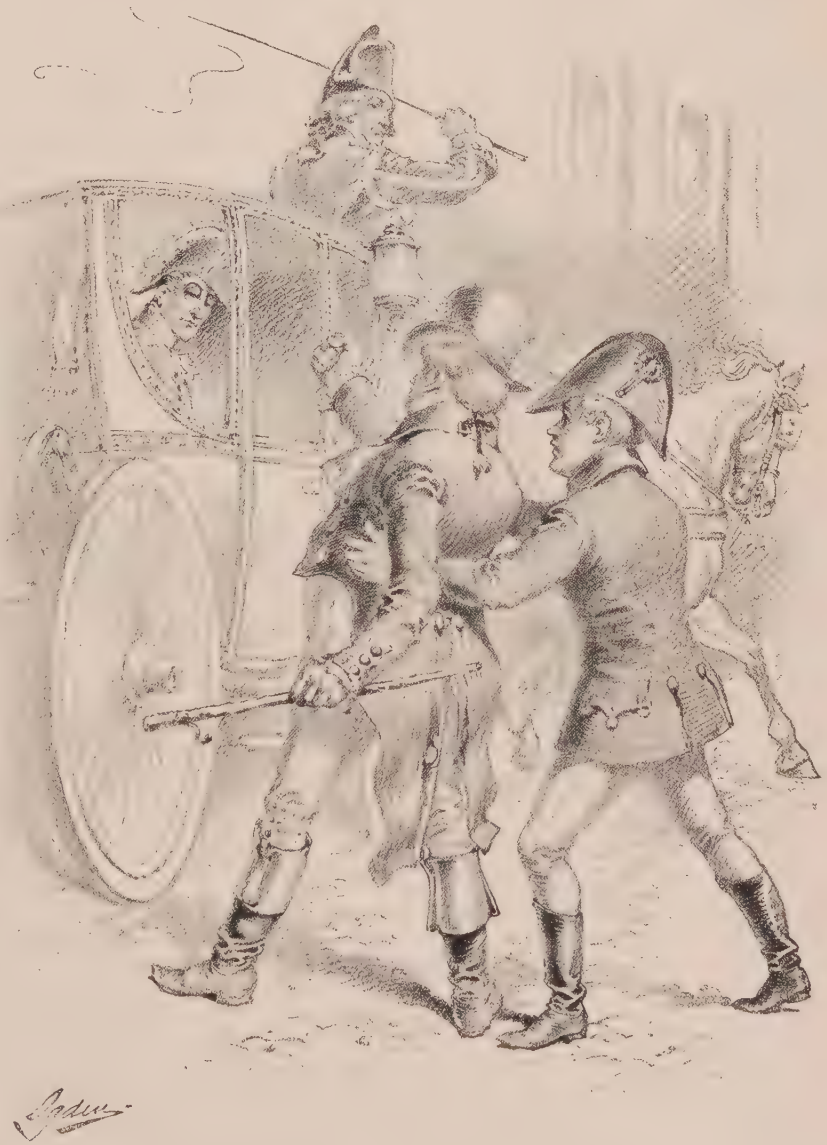
"Sire," stammered the boy, "I do not know what you mean. I —" Then the words came with the ring of sincerity — "Some one has spoken falsely. No one loves or serves you more faithfully than I."

"So! we boast, do we?" the Emperor almost snarled. "'T is a false service, though. I know your ways better than you think. What plots are you conspiring with Fauriel, who hates me? What takes you so often to the house of that Daunou? What would these treason-workers have of you — of you, a page of the Emperor? Is your *émigré* blood telling, after all? Are you the cat's-paw to pull out the chestnuts?"

"Sire," Philip said proudly, "my father was faithful unto death. My friends are no traitors."

"Are they not, then? How is it, Otranto? What enlightening can you give this young fool who protests and prates so glibly?" And Napoleon turned toward one who, till now, had sat in shadow.

Then Philip recognized and remembered.



UNCLE FAURIEL SHAKES HIS FIST AT FOUCHÉ.

His accuser was Fouché, who never deemed any one too high or any one too low for his schemings — Fouché, Duke of Otranto, and minister of police.

"Did not I see you in the Square of the

Louvre but yesterday with the Citizen Fauriel, as he calls himself — Fauriel, the loudest-mouthed foe to the Emperor in all Paris?" the minister of police inquired in his cool, exasperating way. "Have you not again and again visited the house of Daunou, Keeper of the Archives, who lives in the Street of the Fight — Daunou, the Emperor's most inveterate opponent?"

"I have no cause to deny my friendships, Monsieur the Duke," Philip replied calmly.

"But are these friendships for a page of the Emperor?" Fouché inquired. "And does not that malcontent Fauriel,—my secretary once, remember,—does he not attack the Emperor openly? Did he not shake his fist at me, the Emperor's representative, in the public streets, yesterday?"

"He did, Monsieur the Duke," Philip admitted frankly. "But it was not from enmity, that. It was but his way, as you—"

"Bah! His way! his way!" the Emperor broke in. "Then is not his way ours. Look, you page; I can have no divided duty, no questionable loyalty, in those who are of my household. You have chosen to consort with malcontents; you take your friends from among my enemies; you shall not, then, serve me. Go! You are dismissed from the service of the Emperor!"

"'GO! YOU ARE DISMISSED FROM THE SERVICE OF THE EMPEROR!'"

(To be continued.)

THREE FRESHMEN: RUTH, FRAN, AND NATHALIE.

By Jessie M. Anderson.

Chapter I.

EAST AND WEST.

In a quiet corner of one of the staider suburbs of Boston stands the house that has sheltered five generations of Chittendens. As we approach it, passing a block of new, electric-lighted mansions, with their carefully leveled plats of grass and their row of very young stripling trees, the place has the warm gray look of an old age full of memories and treasures.

Inside the house the chill of an early September frost has made itself felt since the sun went down behind the old oaks on the western slope, and the hickory fire in the library has brought everybody down-stairs before dinner.

Father and Mother and Cousin Will sit in a semicircle before the fire, talking in half-sentences about nothing in particular. By the center-table is Ruth, buried in a deep leather arm-chair, with little Elsie in her lap. The child, but lately promoted to sitting up for dinner, is sadly sleepy, but bravely blinks the "Sandman" away, and clings to Ruth, with both arms tight about her neck.

"I don't *wish* to have you be going away to college next week. You are *my* beautiful Ruth, and you shall not go away!" The clear high voice struggled with a sleepy sob.

The little girl had a passionate fondness for her elder sister. She would always speak of her as "my beautiful sister Ruth." "She has mouse-colored eyes and gold-colored hair," she would go on if you cared to listen, "and she has a *beautiful* nose — though Cousin Will says it is not big enough for a college girl's!"

"What do you suppose Great-aunt Priscilla and Great-great-grandmother Patience would say to this move of yours, Ruth?" said Will Chittenden, coming behind Ruth's chair.

Ruth looked at the paneled portraits, and then at herself in the high, narrow mirror between them, and smiled. Then she laughed — a quiet, meditative laugh — and said, "Oh, Will, I had a letter from my future room-mate this morning. Would you like to read it? It is there on the window-seat; read it aloud."

Will picked up the thick envelope. It was blue, and sealed with a monogram in white wax. The writing was large and unformed, but very clear, with strong down-strokes.

He held the three sheets toward the lamp, and, read in mock-tragic tone:

My dear Chum-about-to-be: The Hubbard House matron has written me that you are to be in No. 34 with me this winter; so you are marveling as to what I am like. *Cela va sans dire.* Don't deny it.

I know what a Boston girl thinks of a Chicagoan, but I truly have never *seen* an Indian, and I have spent every summer in Europe since I was three years old.

Moreover I am *never* guilty of slang. When my feelings demand vent, I use French. I can say anything I choose, as Mother does not half understand it, and only remarks that "one *bonne* in the house is enough."

Now I will describe myself. I am aged sixteen, and I measure five feet eight. (I was about to add "in my stockings," but I know that would pain a Boston girl; I have not forgotten how I shocked an English damsel that way!)

I am usually taken for twenty. Mother says I have a sweeping way when I walk into a shop, as if I owned the town. I feel obliged to put this in, as a bit of impartial criticism, though it may prejudice you against me.

As for my mental ability, I am always first in the classes here, but I don't care much for study. I want to go to an Eastern university, because it is what the boys do, and it is so very jolly coming home at Christmas and Easter. As for the Iliad, and the dear Orations against Catiline, I like them well enough, though Greek and Latin are getting very old-fashioned; German and French and Italian are so much more useful. By the way, à propos de Cicero, my teacher — who is a Smith graduate — told me that I had the most remarkable English vocabulary for vituperation she had ever heard. I did enjoy overwhelming Catiline, and I spent nights looking up synonyms for rogue, villain, cut-throat, spendthrift, and outcast.

"Feeling" and "will" come next to "intellect" in Psychology, don't they? Well, I have no feelings, and a tremendous will. *Pense donc!* I am described. Like a Madame Lebrun "self in mirror"!

"RUTH OPENED THE DOOR TO A DOZEN LAUGHING SOPHOMORES." (SEE PAGE 194.)

I shall be in Northampton early, and shall expect to welcome you Wednesday evening.

Au voir! FRANCES PEYTON TOWNSEND.

You are to call me "Fran."

CHICAGO, 15 September, 188–.

Will laid down the letter with a huge mock sigh. Dr. Chittenden laughed, and extended his other slippered foot toward the blaze. Mrs. Chittenden said sweetly, "You know, Will, you have always said Ruth was too staid; and this fresh, energetic girl will be just the one to wake her up." Ruth smiled, and said doubtfully, "Ought I to answer the letter, mother dear?"

"No, child, there is n't time," put in Will, "any more than there 's time for Elsie to have a nap before dinner, for there it is now!" and as the maid picked Elsie up, he forced Ruth into a waltz down the hall, saying teasingly, "Come, chum, *you* need *waking up!*"

CHAPTER II.

AND SUNNY SOUTH.

Then that same day there passed into the hall
A damsel of high lineage, and a brow
May-blossom, and a cheek of apple-blossom,
Hawk-eyes; and lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower.

—*Tennyson.*

IT was Wednesday evening, and Ruth Chittenden and Frances Townsend were studying each other and their new surroundings in No. 34.

Frances was deftly unpacking some tea-cups, and chattering like a magpie, entirely at her ease in a pleasant consciousness of being mas-

ter of the situation. Ruth sat on the foot of the bed, already a trifle homesick, not knowing whether to be fascinated or repelled by her new room-mate. She liked the bright, frank laugh with which Frances looked up at her every few minutes, with some funny turn of phrase or comical, impatient motion over a string that would neither untie nor break. She liked the fullness of health in every bend of the strong, supple figure. But she resented the fact that Frances was better dressed than she, and more at ease than she; and she had a sense of being patronized, which she could not have justified, but which made her very uncomfortable — and so, not altogether friendly.

Frances, seeing the unfriendliness but not its cause, set it down to Boston stiffness, and determined to force Ruth out of it as soon as possible.

"My brother gave me this lounge and the tea-table," she remarked, arranging the china in cozy fashion. "He had them at Harvard a year, so they are used to academic halls. The lounge is a treasure. See! it has a cavern within, worthy of the Trojan horse"; and she pulled off the cushions and lifted the wooden lid. "In that we can keep our Sunday hats and our tea-biscuit"; and she seized a feather-duster and began to scatter the dust with no gentle strokes.

In the midst of this came a tap at the door, and in walked the matron — "Mother Hubbard" the girls called her — with a slight, delicate-featured, sunny-haired girl, whom she introduced as Miss Nathalie Page. "She is the other First Class young lady I spoke of," she said, "and as she rooms near you, in that little room just at the end of this hall, I thought you would like to meet at once"; and then, with a pleasant nod and a smile at all three, the gentle-faced "'Mother" hurried off to meet other Hubbardites.

Frances held out her hand to Nathalie encouragingly, and said: "I 'm glad you 've come, Nathalie Page, for we three are the only freshmen in the house, and we must stand by one another in the coming siege. You would much better sit down in the rocking-chair, *ma chère*, for you can't enjoy such luxury long. Half the sixty girls in the house are sophs; did you know that, and what it portends? Well, they will be in here presently, by tens and twenties, and we shall have to give them the chairs and the beds and the window-sills and the radiators, and sit on the floor ourselves. So prepare yourselves for the invasion! It 's the only hazing they allow at Smith — 'rah for Smith!"

"Why, what do they come for?" said Nathalie slowly, looking frightened and ready to cry; while Ruth picked up a brush and began to smooth her thick, light hair, which was parted in the middle and hung in two braids nearly to her heels.

Frances laughed, and ran her fingers through her own straight brown bang till it stood out stiff with horror. "Oh, they simply ask questions, — where we were born and brought up; at what school we were fitted; how many sisters and brothers we have, with ages of each; what course we expect to take; what electives; which church we are to attend; whether we are musical; how we spell our names; and — oh, if there were time, I would put a placard on the door-post, publishing our names, ages, and political convictions, as they did in the French Revolution! But we have n't even our visiting-cards unpacked. I asked about all these things from a girl I knew who was here two years ago. I find it is always well in Rome to know what the Romans do!"

Nathalie gave a helpless little sigh, and sank into the sofa-pillows which lay heaped on the floor. She did not know whether to laugh or cry. Ruth, who had a quick eye for color and form, leaned back against the wall and enjoyed the picture. The girl was like an old-time portrait of a Virginian beauty of the fair type. The red-gold of the hair, and the exquisitely cut profile with the nose just a bit "tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower," against the soft apple-green of a china-silk cushion, had a perfect delicacy and grace; and Ruth longed to make a painting of her.

At the same time came a pang of injured vanity. If Frances had more style and self-possession than she, Nathalie was prettier. And Ruth was not used to being second: she was the idol of her home. It was the best lesson she was to learn in her college course, — how to

value herself justly and with good perspective, and thus become both less vain and more self-reliant.

But the evening was beginning. Voices were heard in the hall, and while Frances picked up Nathalie, Ruth opened the door to a dozen laughing sophomores.

Things went exactly as foretold. The "old girls" eyed the new girls, and decided, according to their different standards, that Nathalie was "the gem of the collection," or that Ruth was *lovely*, "a real Boston girl—just the type one likes to have pointed out as a college student"; but Frances—or "Fran," as she was known from that first night—was the favorite. The girls who found Nathalie languid and Ruth stiff, flocked around Frances, laughed at her jokes, and made mental notes of how she wore her "society pins." She was a leader.

Before the week was out, Fran Townsend was elected class president by the freshmen, and was much sought after by upper-class girls with a taste for *protégées*.

Let not the quieter young women complain of this. The gentle strength of fine breeding and scholarly tastes has its power, and within college walls more quickly and surely than outside. But the class-room is not all of college, and everywhere the elements of popularity are the same—a happy, unanalytical way of enjoying life, a quick ease at light-hearted talk, and a knack at making other people happy. Why should there be scorn of this, or envy?

Thoughts like these scampered recklessly through Ruth's tired brain, long after both the other girls were asleep. At last she sank into a confused dream, in which she felt herself arraigned before rows of girl judges, while little Elsie faced them and screamed, "She is *my* —BEAUTIFUL—sister Ruth."

CHAPTER III.

BOFFIN'S BOWER.

Accordingly I use heart, head, and hand;
All day I build, scheme, study, and make friends.
—*Robert Browning.*

SATURDAY afternoon, Ruth wrote to her mother a long letter, and here is a part of it:

Tell Cousin Will that his darling dream is to be realized. I am "waking up"! I am dizzy when I look back. I expected to have my books ready by Monday for beginning regular work; instead of which, Frances found the list of text-books and lessons for *Thursday* on the bulletin-board at the college post-office, and we have in these three days recited two hundred lines of the Odyssey and five pages of Livy, taken two lectures on rhetoric, and one from the President on "The Idea of a College," and I have had two lectures in drawing, and a two-hour lesson.

Besides this, we have been to Chapel every morning, played tennis every afternoon, and Frances has fairly forced me into a French club, to read Daudet Saturday evenings.

It was raining, and too dark to write, though only five o'clock. Ruth laid down her pen and sat musing, and gazing out at the wet campus with the waterproofed girls hurrying over the concrete walks, most of them returning from the college library or laboratories to the Hubbard, Washburn, or Dewey "Houses." When Frances and Nathalie came in, they found her still sitting in the dark.

"Why, you blessed kitten!—why did n't you have tea for us?" cried Fran, throwing off her mackintosh and striking a sputtering match. She lit the gas-jets on each side of the bureau, and, tweaking one of Ruth's braids which hung temptingly over the back of her chair, went on cheerily: "Ruth, you get out those little gingersnaps, and Nathalie can make the tea, while I fill the student-lamp. I know there is n't a drop of oil in the thing."

Ten minutes later, all three were as merry as the tea-kettle itself, which bubbled cozily.

"I think this is the dearest old room in the college," remarked Nathalie, in her slow musical voice, with upward inflections. "It 's a perfect bower, do you know it?"

"I *have* it!" shouted Fran. "It is '*Boffin's Bower.*' Don't you remember 'Pa' and 'Ma'?—in 'Our Mutual Friend'!—and Nathalie can be Our Mutual Friend, or 'O. M. F.' for short. *Pense donc!*" and she devoured a whole gingersnap at once, by way of a period.

Nathalie said she did not know what they were talking about, but Ruth took up the idea with a zest.

"Why, Nathalie, it 's Dickens's Pa and Ma Boffin! Why, yes! Fran should be Ma, with her lounge and her tea-table and her rug,—Ma Boffin was 'fashionable,' and had a carpet on *her* half of the Bower!—and I will be Pa, with

severe simplicity of taste; and *you*, Our Mutual Friend, Mr. John Rokesmith. Delightful!"

"I wish I had thought of it before," sighed Fran. "It would have been such fun, that first night, to have introduced ourselves to those inquisitive sophomores as the Boffin Family! By the by, girls, do you remember that big black-eyed snob of about thirty years of age, who came in with Miss Bingham? She tried to level me with some remark about Chicago being 'yet a freshman in the college of America.' I asked her if it was really the derivation of the word *Sophomore* — the Greek *sophos* and the English *more* — and if it meant that they would know more by and by? I met her a few minutes ago in the hall, and she looked at me freezingly, just about zero Fahrenheit. I said, '*Won't* you come in and have some tea? You look cold!' Then I fled for my life, and ran across this Nathalie-girl going right past our door. Now, I move that O. M. F.'s room be used *only* for digging, and when *not* digging or napping, that O. M. F. be found in the Bower!"

"Seconded!" said Ruth; "and let these humble cakes supply the place of the Boffin veal pie"; whereupon she pressed more gingersnaps upon the Mutual Friend.

"You both are as good and sweet as you can be," Nathalie answered; "but, do you know, I had like to have died with homesickness this afternoon. I was just going to have a cry in my room when Fran dragged me in here."

"Do tell Ruth some of those fascinating things about Virginia you told me," suggested Fran brightly; "it 's enough to make any girl homesick, to leave a place like that."

"I never would leave Virginia for a minute, if I had my way," said Nathalie, with the soft inflections which someway can hold as keen an emphasis as the less musical Yankee accentuations. "But since papa died, my uncle who lives in the North — in New York — says I have a regular darky dialect, and I must be educated in the North. So I went to Washington last year, to Aunt Page Beresford's, to fit for college. But Washington seems more like you were at home."

"Do tell Ruth about your plantation — is n't it the jolliest you ever *heard* of, Ruth? I mean to go down there some day. They have five hundred acres on the James River, and they have their own pier, and they signal the Richmond steamers with a handkerchief when they start on a trip; and they row across the river for their mail twice a week! It makes me feel as if I could write a poem! They have 'quarters' and 'cabins' and 'mammies,' and ricefields, and whole acres of jonquils which Nathalie can see from her window. Do you wonder she is homesick?"

"You will like New England, too, Nathalie," said Ruth, rather out of touch with Fran's raptures. "Northampton is a beautiful place when the rains are over and the leaves turn."

"Yes, it is a very pretty place," answered Nathalie vaguely, wondering why she did not like Ruth so well as usual. But Fran, understanding sectional prejudice better than either of the less traveled young women, cleared away the tea-things, and got down the heavy Liddell and the little red-bound Odysseys, and insisted on their reading Monday's lesson.

So it was that Boffin's Bower came into being; and a cozy little corner of the world it was, too. For all three girls had the young woman's instinct for home-making; and their friendship grew into a very close bond, which held through many differences of temperament and training, and taught them the most vital truths of human society.

Ruth and Nathalie learned to acknowledge the beauty of some customs that were not of Massachusetts or Virginia. Frances, without losing her quickness and vigor, softened and sweetened, and grew into a respect for Ruth's gentleness, and a reliance on her less impulsive judgment.

But this was the slower and less perceptible result of Boffin's Bower. The more immediate outcome of that Saturday afternoon was the planting of a real bower, up there at the end of the long, monotonous corridor, which still lives in many lives, as a fresh bit of pleasant memory, or an inspiration to work that would without it have been less well done.

(To be continued.)

HURRY AND SPEED.

By Amos R. Wells.

While Speed is filling the bottle, Hurry is spilling the ink;
While Speed is solving the problem, Hurry 's beginning to think.
While Speed is hitting the bull's-eye, Hurry is stringing his bow;
While Hurry is marching his army, Speed is worsting his foe.
Hurry is quick at beginning, Speed is quick at the end;
Hurry wins many a slave, but Speed wins many a friend.

"LITTLE JAN."

By Dorothea Lummis.

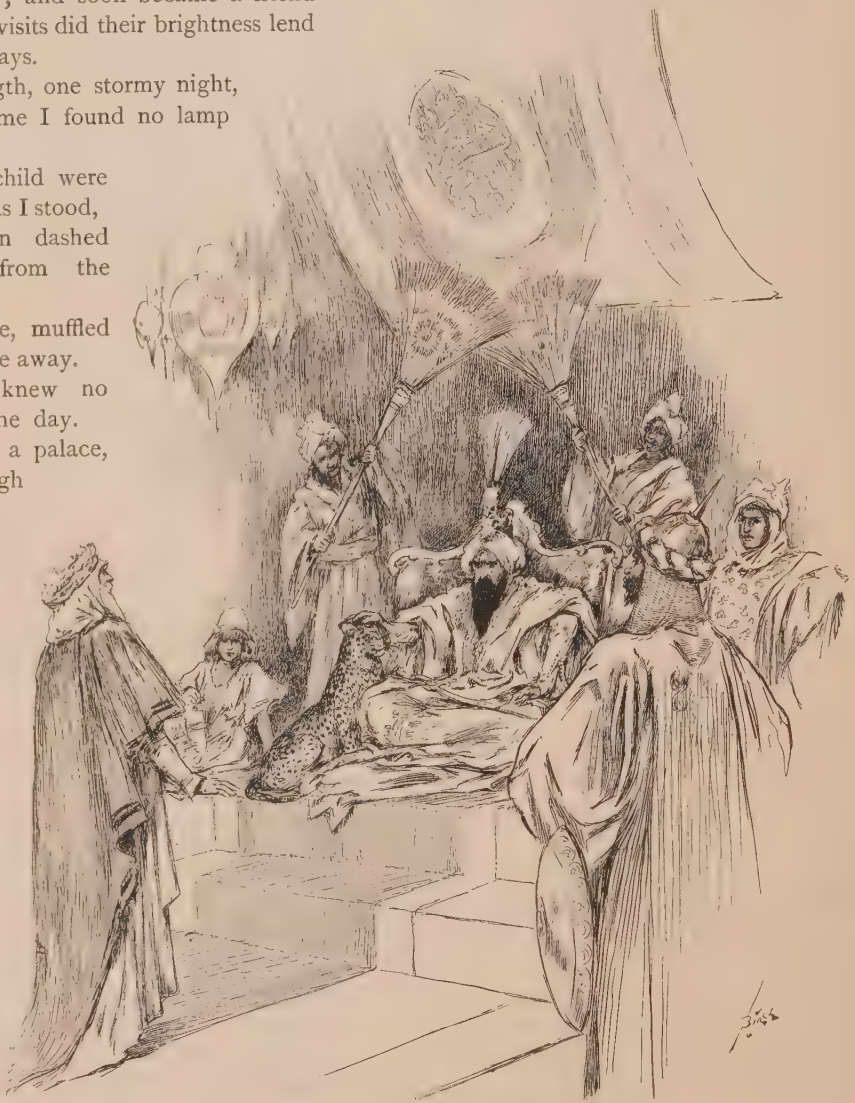
Here 's fat little Jan, from the Zuyder Zee;
A double-Dutch Hollander sure is he,
With his big sabots
And inquiring nose,
And an appetite just what it ought to be!

Jaffier's Friend

By Tudor Jenks.

The best of men are but of alloyed gold—
Of good Haroun they tell a story old
Which proves him human; that is, very weak.
He doomed to death whatever man should speak
In praise of one—a most just minister
Whom he 'd deposed and slain, one Jaffier.
No less an aged Arab, through the town,
Went crying Jaffier's praises up and down.
In no uncertain words the Arab spoke,
Nor heeded warnings of more timorous folk.
Such rank rebellion could not scatheless go:
Nor was the Caliph's vengeance blind or slow.
The old man was arrested, and was sent
To where black Mesrour's sword dealt punishment.
But, as the custom was, they deemed it best
To grant the criminal his last request.
He asked to see the Caliph. And alone
He stood before the Caliph's awful throne.
The case was stated. Then the Caliph said:
"You are a rebel. You shall lose you head.
You knew the law, but would not hold your peace:
Only the sword can make your babbling cease!"
"For silence, rather should I lose my head.
'T were basest of ingratitude," the Arab said.
"How so?" the Caliph asked. "How can it be
That you owe more to Jaffier than to me?"
"Friendless and poor," the Arab straight replied,

"I might have lived unhappy till I died.
In want, in rags, my wife and child half clad,
We lodged within a ruin near Bagdad.
There Jaffier came, one day, unknown to me.
We gave him our poor best, most readily.
He came again; and soon became a friend
Whose blessed visits did their brightness lend
To our hard days.
At length, one stormy night,
On coming home I found no lamp alight.
My wife and child were gone! And, as I stood,
Four horsemen dashed upon me from the wood.
They seized me, muffled me; then rode away.
I slept and knew no more until the day.
I woke to see a palace, reared on high
Within a paradise where ear and eye
Alike were charmed, alike found recompense
Such as, hereafter, will charm every sense.
Around me thronging slaves hung on my nod,
As if I were the Caliph—or a god.
'Alas!' I cried, 'this is no place for me!
Well suited with a fakir's hut I 'd be.
The darkest corner of these endless halls
For me would furnish forth sufficient walls.
And were this paradise, I would not stay
While my dear wife and boy are far away!'
'Your lordship's family,' a slave replied,
'Await you in apartments close beside.'
And so it was. We met with equal joy—
My wife in gorgeous robes—my much-loved boy!
The mystery was solved when Jaffier came:
My friend and your Vizier—they were the same.



'Let me return,' I begged, 'to my real state—
I have no wish to live among the great.'
'No, no!' cried Jaffier. 'Turn about 's fair play.
Remember our debate the other day:
You claimed that riches were but held in trust

As means to aid the good or shield the just.
'T was theory — mere theory, you know:
Be now your task to prove it may be so!'
And, ever since, I 've tried as best I could
To show there 's no true wealth but doing good.
All that I have — yes, all I am — I owe
Unto that noble soul. O Caliph, know
That Jaffier was to me my lifelong friend;
With life alone shall my just praises end!"
He ceased.

And Haroun said, "True friend, go free!
I will not punish — nay, I 'll honor thee.
Behold my scepter — wrought of virgin gold,
With gems uncounted, each of price untold —
A hundredfold what Jaffier gave to thee:
As thou wert true to him, be true to me!"
"The gift I take, in trust," the man replied,
"And while I live will see it well applied.
But, Caliph, truth is truth. The praise is due
For even this thy gift to Jaffier, too!"

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By Brander Matthews.

Although Franklin and Bryant were born in New England, they left it in early life — Franklin for Philadelphia, and Bryant for New York, where he found Irving and Cooper. The earliest of the leaders of American literature to be born in New England, to live there, and to die there, was Ralph Waldo Emerson. He is the foremost representative of that New England influence on American life and on American literature which has been very powerful. While the fathers of Franklin and of Irving were new-comers, the ancestors of Emerson had been settled in New England for five generations. They had been ministers of the gospel, one after another; and Emerson's grandfather belonged also to the church militant, urging on his parishioners to the fight at Concord Bridge in 1775, and dying in 1776 from a fever caught while on his way to join the troops at Ticonderoga.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born May 25, 1803, in Boston, not far from the birthplace of Franklin. His father was a clergyman, who had recently founded what is now the library of the Boston Athenæum. Books, rather than the ordinary boyish sports, were the delight of the son. He rarely played, and never owned a sled. In the austere New England life of the time there was little leisure for mere amusement.

Emerson's father died before the boy was eight years old, and thereafter the child had to help his mother, who took boarders and tried hard to give her sons an education such as their father's. Emerson entered the Latin School in 1813, and one day the next year,

when there was a rumor that the British were going to send a fleet to Boston Harbor, he went with the rest of the boys to help build earthworks on one of the islands. About this time, also, he began to rhyme, celebrating in juvenile verse the victories of the young American navy.

In August, 1817, Emerson entered Harvard College, receiving help from various funds intended to aid poor students, and obtaining the appointment of "President's Freshman," a student who received his lodgings free in return for carrying official messages. He served also as waiter at the college commons, and so saved three fourths the cost of his board. Later in his college course, he acted as tutor to younger pupils. He seems to have impressed his instructors as a youth of remarkable ability; but he was not a diligent student. In those days Harvard was not a university; it was not even a college; it was little more than a high-school where boys recited their lessons. Emerson was only eighteen when he was graduated, feeling that the regular course of studies had done little for him, and having therefore strayed out of the beaten path to browse for himself among the books in the library. He was popular with the best of his classmates, and at graduation he was class poet.

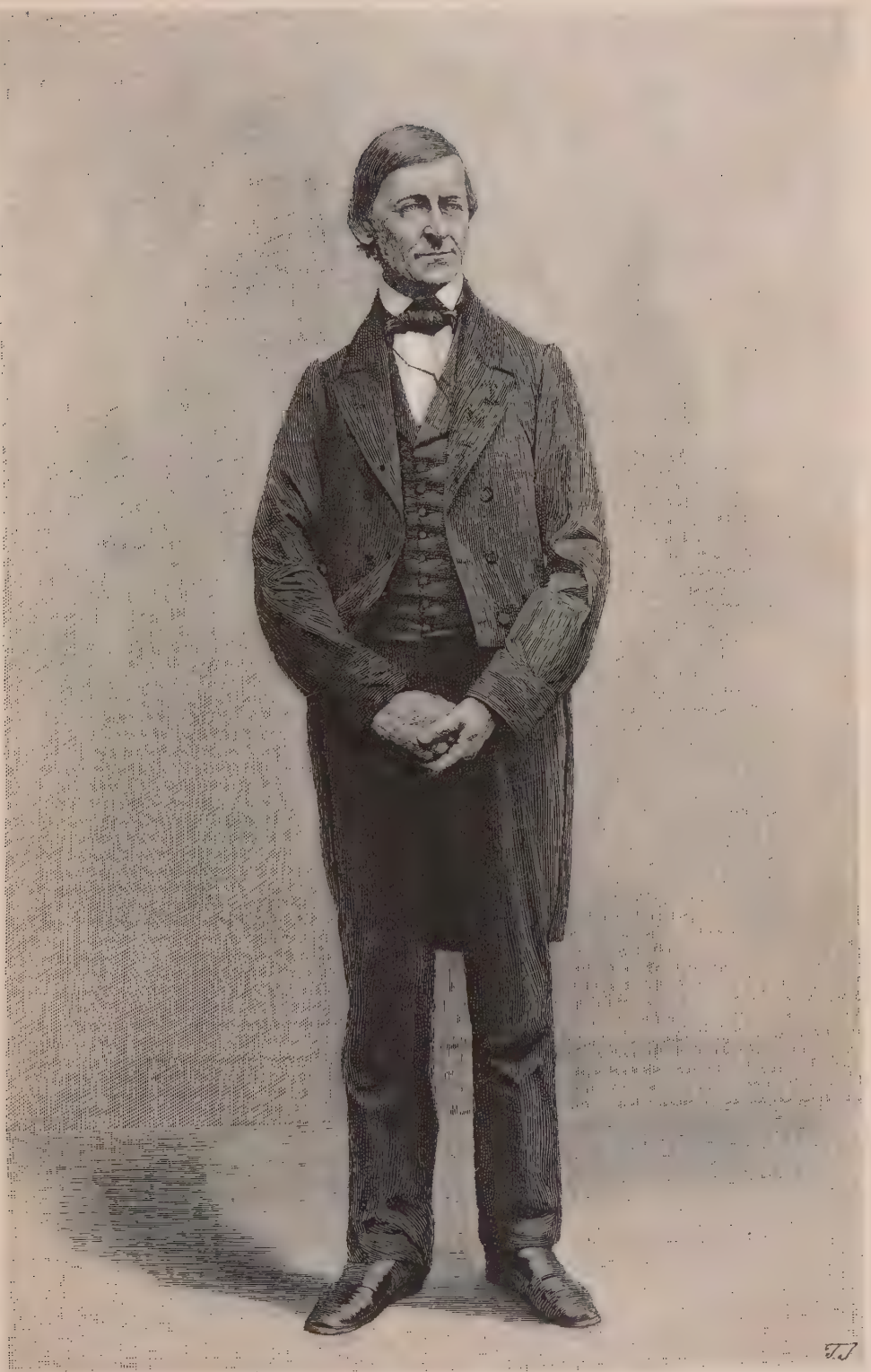
Whatever the value of a college education in those days, Emerson was the earliest of the little group of the founders of American literature to go through college. Franklin, having to work for his living from early boyhood, had no time; Irving, after preparing for Columbia, threw his chance away; while Cooper was expelled from Yale, and Bryant was so dissatisfied with Williams that he left it after a single year. But the authors who came after Emerson made sure of the best education that this country could afford them. Hawthorne and Longfellow were graduated from Bowdoin, while from Emerson's college, Harvard, were to come Holmes, Thoreau, and Lowell.

When he graduated, Emerson's ambition was to be a professor of rhetoric; but such a position was never offered to him. He taught school for a while in Boston, earning money to pay his debts and to help his mother. Then he entered the Divinity School at Harvard, and, in October, 1826, he was "approbated to preach," delivering his first sermon a few days later. For the sake of his health he spent that winter in Florida, at St. Augustine. On his return he lived in Cambridge chiefly, preaching here and there; and in the spring of 1829 he became the minister of the old North Church in Boston. Being thus established, in September he married Miss Ellen Tucker, but he lost his wife soon after the marriage. Moreover, Emerson was not satisfied to remain in the ministry, and in 1832 he resigned his charge.

On Christmas day of that year he sailed for Europe in a small brig bound for Malta, whence he went over into Italy, and thence to France and Great Britain, and met Coleridge and Wordsworth and Carlyle. With Carlyle Emerson formed a lasting friendship, which seems extraordinary, for few men were less akin in their manners or in their views of life. In low, clear tones the gentle American spoke to the soul of man, while the burly Scotch humorist was forever scolding and shrieking. Carlyle was proudly scornful and harshly indignant, while Emerson was kindly, tolerant, and forbearing; but, different as were their attitudes, their aims were not so unlike, since Emerson loved good and Carlyle hated evil; and their friendship endured till death.

Toward the end of 1833 Emerson came back to America, pleased that in Europe he had met the men he most wished to see. A few months after his return he settled in Concord, to reside there for the rest of his life. In 1835 he married Miss Lidian Jackson, with whom he was to live happily for nearly half a century.

Emerson was now past thirty. He was not yet known as an author, and he did not look to authorship for his living; indeed, in the United States authorship could then give but a precarious livelihood. Besides, he preferred to teach by word of mouth. He still preached occasionally, and he lectured frequently. His earliest addresses seem to have been on scientific subjects, and he talked to his townsmen also about his travels in Europe, which was then distant at least a month's sail, and which few Americans could hope to visit. For many years he delivered in Boston nearly every winter long courses of lec-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ABOUT 1859.

tures, not reported or printed, but containing much that the author repeated in the essays he was to publish afterward.

At last, in 1836, he put forth his first book, "Nature," and the next year he delivered an oration on "The American Scholar." Hitherto little had happened to him except the commonplaces of existence; thereafter, though his life remained tranquil, he became known to the world at large. He was greeted as are all who declare a new doctrine: welcomed by some, abused by many, misunderstood by most. Proclaiming the value of self-reliance, Emerson denounced man's slavery to his own worldly prosperity, and set forth at once the duty and the pleasure of the plain living which permits high thinking. "Why should you renounce your right to traverse the starlit deserts of truth," he asked, "for the premature comforts of an acre, house, and barn?" He asserted the virtue of manual labor. Looking bravely toward the future, he bade his hearers break the bonds of the past. He told them to study themselves, since all the real good or evil that can befall must come from themselves. At the heart of Emerson's doctrine there was always a sturdy and wholesome Americanism.

He was never self-assertive. He never put himself forward; and yet from that time on there was no denying his leadership of the intellectual advance of the United States. The most enlightened spirits of New England gathered about him; and he found himself in the center of the vague movement known as "Transcendentalism." For all their hardness, the New-Englanders are an imaginative race; and Transcendentalism is but one of the waves of spiritual sentiment which have swept over them. Emerson himself had never a hint of eccentricity. His judgment was always sane and calm. He edited for a while "The Dial," a magazine for which the Transcendentalists wrote, and which existed from 1840 to 1844. But he took no part in an experiment of communal life undertaken by a group of Transcendentalists at Brook Farm from 1841 to 1847.

In 1841, Emerson published the first volume of his "Essays"; and he sent forth a second series in 1844. In his hands the essay returns almost to the form of Montaigne and Bacon; it is weighty and witty; but it is not so light as it was with Addison and Steele, with Goldsmith and Irving. He indulged in fancies sometimes, and he strove to take his readers by surprise, to startle them, and so to arouse them to the true view of life. Nearly all of his essays had been lectures, and every paragraph had been tested by its effect upon an audience. Thus the weak phrases were discarded one by one, until at last every sentence, polished by wear, rounded to a perfect sphere, went to the mark with unerring certainty.

To Emerson an essay was rather a collection of single sayings than a harmonious whole. He was keen-eyed and clear-sighted enough to understand his own shortcomings, and he once said that every sentence of his was an "infinitely repellent particle." His thoughts did not form a glittering chain; they were not even loosely linked together. They lay side by side like unset gems in a box. Emerson was rather a poet with moments of insight than a systematic philosopher. The lack of structure in his essays was, in a measure, due also to the way they were written.

It was Emerson's practice to set down in his journal his detached thoughts, as soon as they had taken shape. Whenever he had a lecture to prepare, he selected from this journal those sentences which seemed to bear on the subject of his discourse, adding whatever other illustrations or anecdotes suggested themselves to him at the moment. "In writing my thoughts," he declared, "I seek no order, or harmony, or results. I am not careful to see how they comport with other thoughts and other words: I trust them for that. Any more than how any one minute of the year is related to any other remote minute which yet I know is so related. The thoughts and the minutes obey their own magnetisms, and will certainly reveal themselves in time."

Emerson's first volume of "Poems" was published in 1846. Ten years before he had written the hymn sung at the completion of the monument commemorating Concord fight:

> By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world.

This is one of the best, and one of the best known, of the poems of American patriotism. But Emerson cared too little for form often to write so perfect a poem. The bonds of rhyme and meter irked him, and he broke them wilfully. Now and again he happened on a quatrain than which nothing can be more beautiful:

> Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
> Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it carves the bow of beauty there,
> And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake.

Following Bryant, Emerson put into his verse nature as he saw it about him — the life of American woods and fields. No second-hand nightingale sang in his verses; he took pleasure in rhyming "The Humble-Bee" and "The Titmouse," and in singing the streams and the hills of New England. Herein there was no lack of elevation. The spirit of the true poet Emerson had abundantly; indeed, there are those now who call him a poet rather than a philosopher. However careless his verse-making,—and it was sometimes very slovenly,—the best of his stanzas are strong and bracing; they lift up the heart of man.

One of Emerson's poems most richly laden with emotion and experience is the "Threnody," which he wrote after the death of his first-born. He was a fond father; and his home life was beautiful, like that of nearly all the foremost American authors. He liked children, and they liked him. He understood them, entering into their feelings as easily as he entered into their sports. In his own family, discipline — never neglected — was enforced by the gentlest methods; and he had unbounded interest in the details of the school life of his own children, getting them to talk to him as freely as they did to their comrades. This was but an example of his willingness always to put himself in the place of others and to try to see things from their point of view. An instance of this sympathetic faculty, and of his abiding simplicity, was his comment on the minister who went up to the pulpit after Emerson had lectured, and who prayed that they might be delivered from ever again hearing such "transcendental nonsense." Emerson listened to this, and remarked quietly, "He seems a very conscientious, plain-spoken man."

In 1847 Emerson made a second voyage to Europe, sailing in October and coming home in July of the following year. The most of the time he spent in England, lecturing often, meeting the most distinguished men and women of Great Britain, studying matters and men in the little island. In the summer he crossed the Channel to France, and saw Paris in the heat of the revolution of 1848. After his return to America he resumed his lecturing, pushing as far West as the Mississippi.

Certain of the lectures prepared for delivery in England supplied the material for his next book,—"Representative Men,"—published in 1850. Only two of Emerson's books have any singleness of scheme, and this is one of them. He discusses first "The Uses of Great Men," and then he considers in turn Plato, Swedenborg, Montaigne, Shakspere, Napoleon, and Goethe — great men, all of them, interesting in themselves and doubly interesting as Emerson reflects their images in his clear mirror. It is instructive to contrast Emerson's hopeful and helpful treatment of these "Representative Men" with Carlyle's doleful and robustious writing upon the kindred topic of "Heroes and Hero-worship."

The observations Emerson had made of English life during his two visits had been used in various lectures, and from these he made a book, published in 1856, under the title of "English Traits." For close argument he had no fitness and no liking, but this volume has more logical sequence than any other of his. It may be said almost to have a plan. It opens with a narrative of his first voyage to England, and it contains a study of the character of the British. It is perhaps the best book ever written about a great people by a foreigner. Emerson had a singularly keen sense of the ridiculous, he had an uncommon share of common sense, and he had a marvelous insight into humanity; and it is therefore the highest possible testimony to the substantial merits of the British that they stood so well the ordeal of his examination. He was too sturdy an American to be taken in by the glamour of the aristocratic arrangement of their

society. He saw clearly the weakness of the British system, but he is never hostile, and never patronizing; he is always ready to praise boldly. The spirit of the book can be shown by the extract from a letter he wrote to a friend in America just before his return: "I leave England with an increased respect for the Englishman, . . . the more generous that I have no sympathy for him." Emerson expressed his admiration heartily, but he rejoiced always that he lived in a society free from the traditions of feudalism.

THE EMERSON HOUSE AT CONCORD.

In his own country he was a good citizen, taking part in town-meeting, and doing his share of town work—even accepting his election as hog-reeve of Concord. Declaring always the duty and the dignity of labor, he detested the system of slavery under which white men were supported in idleness by the toil of black men. He did not join the abolitionists, but, as he saw the conflict looming nearer, his voice became stronger on the side of freedom. He spoke out plainly during the strife in Kansas, and again after the hanging of John Brown. Yet he was like Goethe in finding patriotism too narrow for him: he looked forward and he foresaw the Brotherhood of Man. But no intensely national poet, no Hugo, no Tennyson, was more stimulating to his country. He it was who had edged the resolve of the American people when the hour came for stern battle. Lowell said that to Emerson more than to all other causes "the young martyrs of our Civil War owe the sustaining strength of thoughtful heroism that is so touching in every record of their lives."

When the war came at last, Emerson was unfailingly hopeful. He delivered an address on the Emancipation Proclamation, declaring the young happy in that they then found the pestilence of slavery cleansed out of the earth. On New Year's day, 1863, he read his noble "Boston Hymn," with its rough and resonant verses; and in the same year he wrote the "Voluntaries," wherein we find this lofty and inspiring quatrain:

> So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
> The youth replies, *I can*.

And at the meeting held at Concord in memory of Abraham Lincoln, he made a short address in which he set forth the character of the fallen leader with the utmost sympathy and the clearest insight.

A collection of Emerson's later essays had been published in 1860 under the title of the first of them, "The Conduct of Life"; and in 1870 another collection followed, also named after the opening paper, "Society and Solitude." There is to be found in these volumes the same wit and paradox, the same felicity of phrase, the same beauty of thought, the same elevation of spirit, that we find in his earlier volumes. Emerson grew but little as he became older; he was at the end very much what he was at the beginning. He admitted his own "incapacity for methodical writing." However inspiring, every sentence stands by itself; the paragraphs might be rearranged almost at random without loss to the essential value of the essays. Emerson made no effort to formulate his doctrine; he had no compact system of philosophy. Perhaps he was not a philosopher in the strict sense of the word. Perhaps he was rather a maker of golden sayings, full of vital suggestion, to help men to be themselves and to make the utmost of themselves.

For years Emerson had extended his winter lecturing tours as far West as the Mississippi, and in 1871 he accepted the invitation of a friend to visit California, bearing the fatigue of the long journey with unwearied cheerfulness. A few months after his return to Concord his house was burned down; but, owing to the prompt aid of his neighbors, all his papers and books and furniture were saved.

His friends made good the loss, and then they urged him to make a sea voyage. Toward the end of 1872 he sailed for Europe, on a third visit to the Old World. In England and France and Italy he met again his friends of former years, and he wandered on as far as Egypt, where he had never been before. He was back again in Concord the next spring, and his return home was marked by an outpouring of all his townsmen to welcome him among them once more. Refreshed by the sight of new scenes and of old friends, he settled down in the house which had been rebuilt for him.

Already for several years Emerson had written but little, although he continued now and then to draw out new essays and make addresses from the store of lectures he had by him. Thus in 1870 he had given a course of university lectures at Harvard on "The Natural History of the Intellect," and in 1878 he read a lecture on "The Fortune of the Republic," written and already delivered in war-time fifteen years before. And in 1875 yet another collection of his essays was published under the title of the first paper, "Letters and Social Aims." This volume had been prepared for the press by an old friend, for Emerson's powers were beginning to fail. He retained possession of his faculties to the last; but though his mind was clear, he had increasing difficulty in recalling the words needed to express his ideas. He forgot not only proper names, but even the names of common things, while keeping the power of describing them in the words he had left. So, when he wanted to say "umbrella" once, and was unable to recall the name, he said, "I can't tell its name, but I can tell its history. Strangers take it away."

Emerson looked calmly forward to death, and it came when he was nearly seventy-nine years of age. He died on April 27, 1882.

Benjamin Franklin, born in Boston almost a century before Ralph Waldo Emerson was born there, lived long enough to see the straggling colonies with their scant four hundred thousand settlers grow into a vigorous young nation of four million inhabitants. Emerson, born only thirteen years after Franklin's death, lived long enough to see the United States increase to thirty-eight, and a population of five and a half

AUTOGRAPH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

millions expand to a population of fifty millions. He survived to behold a little nation grow to be a mighty people, able to fight a righteous war without flinching.

Different as they are, Franklin and Emerson

are both typical Americans — taken together they give us the two sides of the American character. Franklin stands for the real and Emerson for the ideal. Franklin represents the prose of American life, and Emerson the poetry. Franklin's power is limited by the bounds of common sense, while Emerson's appeal is to the wider imagination. Where Emerson advises you to "hitch your wagon to a star," Franklin is ready with an improved axle-grease for the wheels. Franklin declares that honesty is the best policy; and Emerson insists on honesty as the only means whereby a man may be free to undertake higher things. Self-reliance was at the core of the doctrine of each of them, but one urged self-help in the spiritual world and the other in the material. Hopeful they were, both of them, and kindly, and shrewd; and in the making of the American people, in the training and in the guiding of this immense population, no two men have done more than these two sons of New England.

SANTA CLAUS PUZZLED AT LAST.
"These apartment-houses are too much for me!"

CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

By Albert Stearns.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

Chapter III.

In another instant a shrill scream in Huldah's voice notified Chris that the genie had reached the kitchen. He dashed to the barn door, and heard the girl inquire:

"Why, where in the world did you come from?"

"From the barn," replied the genie.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I came to see what *you* wanted. You rubbed the lamp."

"I was trying to clean the old thing."

"Well, whenever you rub that lamp I shall appear. I am the slave of the lamp and of its owner."

Chris's heart seemed to stand still as the genie uttered these words.

"It 's all up now!" he murmured. "He *might* have kept it to himself. I would n't have had Huldah know for anything! Well, as she knows the truth, I 'll go and get something to eat."

He was about to start for the kitchen, when the girl said, with a ringing laugh:

"Quit your fooling, Chris. If you 'll take my advice, you 'll go back to bed. Your ma may be home by the noon train, and she 'll be awful mad if she finds you up."

"She ought to be glad to see that I have recovered so rapidly," replied the genie. "But see here," he went on, with some warmth, "you don't seem to understand the situation of affairs. I am not Chris at all; I only look like him. I am a genie, and your slave as well as that of the lamp."

"You 're a mighty queer boy, Chris Wagstaff," laughed Huldah. "I never saw you so full of nonsense as you are this morning."

"I tell you I 'm in sober earnest!" almost shouted the genie. "If you don't believe me, just try me. Command me to do anything you please, and I 'll do it. Now, then!"

"Well," returned the girl, "if you 're so awful anxious to do something for me, suppose you walk down to the store and get me seven pounds of granulated sugar. I 've just found that the box is empty."

"Is *that* all?" asked the genie, in a tone of disgust.

"Yes, that 's all; but I 'll do without the sugar if you want to go back to bed."

"I 'll get it," said the genie, sulkily; and he turned away.

Chris drew a long breath of relief.

"That was a narrow escape," he said to himself, as he watched the genie trudging along the dusty road. "It 's lucky for me she told him to walk; if she 'd ordered him to fly he 'd have done it, and then the cat would have been out of the bag."

He waited until the genie had disappeared; then he stepped out of the barn, and approached the kitchen.

"Are you back already?" cried Huldah, as her eyes rested on him. "Where 's the sugar?"

"I have n't got it: I did n't feel like going," replied Chris.

"What made you offer to, then?" asked the girl, rather sourly. "Do you feel sick?"

"I have felt better," said Chris. "I guess I 'll go up-stairs. I wish you 'd get me something to eat, while I 'm gone. I 'll be down again in a few minutes."

"You can go to the buttery and help yourself, can't you?" returned Huldah; adding quickly, "Oh, say, Chris, how *did* you walk on the ceiling? I know it was all a trick, but how did you do it?"

"Don't bother me!" snapped the boy, as he picked up the lamp and started away with it.

"Well, you need n't be so short," answered

Huldah. "I *thought* you was 'most too good-natured to last this morning. And where are you going with my lamp?"

"It 's *my* lamp," replied Chris; "and I 'm going to take it up to my room."

"Your ma gave it to me."

"It was n't hers to give. What do you want with the old thing, anyway?"

"INSTANTLY THE GENIE APPEARED BEFORE HIM."

"I have a use for it."

"Well, so have I; and I 'm going to keep it." And Chris abruptly left the room.

"You mean boy!" shouted Huldah after him; but he did not hear her. He was ascending the stairs three steps at a time.

He ran into his room and locked the door. Then he gave the lamp a very energetic rub. Instantly the genie appeared before him,— still his own exact double,— carrying a large paper bag under his arm. It was not without a feeling of satisfaction that Chris observed an expression of annoyance on his face.

"Well, this is rather sudden, I must confess," said the genie. "So you 've got possession of the lamp again, have you?"

"Yes, I have; and I mean to hold on to it this time," replied Chris.

"I sincerely hope you will," said the genie, in what was evidently intended to be a conciliatory tone. "You harbor no hard feelings against me, I trust? I was only doing my duty."

"What 's in that bundle you are carrying?" asked Chris, ignoring the question.

"It 's the sugar. I was on my way home with it when you summoned me."

"Throw it out of the window," commanded the boy; and the genie promptly obeyed.

"Anything else?" the genie inquired obsequiously. "Remember, I have unrivaled facilities for filling orders of all kinds at the shortest notice."

"Change yourself back into the old man again," directed Chris next; and, presto! it was done. The dapper little old gentleman of the previous day stood before him once more.

"Whenever I call for you again," continued the boy, "appear in that shape."

"Certainly. And now, I suppose you want breakfast; you must be very hungry by this time. What shall it be? Will you make your own selection, or will you leave it all to me?" And the genie rubbed his hands and smiled affably into his master's face.

But Chris was not to be won over so easily. "I 'll get my breakfast down-stairs," he said stiffly. "And now you can clear out. I 've seen enough of you for the present."

Before he finished the sentence the genie had disappeared.

Taking the lamp with him, Chris went down to the buttery, and for ten minutes ate as only a hungry boy can eat.

"Now I feel something like myself," he

mused. "I think I sha'n't have any trouble in holding my own against the genie for the future."

When his father and mother returned at noon, they found Chris seated on the porch, so intently engaged in the perusal of *The Arabian Nights* that he did not see them until they were ascending the steps.

"Are you back already?" he began; but he paused as he observed the unwonted expression of severity on his father's face.

"We have returned," said Mr. Wagstaff, in chilling tones. "So it is as I suspected: you were feigning illness this morning."

"No, I was n't, father," cried Chris, earnestly. "I—"

"That will do, sir," interrupted his father, sternly. "After your conduct yesterday, I can believe almost anything of you."

"W-what conduct, sir?" stammered Chris, a dreadful presentiment seizing him.

"I know all, sir," returned Mr. Wagstaff. "Your mother and I have just met the principal of the academy. He was amazed to see us out; and no wonder, since you told him yesterday that your mother was ill with typhoid fever, and that I had been thrown from a horse and had broken my leg!"

Chris had carelessly told the genie to make any excuse he could think of for being late, and the genie had taken him at his word.

"I—I did n't say anything of the sort," he cried. "It 's all a mistake."

"Indeed?" responded his father. "You wish me to believe, then, that Professor Thwacker has told me a deliberate falsehood? What do you claim that you *did* say?"

"I don't know," poor Chris blurted out; "but I—I 'm sure I did n't say that—I *know* I did n't."

"That will do, Christopher," said Mr. Wagstaff severely. "Come in and get your dinner."

"I don't want any dinner, sir."

"Very well. You will attend the afternoon session at the academy. When you return, come to my study; I shall have something to say to you."

"Oh, Chris!" almost sobbed his mother, lingering a moment after Mr. Wagstaff had entered the house; "how *could* you do it?"

"I did n't do anything," cried Chris. "It was n't I at all."

"Who was it, then?"

"It was—oh, I can't explain now!"

Without another word Mrs. Wagstaff sighed heavily, and stepped indoors.

Half an hour later, the boy started for the academy. In his hand he carried his school-bag, which contained the wonderful lamp; for he had been unwilling to leave it where Huldah might again get possession of it.

"That *was* a whopper you told the professor yesterday," whispered Scotty Jones, as Chris seated himself at his desk. "You did n't make anything by it, either; for you 're sure to get a thrashing this afternoon. I heard Professor Thwacker talking to old Cipher about it, and I tell you I should n't like to be in your boots."

"Christopher Wagstaff," broke in the sharp, penetrating voice of the principal of the academy, "I am at a loss for words adequately to express my opinion of a youth so destitute of self-respect, of honor, as you proved yourself yesterday. I cannot hope that this public reprimand will have any effect on your callous nature; but, at the expiration of the afternoon session, I shall endeavor to teach you a lesson that you will not soon forget. Remain in your place after the others have gone."

Chris did not attempt to say a word in his own defense, but he resolved that he would try to prove his innocence to the professor after school.

At the first opportunity, he took the lamp from his bag, and began examining it in the shelter of his desk-lid.

"If I wanted to, could n't I make it warm for the professor?" he mused. "One rub of the old lamp, and I could have him and his academy at the bottom of the Atlantic. But, after all, I can't blame him. He does n't know. I 'll try to explain things to him after school, without telling him the whole story."

At this moment a hand was laid on his shoulder, and, looking up with a start, he saw Professor Thwacker glowering down at him. In his abstraction he had not been conscious of that gentleman's approach.

"What have you there, Wagstaff?" thundered the principal.

"Nothing, sir,—that is, only an old lamp, Professor Thwacker," stammered Chris.

"An old lamp, sir?" stormed the professor. "Give it to me. And what do you mean, Wagstaff, by bringing an old lamp to school?"

"'AND WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BRINGING AN OLD LAMP TO SCHOOL?'"

Chris meekly handed his treasure to the indignant pedagogue.

"I shall return it to you before you go home —after we have settled our account," said the professor, with a look of awful significance; and he returned to his desk, wherein he deposited the lamp. Chris watched him with bated breath, fearing he would accidentally rub it, and thus unconsciously summon the ever attentive genie; but he did not.

The afternoon passed only too quickly. At three o'clock school was dismissed, and Chris was left alone with the principal.

For some moments Professor Thwacker sat gazing silently at the culprit; then he said in his deepest tone:

"Come here, sir."

Chris tremblingly approached the platform. He had resolved to endure the punishment with fortitude; but, now that the fateful moment had arrived, his courage seemed to be oozing out of his fingers' ends.

"If you can suggest any justification for your remarkable conduct yesterday—if you have any excuse to plead," said the professor, "I am ready to hear you now."

"Professor Thwacker," began the boy, "you're mistaken, sir; you're entirely mistaken. It was n't I that made that excuse yesterday; it was—it was—"

"Well, sir, who was it then?" demanded the professor, with some surprise.

"It was quite another person, sir. I don't know his name, but—"

"Enough, Wagstaff!" interrupted Professor Thwacker, rising. "Your audacity astonishes —amazes me. You ask me to doubt the evidence of my own senses. I will hear no more. Your excellent father has suggested to me that your punishment should be commensurate with the enormity of your offense, and I quite agree with him. It therefore becomes my painful duty to administer to you a chastisement which, I trust, will prove efficacious."

The professor turned to take his ratan from the peg behind his desk, where it always hung when not engaged in active duty.

Chris knew that if he was going to escape the threatened punishment, he must act quickly.

"Professor," he began in an agitated voice, "you are making a great mistake. Some time

you will know it, though I can't explain to-day. But—but—"

"But what, sir?"

"I 'd be very much obliged if you 'd let me have that lamp now, sir."

"You shall have it before you go."

"But I—I 'd like to hold it while you 're flogging me, sir."

Professor Thwacker stared at the boy with an expression in which anger and perplexity were mingled.

"Christopher," he said, "I am at a loss to understand your conduct of late. I must have a conference with your father at the first opportunity. Meanwhile, I certainly shall not humor your absurd whims."

"I understand," he whispered in Chris's ear. "Leave all to me; don't say a word."

"Who are you, sir?" demanded the astonished Professor Thwacker, confronting the newcomer. "How did you get here?"

"My name is Dr. Jukes, sir; Pulsifer Jukes, M. D.," replied the genie, ignoring the latter question. "I am a very old friend of the Wagstaff family, and I regret to say I am the bearer of bad news."

"Indeed, Dr. Jukes?" said the professor, deeply impressed by the eminently respectable appearance of his visitor.

"Yes, sir," sighed the genie; "I am here on a mission that I would gladly have intrusted to another; but I felt it my duty to break the sad

"'THIS IS AWFUL!' GASPED THE KINDLY PROFESSOR."

Again he turned. As he did so, Chris noiselessly opened the desk and possessed himself of the lamp. He rubbed it vigorously, and the genie instantly appeared, still in the guise of a well-dressed and respectable old man.

tidings to my young friend Christopher with my own lips. My boy," turning to Chris with a wink, "prepare yourself for a terrible shock."

"Why, what is the matter, sir?" asked the boy, trying to look alarmed.

"Your father's house is on fire, and—now, calm yourself—it is feared that one or both of your parents have perished in the flames."

"This is awful!" gasped the kindly professor.

"It is, indeed, sir," returned the genie. "Of course Christopher must return at once."

"Of course; I 'll be there in a few minutes."

"Very well, professor. Good afternoon. I am sorry we should have met for the first time on so melancholy an occasion. Come, Christopher, my lad,—bear up; our worst fears may not be realized."

Then, linking Chris's arm in his, the genie marched the lad down the aisle and out of the room.

"Did n't I do that nicely?" he asked, with a laugh, when they were outside. "I tell you, it takes me to manage a little affair like that."

"Nicely?" repeated Chris, in disgust. "Why, you lied like—like a trooper!"

"We genii have no souls, you know," said the genie easily. "It 's no matter what I say—any more than if I were a parrot."

"Well, I won't lie, and I don't want any one to lie for me," said Chris stoutly. "Could n't you think of any other way than that to get me off?"

"I could have thought of a hundred ways," replied the genie, with an injured look; "but that was the first scheme that came into my head. What is the matter with it, may I ask? You seem pretty hard to suit."

"Why, I 'm in a worse scrape than ever. The professor will find out the truth in a short time, and then what will become of me?"

"Oh, you 'll get yourself out of the trouble easily enough," said the genie, lightly. "If you meet any difficulty, just send for me again. And *now* what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to disappear in double-quick time," replied Chris, almost fiercely. The next instant he was alone.

His first act on reaching home was to hide the lamp in an old chest in the garret. This done, he descended to his own room, where he lingered as long as he dared.

"It 's no use putting it off any longer," he murmured at last; "the sooner it 's begun, the sooner it will be over."

With this reflection, he went down to the study, where he found his father and Professor Thwacker, who had evidently just arrived.

CHAPTER IV.

"AH, here he is!" exclaimed Mr. Wagstaff, as the boy entered. "Christopher, I wonder that you dare look me in the eye. Sit down, sir; you and I must come to an understanding."

Chris sank into a chair.

"Who was that infamous old man who, by his base fabrications, saved you from the just punishment of your offense?" stormed the professor. "Where is he? I must see him again, face to face."

"I don't know where he is," replied Chris, weakly.

"Do not trifle with us," cried his father. "What did he say his name was, Professor Thwacker?"

"Pulsifer Jukes, M. D.," replied the principal of the Dusenbury Academy, glaring at Chris; "a man I never heard of before in my life."

"Nor I," added Mr. Wagstaff. "Yet he pretended that he was an old friend of my family, you say?"

"He did, sir. His appearance was, I must admit, in his favor, and it did not occur to me for an instant to doubt his word."

"He must have been an abandoned scoundrel."

"There can be no doubt of that, Mr. Wagstaff. Really, this affair puzzles me extremely. Here we have a man of advanced years—a member of one of the learned professions, if we may believe his own word—deliberately conspiring with an unprincipled—or shall I say a weak-minded?—lad to deceive his parents and his preceptor. The case is without a precedent in my experience."

"We will find the scoundrel, or my name is not Percival Wagstaff!" exclaimed Chris's father, in a sudden burst of indignation. Then, turning to the boy, he demanded: "Who is that man? Where is he?"

"If his name is not Pulsifer Jukes, I don't know what it is," replied Chris, in desperation. "And, as I just told Professor Thwacker, I have n't any idea where he is now."

Mr. Wagstaff gazed at the lad steadily for a

few seconds; then he opened a drawer in his desk and took out a strap.

Chris had seen this instrument before, but not for many months; and he could not help wincing now as he looked at it.

"I am opposed on principle to corporal punishment," said his father; "but my experience forces me to the painful conclusion that there are times when moral suasion is of no avail. Christopher, I had hoped that I should not be obliged to chastise you again; but I certainly shall, and that in a way which you will long remember, unless you humbly apologize both to Professor Thwacker and myself, and tell us who this man Jukes really is. Choose now: will you submit to a humiliating, disgraceful punishment, or will you tell the truth and apologize?"

Before the sentence was ended, Chris had made up his mind.

"There 's no use trying to keep it a secret any longer," he cried in desperation. "I 'll tell you all about it. That old man was not a man at all; he was a genie."

"A what?" cried Mr. Wagstaff and Professor Thwacker in unison.

"A genie — the very same one that used to be Aladdin's slave; and he 's mine now. That was Aladdin's lamp that you had in your desk to-day, professor."

Professor Thwacker tapped his forehead significantly.

"I fear my surmise is well founded, Mr. Wagstaff," he said in a low tone. "I advise an immediate consultation with Doctor Ingalls."

"You don't mean," burst out Chris, "that you think me crazy?"

The professor shook his head sadly; but Mr. Wagstaff said with increased sternness:

"I do not, sir. I believe you know perfectly well what you are saying; though how you dare offer such an insult to the intelligence of Professor Thwacker and myself, I am at a loss to understand."

"You don't believe me?" cried poor Chris. "I am telling you nothing but the truth. I bought the lamp for ten cents at the auction yesterday. I rubbed it, and the genie appeared and asked me what I wanted."

"Christopher, enough!" thundered his father.

"Oh, *please* listen, sir, and I 'll tell you all about it!"

And, in an impetuous torrent of words, the excited boy poured out the story of his strange adventures since his purchase of the lamp. Mr. Wagstaff attempted to interrupt him several times, but was restrained by the professor.

"If you don't believe me yet," said Chris, in conclusion, "I 'll go and get the lamp, and prove that every word I have told you is true."

"Calm yourself, Christopher," said Professor Thwacker, laying his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder, and looking down into his eyes with an expression of genuine concern. "Do not allow this matter to excite you so greatly. Have no fear; you shall not be punished either by your father or by myself, now that we understand your case. I should strongly recommend an entire cessation of study for the present, and a complete change of scene and surroundings," added the professor, turning to Mr. Wagstaff.

"You really believe me crazy — I can see that!" exclaimed Chris; "and I don't know that I blame you. But you 'll change your opinion when you see the genie. Shall I go and fetch the lamp now, father?"

"In my opinion, it would be well to humor the unfortunate lad," whispered the professor in Mr. Wagstaff's ear.

"Where is this lamp, Christopher?" asked his father.

"It 's up in the garret, sir."

"Go and get it."

Scarcely was the last word of the command uttered when Chris was bounding up the stairs, eager to prove his sanity and the truth of his statement.

As he took the lamp from the old chest, he said to himself:

"I 'm awful sorry I had to tell the whole story, but there was no help for it. I expected to have lots of fun with the lamp before I said anything about it. Well, I 'll make father and the professor promise not to tell anybody. Now let 's see if the lamp is in working order."

He rubbed it, and the genie appeared.

"What is it now?" he inquired rather peevishly.

"I just wanted to see —" began the boy;

then he paused with wide-open mouth. A new and startling idea had occurred to him; it seemed like an inspiration.

"You wanted to see what?" asked the genie. "I sincerely hope it is something outside this dull little one-horse place. Are you ready to make a sensible request of me at last?"

"Change yourself into my double again," ordered Chris, brusquely; and it was done.

"Now what?" growled the genie. "It can't be school this time, for it 's too late."

"No, it is n't school," replied Chris, with a grin in which there was, perhaps, just a suspicion of malice; "but it 's something that you won't like much better. To come to the point at once, I want you to go down-stairs and take a flogging for me."

"*What?*" roared the genie.

"Don't make such a noise," cautioned Chris. Then he informed his companion of what had just happened.

"Go down and apologize humbly for having told such a preposterous story," he commanded in conclusion, "and take your thrashing like a man."

"*Your* thrashing, you mean," returned the genie. "See here," he went on almost tearfully; "this is really *too* humiliating. Of course I 've got to do it if you say so; but I put it to you, as a lad of sense, if it would n't be a great deal better for me to transport those two old men to a desert island somewhere. Or I could take you over to Europe in a few seconds, and install you in—say—a palace in Florence or Vienna, where you would be surrounded by every luxury that the mind of a competent and painstaking genie could devise. Or—"

"No, no, no!" interrupted Chris, emphatically. "I don't want you to do any of these things—at least not just now. To-morrow I may decide to take a trip round the world, or something of the sort; if I do, I 'll let you know. But to-night all you have to do is to obey my orders. Go down now, and mind you don't say anything that will get me into any new trouble."

Without another word the genie left the room, and Chris heard him heavily and reluctantly descending the stairs. Leaning over the balusters, the boy heard his luckless slave make a most humble apology to the two gentlemen; and the voice of Professor Thwacker reached his ears, exclaiming:

"I would not have believed such duplicity possible in a lad of your tender age, Christopher. Your case is without a parallel in my somewhat extensive experience."

"And you thought he was crazy, professor," added Mr. Wagstaff. "I knew better than that; but I am as much amazed as you at the boy's outrageous conduct. Christopher,"—in his sharpest, most incisive tone,—"tell me without further parley who the wretched man who called himself Jukes really is."

"He was just an old fellow that I hired to help me out of the scrape," replied the bogus Chris; "I don't know what his real name is."

"Where is he to be found?"

"I don't know that, either, sir. He has gone out of town; he is a tramp."

"He did not look like a tramp," interposed Professor Thwacker.

"I shall make searching inquiries as to his identity, professor," said Mr. Wagstaff. "And rest assured, sir, he will be found and punished. But, at the present moment, another pressing and painful duty confronts me. Come here, Christopher."

A brief silence ensued, followed by the sound of several whacks, after which came a succession of cries in a youthful voice.

"I 'm sorry for the genie," muttered Chris; "but I 'm glad I 'm not in his place. And, after all, he 's only getting punished for what he did himself; there 's no reason in the world why *I* should take the thrashing."

At the expiration of, perhaps, five minutes, the listening boy heard his father say, in the tone of a person quite exhausted by emotion or violent exercise:

"There, sir! I hope this chastisement—which has been far more painful to me than it has to you—will have the effect that my words have failed to produce. Go to your room, and do not leave it again until to-morrow morning!"

The genie left the study, and ascended the stairs, sobbing bitterly. The tears were running down his cheeks when he again entered Chris's presence.

"Well," he sniveled, "I hope you 're satisfied now! I 'm a good many thousand years older than you are, but I never endured anything like that in all my days."

And he burst into a fresh paroxysm of grief.

"I would n't be such a baby if I were you," said Chris, gazing upon him with something like disgust. "I 've taken worse lickings than that, and never made a sound."

"Why did n't you take this one, if you like them so much?" grumbled the genie. "My tastes run in quite a different direction, I assure you. I 'd like to know, right now, if it 's all the same to you, how long this sort of thing is to be kept up. Because if it is going to be a daily occurrence, I shall — well, I shall govern myself accordingly, that 's all."

There was a peculiar ring in the genie's voice, a meaning expression on his face, that Chris did not like.

"Oh, it is n't likely that you will ever be thrashed again," he said. "This affair to-day was brought about by a queer combination of circumstances; nothing of the sort could happen a second time."

"Well, I hope it won't, for the sake of all concerned," responded the genie. "There *is* a limit to the patience even of a genie."

At this moment Chris heard footsteps ascending the stairs.

"My father is coming!" he exclaimed; "he must n't see us together."

The genie looked a little frightened, and his voice trembled slightly, as he hurriedly said:

"I guess I 'd better be going. You won't need me again to-night, I suppose?"

"No, no; be off at once! I 'll let you know when I need you," replied the boy, in an excited whisper. "Go!"

CHRIS IS CALLED TO ACCOUNT BY HIS FATHER AND THE PROFESSOR.

Scarcely had the genie disappeared, when Mr. Wagstaff entered the garret.

"Humph! you seem to have recovered with singular rapidity from the effects of your recent punishment," said his father, observing that there were no traces of tears on the boy's face.

Chris did not venture a reply.

"I told you," continued Mr. Wagstaff, "to go to your room; why did you come here?"

"I 'm going now, sir," said Chris. "I only came up to get my lamp."

And he picked up his treasure, which lay on top of the old chest.

"I will take charge of that," announced his father, extending his hand to receive the lamp.

"No, no!" cried the boy, in a panic; "you can't have it. I—I must keep that myself."

HIS FATHER THROWS THE WONDERFUL LAMP OUT OF THE WINDOW.

"Give it to me, sir!" cried the irate parent, his face flushing.

Chris reluctantly handed him the lamp. To his horror, his father tossed it out of the open window. "Don't let me see the thing again," he said. "And now go to your room."

"Oh, father," entreated the boy, "let me go and get the lamp first. I—I don't want to lose it. I *can't* lose it! I—"

"To your room!" said Mr. Wagstaff. "Do not try my patience too far, Christopher."

Chris dared not say another word. He went to his room, threw himself on the bed, and began reflecting upon the strange events of the day, and the singular position in which he was now placed.

He told himself that it was extremely unlikely that any one would find the lamp, which he was sure must have fallen in a clump of currant-bushes just under the window. As soon as every one in the house was asleep, he would steal out and repossess himself of it; then he would hide it where no one could possibly find it.

While awaiting a suitable time to act upon this determination, Chris made a number of good resolutions. He keenly felt the position in which he was placed. He had lost the good opinion of his father, of his teachers, and of his schoolmates: he made up his mind that he would regain their esteem. His previous reputation at the academy had, perhaps, not been of the best—"as lazy as Chris Wagstaff," had been a byword with the boys; but the high-handed acts of the genie had given him a notoriety which, he told himself, he did not deserve, and which he determined to live down very quickly.

The slave of the lamp had been the direct means of putting him in this position: and he should get him out of it; he should aid him to cover himself with glory in the eyes of all who knew him—yes, of all the world! His cheeks flushed, his heart beat with unwonted rapidity, as he thought of the great future that awaited him—a future the dazzling brilliancy of which would blind all eyes to his insignificant past.

The hours dragged slowly on. But at last Chris heard the bell in the town hall strike the hour of eleven, and he rose and cautiously opened his door. The lights were extinguished; silence reigned throughout the house.

The boy crept down-stairs, noiselessly unfastened the front door, and tiptoed out.

A few moments later he was eagerly seeking among the currant-bushes for the precious lamp. It took but a few minutes' search to convince him that it was not there.

He then proceeded to explore every inch of ground within at least two hundred feet of the window from which his treasure had been thrown; but his quest was unsuccessful.

The lamp was gone.

(To be continued.)

THE DAYS AND THE YEAR.

(A Fancy.)

By Harriet F. Blodgett.

What is the world, my own little one?
Our world belongs to that clock the sun.
Steady it spins; while the clock beats true
Days and seasons for me and you.
And tick-tick-tock! goes the mighty clock
While time swings on below,
Now left — now right; now day — now night,
With a tick-tick to and fro.

The pussy-willow in coat of fur;
A sweet pink rose in the wind astir;
A maple leaf with a crimson blush;
Then falling snowflakes, and winter's hush —
While tick-tick-tock goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Budding — blowing; shining — snowing —
With a tick-tock to and fro.

A little song when the heart is glad,
A little sigh when the way is sad;
Whether the shadows or sunbeams fall,
Sweet rest and dreaming at last for all,
While tick-tick-tock goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Smiling — sighing; singing — crying —
With a tick-tock to and fro.

So this is the way, my own little one,
Our world belongs to that clock the sun,
And the hand that somewhere keeps the key
Is the same that holdeth you and me,
While tick-tick-tock goes the mighty clock,
And the world swings on below,
Now left — now right; now day — now night,
With a tick-tock to and fro.

FOR 1895.

A SUGGESTION FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Suppose we think little about number one,
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend,
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never hurt any one 'just for the joke';
Suppose we hide trouble, and show only cheer —
'T is likely we 'll have quite a Happy New Year!"

BEELZEBUB.

By Albert Carlton Pearson.

IT was a blustering February day of last year—the kind of a day which, by its merciless chill, reminds one that Winter still reigns, and is indulging in his last spiteful efforts before yielding to the gentle influences of Spring. We were seated before a blazing fire, and we were not expecting visitors, when the bell rang.

The door being opened, an expressman was literally blown into the hall, carrying a cigar-box, with the explanation that it had come from Florida, and had been delayed several days on the road. From Florida! Many were the wonderings as to its contents. Everything, from Indian relics to orange-blossoms, was suggested; but as it was being opened, a label was discovered on the side, bearing the words, "Live Alligators from Florida." This sounded quite alarming, and the ladies present moved to a safe distance, as the cover was gingerly raised.

An apprehensive glance within disclosed a pair of widely opened jaws, which, armed with rows of needle-like teeth, belonged to a very angry little alligator. The poor little fellow had had an unpleasant journey, and, resenting his numerous grievances, seemed, in his ludicrously defiant attitude, ready to fight all comers. The ladies summoned courage to take a nearer view, and one of them declared that he "looked just like the Evil One"; the others agreed, and to this uncomplimentary remark the little alligator owes his name.

He was tempted with all imaginable dainties, but refused everything offered, and seemed determined to starve to death to show his profound disgust with the world in general, very much as certain youngsters, after being punished for some misdeed, take a heroic revenge by refusing to come to the table.

Finally a letter arrived, explaining that Nature has provided that alligators shall lie in a dormant state through the winter months, and not taste food until spring. So the weeks passed, and although he grew thinner and thinner, he kept up his fast, spending Lent in a most exemplary manner.

But a bright April day wrought a marvelous change in "Beelzebub." He evidently thought he had been transported to his native land, such was the warmth of the sun. He had heard our approach and stood with head raised, his bright eyes scintillating with an eager light, and his whole appearance much like that of a pet dog when told to "speak."

A piece of raw beef was lowered on the end of a straw. Beelzebub watched it, his wasted little body quivering with suppressed excitement, until it was within reach; then he jumped for it, seized it, and retired to a distant corner of his tank where the meat was speedily swallowed.

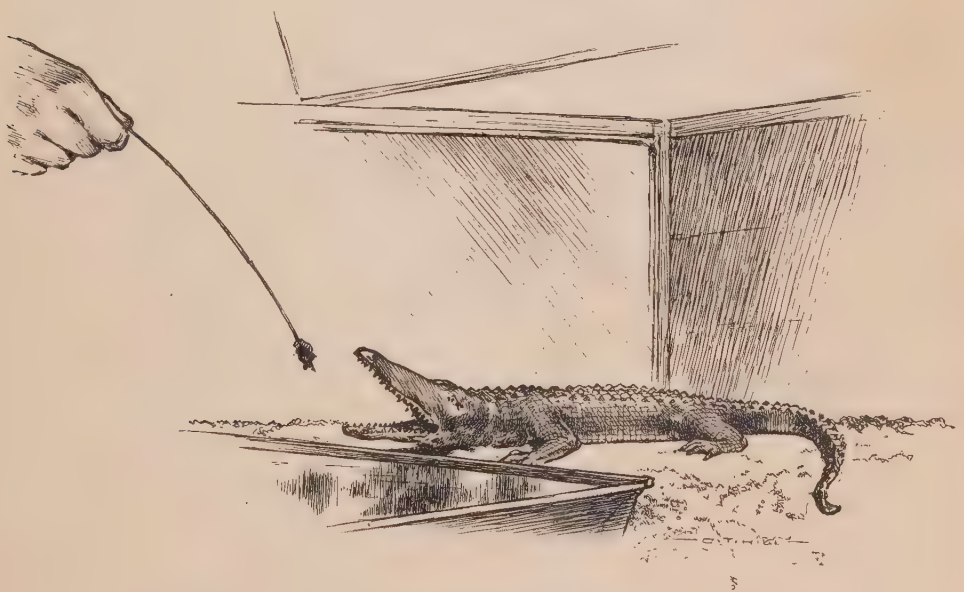
You know that in common with all the members of the reptile family an alligator's fine array of teeth are used merely in seizing its prey or in self-defense, its food being gulped down as rapidly as the size of the morsel will permit.

After a period of warm weather, a "cool wave" again rendered Beelzebub as indifferent to food as ever; and we soon learned that he was not only influenced by the weather, but by his own obstinate spirit, for when the fickle spring had given way to the steady warmth of summer, he would spend several days silently communing with himself, while we, his faithful friends, would vainly endeavor even to attract his attention.

He has passed through many adventures which doubtless were thrilling, from his point of view. One day he slipped from my hand to the floor, landing head-downward with a thump. A few feeble flops of the tail and he lay apparently lifeless. I picked him up, and he was perfectly limp, with every muscle relaxed. Laying him sorrowfully on the floor, I left the room to announce his fate to the family. The mourners arrived just in time to see his Satanic Majesty scuttling away at a remarkable pace, very much resembling a gentleman in tight boots hurriedly crossing over cobblestones. At another time he was left for a while in a pan covered with cotton netting. During the night he became restless, and, breaking through the netting, started on a tour of exploration. The stairs being in his line of march, the dauntless little 'gator started down them to the lower regions. When found by the terrified cook, he had traveled down two flights of stairs, and was standing at the head of the third, when, seeing that he was discovered, down he went, tumbling, sliding, and rolling until he reached the bottom. He was captured and returned to his home in the attic.

Who shall say that General Putnam's ride down the long flight of stone steps, in escaping from the British soldiers, showed more daring than our venturesome Beelzebub's tumbles?

During the summer he accompanied us to the sea-shore, and while there reached the climax of his adventures. One night — for alligators are most active at night — he was left out on the piazza, and in the morning we discovered that he had escaped from his tank. It seemed as if his love of adventure had this time proved fatal, as a week was spent in an unavailing search for him. At last we heard of the discovery of a wonderful animal in a swamp a short distance away. If all the reports were true, it must have been a remarkable creature, for it had the power of growing larger every time it was mentioned.



"BEELZEBUB WATCHED IT, HIS LITTLE BODY QUIVERING WITH SUPPRESSED EXCITEMENT."

A walk to the spot showed an excited little group, among whom was an Irishman, who, armed with a seven-foot pole, was poking cautiously out into the tall grass. He had discovered Beelzebub, and was firmly convinced that it was "a young dragon." And to this idea he still adhered, even when we showed him that it was only a badly frightened little 'gator. Beelzebub seemed none the worse for his long outing, and devoured several minnows with great relish, upon his arrival home.

He was of a patient disposition, and would

bear a certain amount of teasing without objecting; but at times he showed that a Spartan can fight as well as show endurance. "Tabby," the cat, manifested great curiosity, not unmixed with jealousy, when Beelzebub was installed as a family pet; and she acquired the unkind habit of walking up to him at every opportunity, and showing her displeasure by deliberately cuffing him with her paw. Then she would retire showing evident satisfaction as if she had performed a duty.

This was done once too often; for Beelzebub had evidently harbored in his memory her former insults, and this last one proved too much for his injured spirit. His eyes flashed with a yellowish light, and, when Tabby was walking away, he scrambled after, seized her tail, and clung to it viciously. This frightened the bully, and she started on a race around the room, taking aërial flights over chairs and tables, with Beelzebub desperately clinging to her tail. When we released the panic-stricken Tabby, we were surprised to find that Beelzebub was none the worse for his wild experience, and with widely distended jaws, he breathed a general defiance; but Tabby had received a lesson, and she never molested Beelzebub again.

To those among my readers who may think of keeping an alligator, a brief description of the best way to house him may be useful. Procure a good-sized box, say two or three feet square, and a baking-pan about half the size of the box, to hold the water (which should be changed every day or two). Then cover the floor of the box with sand. Put glass or wire netting on two of the sides and on the top of the box. Glass is better, because it retains the heat in the box; but you must be sure to freely admit the air.

For food, raw meat given on a straw, to seem alive, flies and worms, and small live fish form an alligator's favorite diet. But as he is not demonstrative, his air of content is apt to lead one to neglect him unless special care is taken. Remember that the alligator is accustomed to the heat of Florida, and keep him in a warm room during the winter.

I am sure that alligators are more intelligent than they are generally thought to be. Indeed, I have heard of one in a South American country which, having been caught when very young and patiently trained, would follow its master like a dog, and was perfectly docile.

I wish I could add, in closing, that Beelzebub "lived happily for ever after," as the story-books say, for he certainly deserved a peaceful life after so many trials, even though they were self-inflicted. But one morning we found he had suddenly vanished. His tank seemed perfectly secure in every way, but Beelzebub was not inside, and how he escaped is still a mystery.

We live not far from a river which Longfellow has immortalized in verse; and to me it seems probable that Beelzebub's instinct has led him to it, and that by this time he is swimming contentedly about. He might survive the winters by burying himself in the mud; and who knows but, in years to come, some duck or swan floating on the river will suddenly disappear, to every one's astonishment—and perhaps nobody but the little alligator will ever know what became of it. But then, again, Beelzebub himself may have met his fate, and all that remains of him now may be only his skin made up into articles useful to mankind.

LITTLE PAUL'S PICTURE-BOOK.

In little Paul's "Instructive Illustrated Picture-Book"
There are scenes in foreign countries, showing
how the people look.

There 's a "Scene among the Africans,
In colors gay and bright;
A scene called "Chinese People"—
An interesting sight.

There 's a picture named "Among the Turks,"
Where turbaned men go by;
And some "Italian Natives"
Beneath an azure sky.

But, strange to say, when Paul walks out and
sees about the town
Turks, colored men, Italians, too, with skins of
olive-brown,
And even placid Chinamen,—these
people *never* look
As they do in his "Instructive
Illustrated Picture-Book."

WHO SEEKS, FINDS.

By Judith Ray.

Once upon a time there was a wise queen who reigned over a country so beautiful that she ought to have been perfectly happy. And she would have been happy but for one thing: the lords and ladies of her court were always quarreling. All through the long bright days they would come to the queen with ill-natured complaints of one another. In order to remedy this state of things she called a secret council of the wisest men of the kingdom.

When they assembled before her, she told them her trouble. Then, one after another, they spoke; some advised severe punishments, and others suggested that the discontented courtiers should be sent away, and new lords and ladies appointed in their places.

At last the eldest was called. He was bent nearly double with age. He walked with a staff, and his white beard almost swept the ground. He said, "Oh, queen, live forever! Thy lords and ladies are like naughty children. They quarrel through envy, and because they try to find one another's blemishes. If thou, oh queen, canst teach them, by some parable, how ignoble such feelings are, they will be ashamed, and repent, and be freed of their fault."

After the queen dismissed her wise men, she pondered awhile, and then she called her seneschal, and bade him summon all the lords and ladies, and she also directed him to see that there should be two pages waiting in the anteroom.

When all were assembled, the queen arose and said:

"I am about to send forth two pages on a quest so full of interest that I wish you all to witness their departure and their return." Then she said to the seneschal, "Summon the first page!"

The page entered and knelt before the queen, who said to him: "I wish you to mount a trusty steed, and, keeping always to the right, to go entirely around the kingdom, visiting its gardens and plucking here and there the sweetest flowers. Then hasten back with them to me."

The page bowed, and left the queen's presence. After a moment they heard the clattering of his horse's hoofs on the pavement without. When these sounds had died away, the queen commanded:

"Summon the other page."

When he had knelt before her, the queen said, "I wish you to take a trusty steed, and, following the roads to the left, to go around the kingdom, visiting its gardens, plucking here and there the bitterest, most harmful of the weeds; and then hasten to return with them to me." The lords and ladies exchanged puzzled glances, as this page, also, departed.

But the queen, without explanations, gave orders that a watch should be set in the palace tower, and directed that word should be brought to her whenever either of the two pages was to be seen returning from his quest. Then she dismissed the lords and ladies.

Several days passed, and then the seneschal came one morning to tell the queen that both pages could be seen in the distance, approaching the palace from different directions. The queen bade him call all the lords and ladies, and admit the pages separately. Just as the courtiers were assembled, the first page entered.

His arms were full of flowers that filled the whole palace with the sweetest perfumes. Some of them had withered, but all were yet fragrant. As he laid them at the queen's feet, she asked: "Well, what did you find on your journey round the kingdom?"

Smilingly he answered, "Oh, Queen, I found a kingdom filled with flowers! Not only were the gardens all abloom, but even the hedgerows, fields, and forests. And as I looked be-

yond the boundaries of the kingdom, I saw flowers beyond — I have ridden through a world of flowers!"

"Were there no weeds?" asked the queen.

"Your Majesty, I do not remember any. There may have been, but I saw them not." Then the queen rewarded the page with a purse of gold, and dismissed him.

When he had gone, she told the seneschal to put all the flowers out of sight, and then to admit the other page. He came in, his arms filled with rank and poisonous weeds — some so full of acrid juices that he wore thick leather gauntlets to protect his hands from them. As he laid them at the queen's feet, she asked: "Well, what did you find on your quest?"

"Your Majesty, I found a kingdom overrun with weeds. Not only were the hedge-rows, fields, and forests full of them, but even the gardens also. And beyond the boundaries of the kingdom I saw weeds, weeds, weeds! — the world must be full of them! I noted them even inside the palace gate, as I returned."

"What!" said the queen; "did you find *no* flowers?"

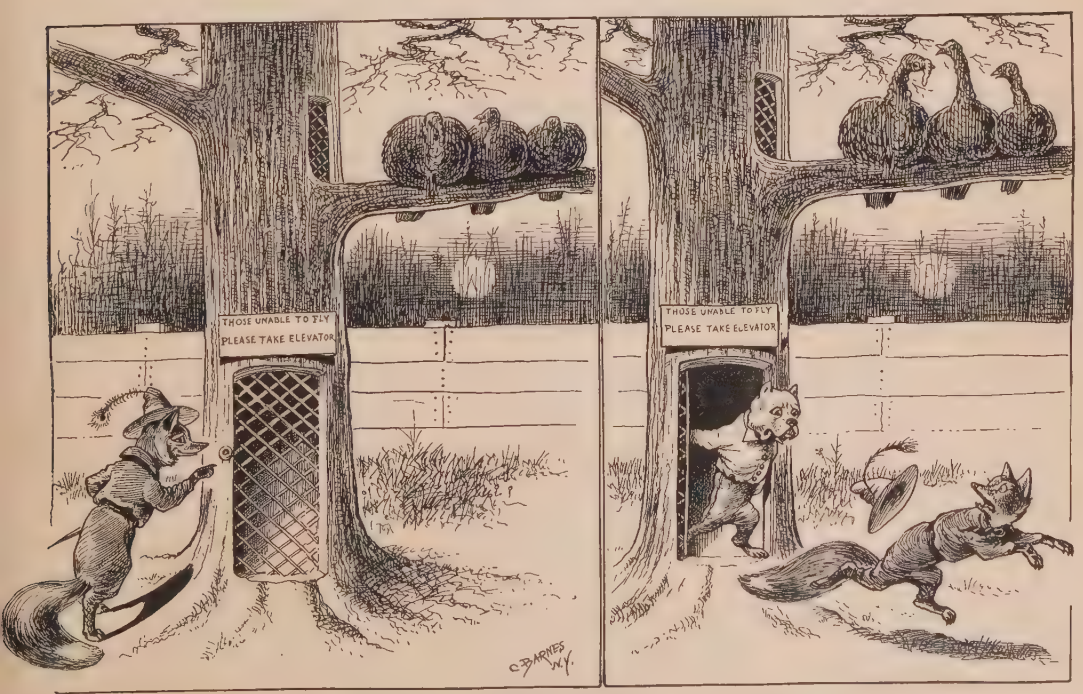
"There may have been flowers, your Majesty; indeed, there *must* have been, but as I looked only for weeds, I saw only weeds."

The queen rewarded and dismissed the second page.

Then she lifted her eyes and looked around her at the lords and ladies. All were abashed, and could not return the gaze of the good queen. Some of the gentler ladies were trying to conceal tears of penitence. The queen had thought to speak words of loving reproof to them; but she saw no words were needed. The courtiers had learned their lesson; and they gathered around her, and one of the ladies-in-waiting said:

"Dear Queen, forgive us, and we will no longer sadden your loving heart by seeking only weeds. We will bring you flowers, and trouble you no more with the weeds."

Then the queen was very glad, and they were all happy ever after.



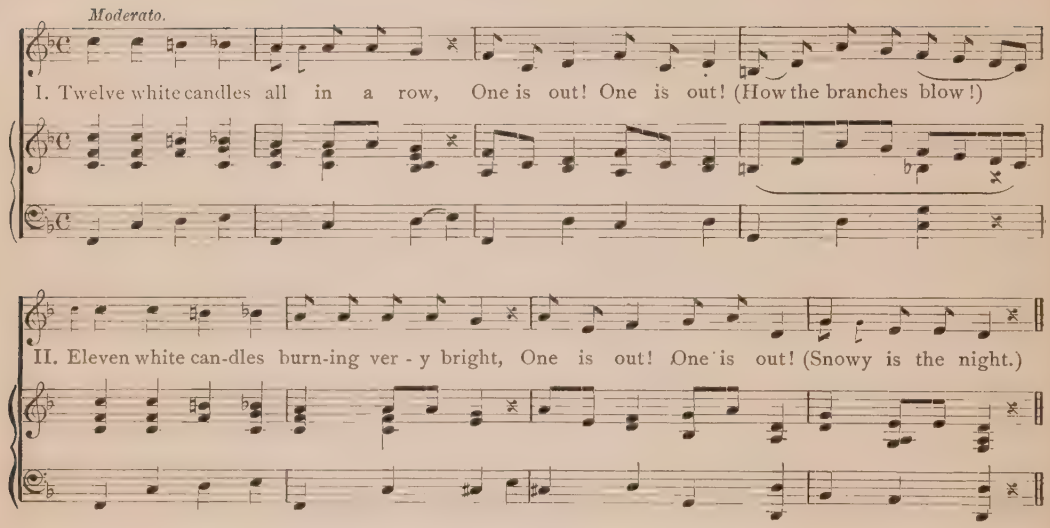
A MODEL ROOST.

REYNARD: "Ah, this is a model roost! Who could wish for anything more convenient?"

ELEVATOR BOY: "Come on, if you are going up!"

A SONG OF THE YEAR.

By Virginia Woodward Cloud.


Moderato.
I. Twelve white candles all in a row, One is out! One is out! (How the branches blow!)
II. Eleven white can-dles burn-ing ver - y bright, One is out! One is out! (Snowy is the night.)

III. Ten white candles shining on the floor,
One is out! (Hear the wind in the chimney roar!)

IV. Nine white candles in the dusk again,
One is out! (On the roof, hark the pattering rain!)

V. Eight white candles burning very low,
One is out! (Apple blooms in the orchard blow.)

VI. Seven white candles through the twilight shed,
One is out! (In the door peer the roses red.)

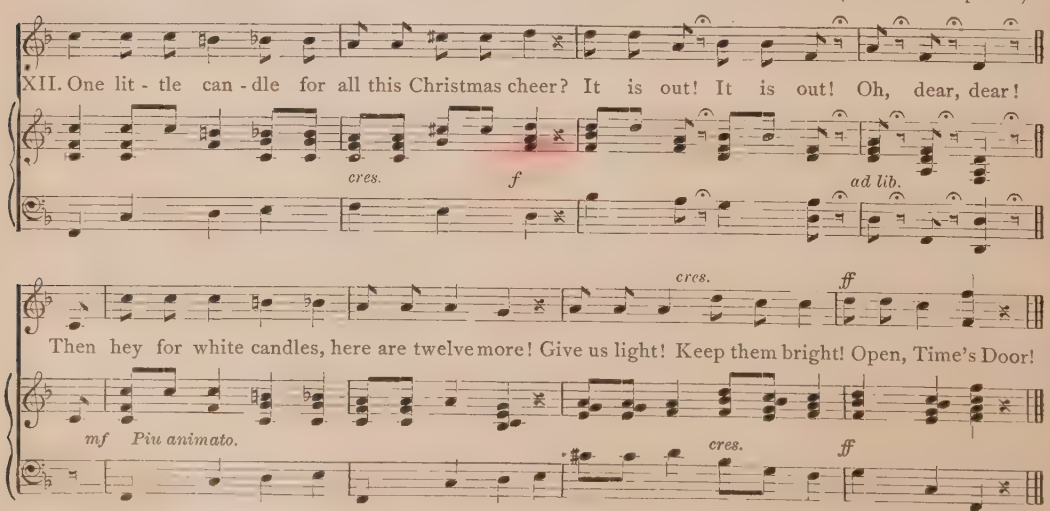
VII. Six white candles gleaming at our feet,
One is out! (Fireflies glimmer from the wheat.)

VIII. Five white candles burning down too soon,
One is out! (Yonder shines, shines the yellow moon!)

IX. Four white candles very short and small,
One is out! (Peaches red, hanging o'er the wall!)

X. Three white candles, such a dim array!
One is out! (Purple grapes make the garden gay.)

XI. Two white candles fading in the dark,
One is out! One is out! (One but a spark!)


XII. One lit - tle can - dle for all this Christmas cheer? It is out! It is out! Oh, dear, dear!
cres.
f
ad lib.
cres.
ff
Then hey for white candles, here are twelve more! Give us light! Keep them bright! Open, Time's Door!
mf
Piu animato.
cres.
ff

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

By Howard Pyle.

[*Begun in the April number.*]

Chapter XXIX.

THE ATTEMPT.

The pirates had been gone two weeks. It was a chill, drizzly morning. Jack had been out of doors to fetch in some fire-wood, and he now sat near the chimney-place drying his coat before the crackling fire, holding out the shaggy garment and watching it steam and smoke in the heat. "I wonder how soon they expect to be back," said he. "Methinks the sloops ought to have been back long before this time; ought they not?"

Dred, whether asleep or awake, was lying with his eyes closed. He opened them as Jack spoke, and then closed them without replying. Jack turned his wet coat over and felt of it. Betty Teach was moving about up-stairs. Presently he heard her tap on the door of Miss Eleanor Parker's room; then, after an interval of waiting, tap again; then, after another interval, he heard her open the door and go into the room. Suddenly there came the sound of her feet running; then of a window flung up; then of her voice. "Dred! Dred!" she called shrilly. Jack started up from where he sat, still holding his coat in his hand. His first thought was that something had happened to the young lady. Dred raised himself upon his elbow.

The next moment Betty Teach came running down-stairs, and burst into the kitchen. "Oh, Dred!" she cried, her voice shrill with excitement. "She 's gone!"

"Gone!" said Jack. "Who 's gone?" He knew very well who it was she meant, but he asked the question involuntarily.

"Why, the young lady!" cried Betty Teach, wringing her hands; "she 's run away."

"Run away!" echoed Dred.

"Yes, she 's run away. I went to her room just now to see if she was up. I knocked, but she would n't answer. Then I went in, and I found she 'd gone. There was her bed, empty as could be. Oh, Dred! won't you do something? Won't you come up-stairs and see for yourself?" said the pirate's wife. She was crying in earnest now, wiping the tears from her face with her apron. "Oh!" she sobbed, "what will Ned say?"

"There, now, don't you cry no more," said Dred. He arose heavily and laboriously from the bench as he spoke. Jack followed him as he went after Betty Teach to the floor above and to the room the young lady had occupied. Why, look!" said Dred; "the pore young thing ain't even took her shoes with her. I dare say she was afeard of making a noise, and so she 's gone off without 'em — gone in her stocking-feet, and on this cold, wet day, too."

Betty Teach was wringing her hands. "Oh, lacky, lacky me!" she wailed, "what 'll Ned say when he finds this out? He 's like enough to be back at any time now. Won't you go out and try to find her?"

Dred gave a kind of groan. "Well," said he, "it be n't fit weather for a man just gettin' over the fever to go out in, but summat must be done, and that 's a fact. Why was n't you more careful?" he said, with a sudden burst of anger. "If you 'd 'a' kept a good watch on her she would n't have run away."

"I did keep a good watch on her," said Betty Teach. "I never thought of her doing the like of this. How should I think of her running away? She 's been so gentle and biddable-like, that I never thought of her having the spirit for such a thing."

"Well, come along, Jack," said Dred; "we 'll go in and talk to Hands about it."

Hands was still bedridden with his broken knee. He lay resting his elbow on the pillow and his head on his hand, smoking the pipe that now seemed never to leave his lips.

"What 's the trouble, Dred?" said he, as Dred, followed by Jack, came into the room. Betty Teach came to the door and stood looking in, twisting her apron in her agitation.

"Why, she 's gone," said Betty, without giving Dred time to reply; "she 's run away, Hands."

"Run away!" cried Hands. "What d' ye mean? Who 's run away?"

"Why, 't is true enough," said Dred; "the young mistress is run away, and she 's been gone some time, for her bed 's cold. She 's run away without her shoes — gone off in her stocking-feet, as true as I 'm a living sinner."

"In her stocking-feet!" repeated Hands. "Well! well! to be sure! In her stocking-feet! Well, she can't have gone far, if she 's went in her stocking-feet. And I tell you what 't is, Dred, I believe she be gone up toward the town. If she goes up that way, she can't go no furder than the little swamp. If I was you, I 'd go up that there way on the chance of finding her."

Dred sat for a while on the edge of the bed in thoughtful silence. "Well," said he, "I reckon you be about right. Anyhow, 't is the best we can do to go up there and see if we can find her. In course, if for no other reason, we can't let the pore thing stay out on a day like this: she 'll be wet and soaked, and most like take sick. Come along, Jack; we 'll see what we can do. Did the Captain take both the storm-coats with him, Mistress?"

"Why, no, he did n't; there 's one down in the hutch. The long coat — you know where 't is, Jack."

The misty drizzle had changed to a fine, thin rain when Jack and Dred started out upon their quest. They walked along together, side by side, Dred lagging a little with the dregs of his weakness. "We 'll strike along the shore," said he, panting a little as he walked, "and then from the mouth of the branch we 'll beat up along the edge of the swamp. If we don't find her ag'in' we get up as far as the cross branch, we 'll strike back into the country and see if she 's at Dobbs's or Trivett's plantation houses. As for going to the town — why, what Hands says is true enough: she could n't cross the swamp with her shoes on, let alone in her stocking-feet."

Jack's every faculty was intent upon the search, but, by a sort of external consciousness, he sensed and perceived his surroundings. The bank dipped down rather sharply toward a narrow strip of swamp, threaded midway by a little sluggish lake-like stream of water. Oaks and cypress-trees grew up from the soft, spongy soil. The boles of the trees were green with moss, and here and there long streamers of moss hung from the branches. Fallen trees, partly covered with moss, partly buried in the swampy soil, stretched out gaunt, lichen-covered branches like withered arms draped with gray moss. Here and there little pools of transparent, coffee-colored water caught in reflection a fragment of the gray sky through the leaves overhead, and gleamed each like a spot of silver in the setting of dusky browns of the surrounding swamp.

Dred walked upon the edge of the drier land, Jack closer down along the edge of the swamp. His feet sucked and sopped in the soft, wet earth, and now and then he leaped from a mossy root to a hummock of earth, from a hummock of earth to a mossy root. The wet wind rushed and soughed overhead through the leaves, and then a fine, showery spray would fall from above, powdering Jack's rough coat with particles of moisture. The air was full of a rank, damp, earthy smell.

They went on for a distance without saying anything. "Stop, Jack," called out Dred presently, "till I light my pipe. The damp is like a lump of ice." He had filled his pipe with tobacco. Now he squatted down and began striking his flint and steel. Jack came up to the higher ground where he was, and stood watching him; then, leaving him, he walked on through the swamp.

He had gone on perhaps thirty or forty paces, when he suddenly caught sight of a little heap of wet and sodden clothes that lay upon the ground, partly hidden by the great ribbed roots of a cypress-tree. It looked like some cast-off clothing that had been thrown away in the swamp. He wondered dully for a moment how it came there, and then, with a sudden start, almost a shock, realized what it must be. He hurried forward, the branches and roots hidden by the mossy earth crackling beneath

his feet. "Dred!" he called out, "Dred — come here, Dred!"

"Where away?" called Dred, his voice sounding resonantly through the hollow woods.

"Here!" answered Jack. "Come along!"

The next moment he came around the foot of a cypress-tree, and found himself looking down at the young lady — almost with a second shock at finding what he had expected.

She did not move. Her face was very white, and she looked up at him with her large, dark eyes as he stood looking at her. A shudder passed over her, and then presently another. She said nothing, nor did he say anything to her. Her skirts were soaked and muddy with the swamp-water through which she must have tried to drag herself. She sat with her feet doubled under her, crouched together. Her hair was disheveled, one dark, cloudy lock falling down across her forehead. Jack looked at her until he could bear to look at her no longer; then he walked slowly away toward Dred, who now came hurrying up to where he was. "Where is she?" said Dred to Jack when the two met.

"Over yonder," said Jack, pointing toward the tree. His voice was a little husky. He was profoundly stirred by what he had seen. The poor girl had not, somehow, looked like herself. She had looked like some forlorn hunted animal. When Jack came back with Dred, they found her still sitting in the same place, just as Jack had left her. Dred stood looking down at her for a moment or two. Perhaps he also felt something of that which had so moved Jack. Then he stooped and laid his hand upon her shoulder. "You must come back with us, Mistress," said he. "You should n't 'a' tried to run away; indeed you should n't. How long have you been out here?"

Her lips moved, but she could not speak at first. "I don't know," said she presently, in a low, whispering voice. "A long time. I wanted to get away, but I could n't get through the swamp." She put her hand up to her eyes nervously and pressed it there, and her lips began to quiver and writhe. And again she shuddered as though with the cold.

"In course you could n't," said Dred, soothingly; "and indeed you should n't have tried, Mistress. 'T is enough to kill a body to be out in this sort of weather. Indeed you must come back with us, and 't will be better for you. Don't you take on so, Mistress. Come, come, don't cry no more! Come back home with us. It can't be long now till they hear from Virginy, and then they 'll send you back home ag'in. Could n't you wait for a little longer?" She shook her head: "Well, ye can't run away, Mistress; and indeed you should n't 'a' tried to run away. Why, she 's cold to the marrow," he said as he helped her to rise.

Jack instantly began stripping off his coat. His throat choked, and was hot and dry with the bitterness of pity. "Put this on, Mistress," said he, "and 't will help to keep you warm till we get home." She made no resistance, but stood with her hands pressed to her eyes as Jack put the coat over her shoulders and buttoned it under her chin.

Betty Teach opened the door and stood waiting as they came up the pathway to the house. "You 've found her, have you?" she said; and she trembled visibly with the joy of relief. "Oh! what would Ned say if he was to find all this here out?"

"Why, he need n't know anything about it," said Dred, roughly, as he and Jack assisted the young lady into the house. "Just you say nothing about it to the Captain; you too — d' ye hear, Jack? I 'll see Hands myself, and ask him that he don't say anything."

Jack, in his shirt-sleeves, had walked all the way back from the swamp, and he was damp and chilled. He sat close to the fire, staring into the embers and warming his hands, hardly knowing that he was doing so. The feeling of the pity that rested upon him weighed him down like a leaden weight. He tried to escape from the thought of the young lady, but he could not help remembering how he had seen her crouching at the foot of the cypress-tree, wet, helpless, despairing. He moved restlessly and tried to think of something else, but he could not. Betty Teach had returned from taking the young lady to her room. He heard Betty tell Dred that she had put her to bed. "You 'd better take something warm up to her," Dred was saying, and Betty Teach re-

plied: "Why, yes, I will. D' ye think she 'd drink the grog if I mixed it?" "Why, yes; she 'll have to," said Dred. "'T was enough to kill anybody to be setting out in the wet swamp like that, let alone a young lady-gell like her who ain't used to such things." Jack listened for a moment, and then his thoughts rushed back again, and he remembered how she had pressed her hands over her eyes and how her lips had quivered and writhed. Again he shifted uneasily in his seat under the spur of the sharp recollection, and almost groaned aloud. "I won't stay here any longer," he thought to himself. "They can't make me stay, and I won't stay. I don't know why I 've stayed here so long, anyhow." And the thought of getting away from any repetition of such a pathetic scene as he had beheld that morning brought him a certain ease and relief.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE RETURN.

THAT same night — it was after midnight — Jack began to be disturbed in his sleep by iterated pounding upon the floor overhead. He heard the noise, and for some time it mingled in his dreams before he began recognizing it with his waking thoughts. He raised himself upon his elbow where he lay upon the floor. Dred was sitting upon the bench, and there was the sound of stirring overhead.

"What was that noise?" said Jack.

"Why, I don't know," said Dred.

They could hear the patter of bare feet, and presently Betty Teach came running downstairs. The next moment she burst into the room. "They 've come back," said she; "the sloop 's come back. Hands heard 'em, and he says they 're landing at the wharf now. He 's been pounding on the floor with his shoe for a deal of a while, but ye slept like ye were dead."

Before she had ended speaking, Jack was pulling on his shoes. He tied the thongs hurriedly, and then slipped on his coat and put on his hat with one motion. He looked up at the clock; it was half-past twelve. Then he ran off out of the house, leaving Dred dressing more slowly and deliberately.

The rain was still driving in fine sheets, and there was the constant sound of running water, and every now and then the dropping and pattering of many drops from the trees as they bowed gustily before the wind. There were lights moving about down at the wharf, and the creaking of block and tackle, and the calling of voices coming out from the dark harbor beyond. There were lights moving about there also, rising and falling with the heaving of the dark waters, and reflected in long, restless trickles of light across the tops of the waves. Only one sloop appeared to have come in, but a dim, twinkling light was moving across the mouth of the creek far beyond, showing where the second sloop was beating up to run into the harbor. Men were moving about the wharf; the reflection of the lights of the lanterns streaked long points upon the wet boards, and every now and then black figures passed before them, now shutting them off for an instant, and then disclosing them again. Jack was still dazed and bewildered by the sudden waking. Everything seemed to him to be singularly strange and unreal. What he saw took on the aspect of night-time, and the things that happened the day before mingled oddly with the things of the present. He seemed to see the poor girl, white and pitiful, crouching at the foot of the cypress-tree, and the remembrance brought a sudden, sharp pang. He could see, when he came close, that they were unloading bales and boxes from a boat at the end of the wharf. He stood just within the light, looking on a while.

"Hullo, Jack, is that you?" said a young pirate. "Where 's Dred?"

"Why, he' s coming," said Jack.

"Here he be now," said another voice, as Dred also came into the range of light.

"Hullo, Dred!" cried another of the men. "How be ye now?"

"Oh, I be well enough," said Dred.

"Well, I did n't know whether we 'd find ye alive or no," said the man. "It 's brought you down till you look all knuckle-bones." And there was a laugh.

"What fortune did ye have?" said Dred.

"Well, 't was a good enough fortune of its kind, as ye may see; but we saw naught of the packet we went out for to look for."

"Where be them things from, then?"

"Well, d' ye see, them be purchased off another prize altogether. Four days out we sighted a craft, and made sure 't was our prize we was looking for. We chased her for a good day and a half, and then, when we came up with her, why, 't was not the packet after all, but a bark—a great big lumbering craft. Well, in the chase, we in the Captain's sloop had clean outsailed t' other, and dropped it away behind; so, there being but one on us, the villains aboard the bark showed fight for a while, and gave us two or three pretty bad doses of broadsides. But we just hammered away at her and held her back till t' other sloop with Morton aboard came up, and then she struck to us and we went aboard of her."

"Anybody hurt bad?" asked Dred.

Those of the men who had come ashore, and who were not busy unloading the boats, had gathered about Dred and Jack. Jack listened to what was said, still feeling the unreality of all.

"Why, yes," said another one of the men, answering Dred's question. "Tom Cotton was killed, and Salter and Greenleaf and Jim Powell and Cæsar and Dick Nelson was hurt. Oh, yes; Dobbins was shot in the hand, too. Nelson 's hurt pretty bad. He 's aboard the sloop yet."

"I tell you what 't is. That there bark—even if we did miss the packet—is the best purchase we 've made for many a day," said another man. "Aye, the best we 've made since the old days afore we quit outside work. Green water under the keel, says I."

"Where 's the Captain?" said Dred.

"He 's aboard the sloop," said one of the men.

"Is that all you got aboard that there boat?" called Miller, the quartermaster, who was superintending the unloading of the boat.

"Aye, aye!"

"Well, pull out, then, and let Haskell in with his boat."

Jack watched the boat pull out into the darkness. The other boat, loaded also with boxes and bales and bags, was waiting just beyond in the night. As soon as the empty boat pulled away, the other took its place at the end of the wharf.

"Where did the bark hail from?" asked Dred.

"From Southampton."

"They had a lot of redemption servants aboard," interjected another of the men.

"Was any one hurt aboard of her?"

"Why, there was only two or three of the men wounded in the beginning, but afore we left 'em they was hurt bad enough, I can tell ye."

"What d' ye mean?" said Dred.

"Why," said the speaker, "the Captain was that mad at missing the packet, and then for having such a long stern-chase for to overhaul the bark, and then at being peppered at and knocked to pieces, that he hauled off a little piece and, spite of all some on us could say, lets fly a broadside at her out of pure wantonness. We hit her pretty heavy astern. I see the white splinters fly atwixt wind and water, and she just shook and heeled over to the shot. Miller he do say as he believes she sunk arterwards."

"What 's that?" said Miller, hearing his name spoken—"what 's that?" and he came across to where Dred and the little group stood.

"Why, I was telling Dred as how you did believe the bark was sunk."

"Why, I know she were," said Miller. "The Captain he were looking at her with the glass, and he calls me up to take a peep. Well, I looks, and as true as I 'm a living sinner I see her coppers shining and her bowsprit pointing upward! She was hull down then a'most, but I could see her every now and then when she rose to a sea. D' ye see, we struck her astern, and when I see her through the glass she was settling astern. How be ye now, Dred?"

"Why, I be better," said Dred, "and able to get about a bit."

"Why," said Miller, "to be sure I thought it was all up with you, Dred, when I last seen ye a-standing on the end of the wharf. Here, you lubber!" he called out to a negro who, in unloading the boat, had dropped a keg. "What be ye at there? D' ye mean to stave in that there cask?"

"I no do it a purpose," answered the negro, sullenly.

Jack stood looking on and listening silently. Still everything seemed very strange and unreal to him; still the things of the day before and

the things now were tangled and confused together. Another boat had come ashore through the darkness, and among the others who scrambled up upon the wharf was a young fellow who carried his arm in a sling, his coat buttoned loosely around his shoulders. "Well, Dred," said he, "poor Tom Cotton 's got his settlement." "Aye," said Dred, "and you yourself did n't get off any too well, Ned." The other grinned. "I might have been worse off, and I might have been better off." "Where were you hurt, Ned?" Jack asked, arousing himself a little more keenly. "Shot in the shoulder," said the other briefly. There was something about the coat buttoned loosely around the man's shoulders that recalled vividly to Jack's memory how they had found the poor young lady at the foot of the cypress-tree that morning, and how he had put his own coat about her shoulders. Again he could see in his mind her white, frightened face, and again he felt the painful shrinking pity at his heart. It all seemed to be of a piece with what he was now seeing — the wet night, the fine rain, the dim figures, the lanterns upon the dripping wharf, the boats coming and going in the darkness.

It was well toward morning before Blackbeard came ashore from the sloop. The rain had ceased, and the moon, a little past full, shone with a dim, watery light through the fleecy vapor, now and then sailing out from the sheets of silvery gauze into the open spaces of misty sky. Dred had gone back to the house, but Jack still remained at the landing with the sailors gathered there. A mysterious pallid light began to grow upon the darkness, and the strange feeling of the day not yet quite awake. The boat with the pirate Captain aboard came rowing through the dim gray of the dawning day. There were several of the pirates with him — Morton the gunner, Roberts the carpenter, and two others. They came ashore in the faint light like ghosts.

Jack followed them as they went up to the house through the long wet grass. Betty Teach met them at the door, and they all went into the kitchen, where a fire burned, dispelling the chill dampness of the early day. "Hath there been any letter come yet from Virginia?" was the first thing the pirate Captain asked of his wife.

"No," said she.

"What!" said the pirate; "are you sure? Nothing yet? Why, there should have been something two or three weeks ago."

"Well, there 's nothing come yet," said his wife.

Blackbeard's face lowered, and then he pushed past her into the house. Dred was sitting on a cricket by the fire, warming his hands. "How be you, Dred?" asked Morton.

"Why, I 'm better now," said Dred, "and able to be about a bit."

"How 's Hands getting on?" asked the pirate Captain.

"He 's still abed," said Dred; "but he 's a deal better than he was. And so ye had a hot fight this time, had ye?"

"Aye," answered Morton, "'t was a hot fight while it lasted as ever I saw. The villains dosed the small sloop well afore we could haul up to 'em. The Captain got three atwixt wind and water, and the sloop was a-leaking that bad that we had to beach her down at the Inlet to let Roberts get a chance to patch her up."

Blackbeard sat at the table in sullen silence, taking no part in the discussion, and not even seeming to hear it. He was filling his pipe, and as he finished he lighted it at the candle. The room was already becoming blue with tobacco-smoke. Betty Teach, bustling about, had brought half of a ham and a lot of cold corn-bread, which she put on the table. Then she set a pewter plate and a knife and fork before each man. Blackbeard cut himself a slice of ham and helped himself to a piece of bread, and the others did likewise without waiting to be asked.

"How 's the young Mistress?" asked the pirate Captain, with his mouth full.

"Why, I don't see as she 's much better," said his wife.

"She ain't any worse, is she?"

"Well, I don't know as she is; but she ain't any better, and that 's the truth. She 's mightily weak and sickly-like. Sometimes she does n't eat nothing at all to speak of."

"How much of a purchase did you make?" asked Dred.

Blackbeard did not reply. "Oh, I don't know," said Morton, "nor won't till we get the governor to condemn it, d' ye see? But I reckon 't is a right smart trifle. There was five casks of fine old Madeira that ought to be worth a pretty penny, and then there was three bundles of laces."

"What craft was it?"

"'T was the 'Duchess Mary' bark of Southampton."

Blackbeard leaned back in his chair, stretching himself. He yawned cavernously. "Well, I 'm going to turn in," said he; "I 'm mortal tired." Then he pushed back his chair noisily. He arose without another word, and went out of the room and up-stairs.

The others sat for a while longer talking. "Come, messmates," said Morton, at last, "we 've got to look after the landing of the rest of them goods yet." Then they too pushed back their chairs, and arose and went out of the house into the now wide, gray light of the growing day.

The clock on the mantel struck six. Jack got up and stretched himself; then he kicked the log in the fireplace into a livelier blaze; then he went to the door and stood looking out into the daylight.

Chapter XXXI.

A SCENE.

During the morning Mr. Knight and another man who was a stranger to Jack came down from the town.

Everything had been brought ashore from the sloop, and stored in the frame warehouse adjoining the pirate's dwelling. The crew of the two sloops had not yet all gone home. Two of the rowboats lay alongside the larger sloop, from which they were unloading some kegs — perhaps of gunpowder. The only one of the pirates who yet remained about the wharf was the young pirate who had been wounded, and whom Jack had seen the night before carrying his arm in a sling. He had gone back to the sloop, had had his wound dressed, and had now come ashore again. Betty Teach had given him some breakfast — a cold roast sweet potato, some corn-bread, and a thick slice of ham.

"Did it hurt you when you were shot?" asked Jack.

"Hurt!" said the pirate. "I don't know; no, not much just at first. 'T was as if somebody had struck me in the shoulder with a club. It just knocked me around as if I 'd been hit with a club. 'T was a nigh chance, and if it had been a little nigher 't would have been all up with Ned Stephens.

"Well," continued the young pirate, "'t was summat to stir the blood, I can tell ye. There we lay for maybe twenty minutes or more afore t' other sloop could come up with us, and all the time that there bark a-banging away at us, and the bullets a-going ping! ping! and chug! chug! and every now and then boom! goes a gun — boom! boom! — and maybe a bucketful of splinters goes flying. And just then bump! and around I goes, shot in the shoulder. 'T were n't no fun, now, I tell ye."

A boat was coming down from the town. Two men sat in the stern, and, as it came nearer and nearer, Jack distinguished one of them as Mr. Knight. He went out to the end of the wharf as the boat came up under it. The men who were rowing were strangers to Jack. They lay resting on their oars, looking up at him.

"Hullo, young man!" called Mr. Knight to Jack, who, upon his side, stood looking down into the boat. "Is Captain Teach at home?"

"Why, yes, he is," said Jack; "but he 's not about yet."

Mr. Knight spoke to the men in the boat, who drew it up to the landing and held it there while he climbed up the slippery ladder to the wharf above, the other following immediately after. "Come along, Hotchkiss," said Mr. Knight to the stranger. Jack followed them as they walked away, and the wounded young pirate, munching at his food, stood looking stolidly after them as they passed along the wharf.

Mr. Knight led the way in at the kitchen door, entering the house without knocking. Dred sat on the bench, his elbows on his knees. He looked up at the visitors, but without moving or saying anything. Betty Teach had not put away the remains of the breakfast, and the room looked cluttered and confused.

"If you 'll come in t' other room," said Jack, "you 'll likely find it in better trim than this one."

"Never mind," said Mr. Knight; "we 'd just as lief stay here. What time did the sloops get in?" he asked of Dred.

"I don't know exactly," said Dred, without taking his pipe out of his mouth; "'t was some time arter midnight."

"Is the Captain asleep yet?"

"I reckon he be," said Dred. "I ha' n't seen him since he went to bed early this morning."

"Well, he 'll have to be wakened then," said Mr. Knight; "for I 've just fetched Captain Hotchkiss, here, down from the town to see him, and he has to be going again as soon as may be."

"Why, then, Jack," said Dred, "you 'd better slip up-stairs and wake him."

Jack stood hesitating. "I don't know," said he; "'t is like enough he won't like to be disturbed just now. Do you remember he was mortal tired when he came home last night, and in a bad humor into the bargain? 'T is like enough he has n't had his sleep out yet."

"Never you mind," said Mr. Knight; "I 'll take all that on myself. You go and tell him that I and Captain Hotchkiss are here."

Jack went up-stairs, still reluctantly. He knocked upon the door of the room, and then repeated the tapping before he got an answer.

"Who 's there?" he heard the pirate's husky voice calling, and then he heard the sound of stirring within. Just then Betty Teach came out of Miss Eleanor Parker's room.

"What is it, Jack?" said she. "What d' ye want?"

"Why," said Jack, "Mr. Knight 's down-stairs, and he bade me come and tell the Captain that he and Captain Hotchkiss are waiting to see him."

"Who is it?" called Blackbeard again from the bed. "What d' ye want?"

"Why," said his wife, half opening the door and looking in, "'t is Mr. Knight and Captain Jack Hotchkiss. They 're down-stairs waiting to see you."

"Very well," said Blackbeard. "Go down and tell 'em that I 'll be down by and by."

When Jack followed the pirate's wife down-stairs, he found Mr. Knight standing looking out of the window and Captain Hotchkiss talking to Dred. "Well," Captain Hotchkiss was saying, "'t was indeed pretty ill luck for you to be laid up just at this here time."

"Aye," said Dred, "but what was I to do? I could n't go out on a cruise with the fever like that on me."

Mr. Knight turned around as the two entered. "Well," said he, "is he coming?"

"Yes," said Jack; "he says he 'll be down by and by."

There was the sound of stirring up-stairs in the Captain's room. They could hear him stamping his feet into his shoes. Then they heard the door of the room open and the pirate Captain come stumping down the stairs. He was still in his sullen, lowering humor—his eyes bleared with broken sleep.

"Good morrow, Captain," said Mr. Knight. "They do say that you 've brought five casks of Madeira ashore. Well, if that be true, methinks I can help you to rid yourself of them at a fair price. Hotchkiss here is on his way to Philadelphia, and will take them there to Mr. West, who 'll handle them as my agent, if you choose to have it so. I dare say he 'll get the best there is out of it for you."

Blackbeard sat listening sullenly.

"Where is the wine?" said Captain Hotchkiss.

"In the storehouse, like enough," said Blackbeard, shortly. "I 'll take you over to look at it if you choose to come." His lowering mood still brooded heavily upon him. He arose, took down his hat gloomily, and, without saying anything further, stalked out of the house, leaving his two visitors to follow him as they chose.

"I 've a great mind," said Jack to himself, "to ask Captain Hotchkiss if he won't take me away with him." But he did not do so.

(To be continued.)

"THEY FOUND HER STILL SITTING IN THE SAME PLACE."

TIM SHERIDAN AND HIS CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

By Leonard M. Prince, U. S. A.

THE evening gun had just been fired at Fort Crook. The Stars and Stripes fluttered for a moment at the top of the tall flagstaff, and then dropped quickly toward the ground.

In the sharp December air one could hear the rapid roll-calls of the first sergeants, their soldierly reports, and then the hurrying of a half-score of uniforms toward the center of the officers' line, where the adjutant stood waiting to receive the reports of the different companies.

Among the last to approach him were two young officers clad in the uniform of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, evidently engaged in discussing what to them was a very weighty problem. The taller of the two could be heard saying:

"For the life of me, Jack, I don't see what we are going to do for a cook on this trip. Old Murphy was absent again without leave, this week, and I simply could n't pass it over, so had to slap him in the guard-house. He is the only man that I know of now who would be willing to go in such a position. I 'm afraid we 'll have to give it up, for I don't want to compel any man to go along as cook."

Before the other could reply, they had arrived at the regulation five paces from the adjutant, and one after the other raised his hand in salute and reported.

Then, turning up the walk to the "Bachelors' Quarters," the other officer replied:

"Why don't you try to get Tim Sheridan? I know he 's young, but Cuthbert said he did very well for them on their trip last fall, when Dreyer got sick with the mountain fever. He would be glad to get a chance to earn a dollar or two, especially so near Christmas."

"I don't like to take a youngster like that, but I guess it 's our only show," the former answered gloomily.

"I 'll tell you," said the other, "I 'll go down to the laundress's quarters to-night and see Mrs. Sheridan. If she says for Tim to go, we 're 'O. K.'"

The officers speaking were Lieutenants Rowell and Haines, both young subalterns who had been away from the leading-strings of the "Point" only a few years. They had planned a hunting trip up the Missouri after ducks and geese; but the fall had been so open that it had been postponed from time to time until the middle of December, when the first cold snap had begun to send the brant and ducks hurrying southward.

Just as the last strains of reveille were dying away, two mornings later, a pair of army wagons could have been seen pulling out of the old fort for a trip across the Nebraska prairies. Tim drove the first, that conveyed the two officers, their guns, dogs, and ammunition; while a heavier one followed containing a couple of soldiers, together with the tentage, provisions, and other necessaries for the trip.

Tim was a character well known about the garrison. His freckled face looked bright and cheery under the mass of red curly hair that hung over it. He was not large for a boy of fifteen, yet was tough and wiry, like a bundle of steel rods, as many a larger boy on Laundress Row had learned to his sorrow. His greatest ambition was to be "a sargint in the rigiment," as his father had been before him. And as for that father, Tim fairly worshiped his memory.

He had been a veteran of the Rebellion; had gone through the Bannock war, the Nez Percé campaign, was on the Rosebud in '76 — in short, he was one of those standbys that are fast disappearing from the army. He had almost finished his thirty years' service when the order came in the winter of '90 for the regiment once more to take the field against the hostile Sioux.

Tim's father went through the campaign only to fall a victim to pneumonia, caused by a forced march one February night just before the troops were ordered home.

Tim never forgot the scene when his father was buried: how the officers of the regiment, from the gray-haired colonel down to the last beardless youngster from the Point, had stood with bared heads as the body was lowered into the grave, and how tears started in the eyes of more than one veteran as the bugler stood beside the grave and sounded the last "taps" for the dead soldier.

He still looked with awe at the two medals for bravery that his father had won during Indian troubles — one for carrying despatches through a country filled with "hostiles," and the other for rescuing his captain, now the gray-haired colonel, when attacked by Apaches years ago in old Mexico.

By the kindness of the colonel, Tim's mother, Bridget, still held her quarters as laundress, and thus, with her small pension, eked out an existence. As for Tim, he ran errands for the officers, and worked at odd jobs about the garrison. He was eagerly looking forward to the coming spring, when he should be sixteen; for had not the adjutant promised Tim, the day before, that if his mother was willing the adjutant would enlist him then as a bugler in "K" company?

Just think! — in old "K" company, where his father had been the ranking sergeant for the last fifteen years. No wonder he was pleased and happy that morning; he had thought about little else all night long, and had secretly been forming plans to get an old bugle in his possession the moment he got back, so that he could practise up all the calls and go for duty as soon as he donned his uniform.

He knew all the calls now, but, to prove it to himself, he began to whistle them one after another, from "adjutant's call" to "taps."

The ten days passed very pleasantly for all. Even Tim had lots of fun, after the cooking was over, hunting squirrels in the timber near the camp, and getting an occasional shot at some too inquisitive coyote.

After the dinner was cleared away at night, his greatest pleasure came in sitting about the camp-fire and listening for hours to the yarns that two old soldiers told of their campaigning days when the regiment was in Arizona.

But he could have jumped out of his boots for joy the last morning, when Lieutenant Rowell told one of the soldiers to remain in camp, and asked Tim if he did n't want to go to the lower blind for a morning's shooting.

Before the sun had begun to streak the eastern sky with red, Tim had the little skiff out, and was rapidly rowing to the long sandbar below the camp, on which the lower blind was stationed. Hauling the boat up in a small inlet, the two went across the bar, set out their decoys, and waited for the first streaks of dawn. They could hear the swish, swish, swish of wings over them, but it was too dark to shoot.

Tim fairly trembled with excitement, for it was his first chance after ducks with a real breechloader in his hands. In a few minutes the sky began to get lighter, and they could see the long line of ducks hastening southward. Then the day's shooting began, and duck after duck stopped its southern flight, to reappear a few days later on the mess-table of some company.

When the morning flight was about over, and they were making ready to leave the blind, Lieutenant Rowell suddenly called out, "Drop down!" As Tim obeyed, he glanced northward, and saw coming straight for the blind a single large Canada goose. Straight on he came, till the flash of the first shot sent him swinging to the left; but only for a moment, for at the next shot he dropped like a stone into the little inlet near the blind.

As they had no retrievers along, Lieutenant Rowell, with his high waders, started to go across the shallow water for the bird, while Tim loaded in the ducks and got the boat ready.

Just as the latter was putting in the first lot, he heard a tremendous splashing back of him. Looking about, he saw that the officer had come upon a piece of quicksand, half-way across. But, before Tim could do anything, the other, by a lucky lurch, had freed himself and scrambled on to the firmer bottom.

There lay the goose floating only a few feet from the other shore, but drifting out into the river little by little. So tempting did it look, and so close to the other bank, that the lieutenant started around by land to the other side of the inlet, and cautiously began to wade anew. Just as he was stooping to grasp his prize, his feet seemed to slip from under him, and down he went in mud and water up to his shoulders, with the treacherous sands of the Missouri tightening their terrible grasp about his feet and legs.

Tim understood it all in a moment, dropped his birds, and ran for his boat on the other side of the bar. It was only an instant until he had severed the long rope at the end, grabbed an oar, and was speeding back. Passing the blind, he added the largest branches of it to his load, and again was racing around to the bank nearest the sinking officer.

The latter had not uttered a word, but with the strength of despair was making frantic efforts to free himself from the death-like grasp of the sand, only to sink deeper and deeper with each fresh exertion. Once, to his horror, Tim saw him almost disappear beneath the surface of the water, but it was only for a moment. Tim tossed him the branches and called to him to tread them under his feet, and to throw his gun on shore. The latter tried to comply, but only a lucky grab of Tim's saved the gun from slipping into the river. Then, throwing one end of the rope to the sinking man, Tim wrapped the other about himself, and began to pull; he pulled and strained, but the rope did not give an inch. The camp was three quarters of a mile distant; the soldiers there could not hear him, or if they could, it would be impossible for them to get across in time to do any good.

Lieutenant Rowell, he could see, was fast losing strength, for his struggles were much weaker. Tim looked round him in despair.

Suddenly he called out:

"Lootinant, would ye unbutton those waders, and let the straps down aff yer shoulders, and then pass that rope under yer arm-pits and hould on?"

Tim unwound the rope from himself, ran back a few paces to an old stump half buried in the sand, picked up the oar he had brought with him, fastened the rope to the middle, and then, using it as a lever, began to push with all his strength.

At first, not a budge; then, as he made one final effort, he felt the rope coming, and a moment later Lieutenant Rowell lay gasping on the bank, but minus "those waders," for Tim had literally pulled him out of his boots.

The officer was so weak after his struggle that he needed Tim 's help to rise and make the first few steps toward the boat.

There lay the old goose, still floating temptingly just out of reach. Tim wanted permission to take off his things and swim out to it, but the officer would n't hear of such a thing; he was shivering himself from the effects of his ice-cold bath, and would n't let any one else repeat so dangerous an experiment.

A cold north wind was blowing down the river, so Tim hastened to get the boat out and row to the camp. It was a hard tussle, and even then they struck the Nebraska shore a good distance below the camp, so that the officer had to walk up the water's edge several hundred yards in his stocking-feet to reach the landing where he could get up the high bank.

Tim begged for permission to go back in the boat and pick up the goose, saying it would be an easy matter, with only one in the boat, to row around the back of the sand-bar and pick up the old bird as it floated out.

Too cold and weak from his involuntary bath to protest long, Lieutenant Rowell gave his reluctant consent, and back Tim went. The inlet was easily reached with the current and wind to help him, and the first thing that greeted Tim's eyes when he turned round was that old gray goose, that had so nearly cost a life, washed up on the bank where a five-year-old boy could get it!

So interested had Tim been in getting to the goose that he had n't noticed the storm sweeping down from the north. How to get back was a problem; the white caps on the river

told him the impossibility of returning as he had come; and the only other way open was to tow the boat up the shallow water on the Iowa side till he got above the camp.

A long hour of hard work passed before Tim had his precious boat-load far enough up to make it safe to cross. The storm had been increasing every moment; the shrieking of the wind, together with the roar of the falling earth as the river ate away the banks, would have terrified many an older heart than Tim's. But he came of a race of soldiers, so with a brave heart he launched his boat, and, putting forth all his boyish muscle, made it fairly leap through the water.

He had succeeded in getting nearly three quarters of the way across, when — crash! the boat suddenly heeled over, a gust of wind struck it, and, before Tim could act, it was half full of water, and going down stream as fast as wind and current could take it. He had struck one of those treacherous snags that lie concealed below the surface of the "Big Muddy," but fortunately had struck it a glancing and not a direct blow.

That ruined Tim's chances. He bailed frantically with his old campaign cap, until he saw the landing slip by him, as the boat swept swiftly down the stream. Then he grabbed the oars, determined to get the water-laden boat to the shore as quickly as possible, since every fresh wave added its quota to the water within. It was a hard struggle, but he at last made the shore about a quarter of a mile below the landing.

There was the bank ten feet above him; it looked fifty to his tired eyes. Any moment the mass of earth might overwhelm him. All day long he had heard the booming and roar of tons of sand and gravel, as they struck the water and disappeared in the ever-hungry maw of the river.

TIM PULLS THE LIEUTENANT OUT OF THE QUICKSAND.

To go back was useless; he must go forward; but on what? Not by the river, for that was impossible. A narrow ledge of hard sand at the river's edge, and that several inches under water, was his only pathway.

It was perilous work treading on that slight foothold, six to ten inches wide at its best. To pull the boat after him in the teeth of the storm was an additional burden that few would have undertaken. Several times his stout little heart sank as he heard the rush of earth just back of him, and the angry roar of the waters as the spray dashed up to tell where the bank had been.

If only he would let the boat go, he could get on so much faster. But no; that meant losing the gun, the boat, and the birds that had been intrusted to him. He had never yet been false to a trust, and his boyish sense of duty would not let him begin now. He would n't and could n't give up.

At length an old wire fence hanging over the bank told him of his nearness to camp. Making the boat fast to the wire, he concluded to try the gun; but, in his excitement, both barrels went off together, and the result knocked him flat in the mud of the bank.

A moment after, Tim heard a voice above him shouting:

"Well, an' is that yez, ye little rascal? Sure, and the lootinant 's bin havin' the hull camp huntin' for yez this last hour, and sorra a bit could we see of ye, till ye nearly blowed the top av me head off with that load of shot!"

Before Tim could find breath to say anything, old Dolan added:

"Now be after passin' that gun and rope up before ye do any more shootin'."

A few minutes later a very bedraggled but proud boy marched into camp with that big, lone goose hanging from the gun's barrel.

On Christmas Eve, when Tim was telling his mother for the forty-first time how he got that same goose, there came a knock at the door of the laundress's quarters; then the grinning black face of the mess-servant was seen, as they heard:

"Lieutenant Rowell's compliments to Mrs. Sheridan, with this hyar basket."

The children pounced on the latter in an instant, and there on top lay the goose — that same old Canada honker.

How the eyes of the youngsters glistened as they thought of the Christmas dinner on the morrow! — for there beneath the fowl lay cranberries, celery, apples, nuts, raisins, and candy without end.

Tim disdained the rest of the basket, but kept fondly stroking that old goose. Suddenly he uttered a yell that made his good mother drop the basket and exclaim:

"Land o' mercy, what 's got into the boy!" for Tim was dancing a wild war-dance, and frantically waving something before his mother's eyes.

All at once he stopped, and, making a deep bow, said:

"I 've heard of killin' the goose that laid the goold eggs; but this is the first wan, Mither darlin', that iver I saw kilt with a goold eagle in his craw!"

"TIM MARCHED INTO CAMP WITH THE BIG GOOSE."

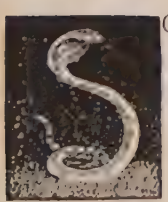
With that, he placed in his old mother's hands the bright twenty-dollar coin, and added:

"It 's a new gown you 'll be havin' the winter, Mither dear."

ROGUE ELEPHANTS.

By C. F. Holder.

DESTROYING THE WATCH-STATION. (SEE PAGE 242.)



SOME years ago, a famous hunter, traveling through India in search of amusement and information, was met by a deputation of natives from a small village, who asked his protection from an elephant that had taken up its residence near their town. Not only had the great animal again and again destroyed their crops, but it had killed several men. Altogether, the elephant was the terror of the large and formerly prosperous community.

The hunter assured the natives that he would try to destroy their enemy, and he at once made his preparations.

The stranger was an experienced elephant-hunter, having followed the great beasts wherever found, in Africa, Ceylon, and India. He knew at once that this troublesome fellow was what is known as a "rogue,"— a term given to

elephants that are vicious, not simply roguish — brutes that try to destroy everything, especially the property and lives of men.

First, he must learn, if possible, the ways and habits of this especial rogue, and, with that object in view, he consulted the head men and hunters of several villages.

One man stated that the rogue was possessed of an evil spirit; that on one day it would visit one locality, and on the next day be heard of many miles away. As to its actions, the man said, it suddenly came from a dense jungle near his native town and dashed through the streets at midday, tearing houses to pieces, throwing them into the air, and utterly wrecking the neighborhood. It also killed many people, after which it was seen quietly feeding in the gardens near the town.

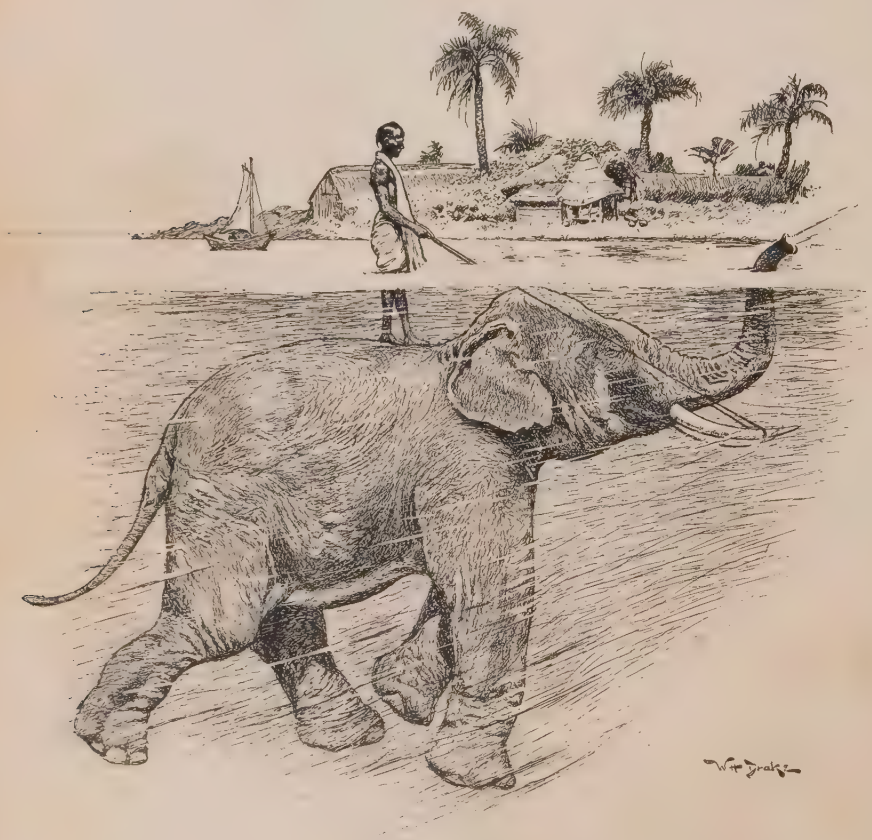
Another native told a similar story. This time the rogue appeared at night, broke down fences, and destroyed the crops. When fired upon, it rushed into a small village, doing much damage and driving the inhabitants to the woods.

Still another man reported that for weeks a public road between two villages had been deserted by every one, because the rogue had taken possession. The man added that at the time of the hunter's coming, the elephant was destroying the rice-fields about the town, the people being powerless to prevent him.

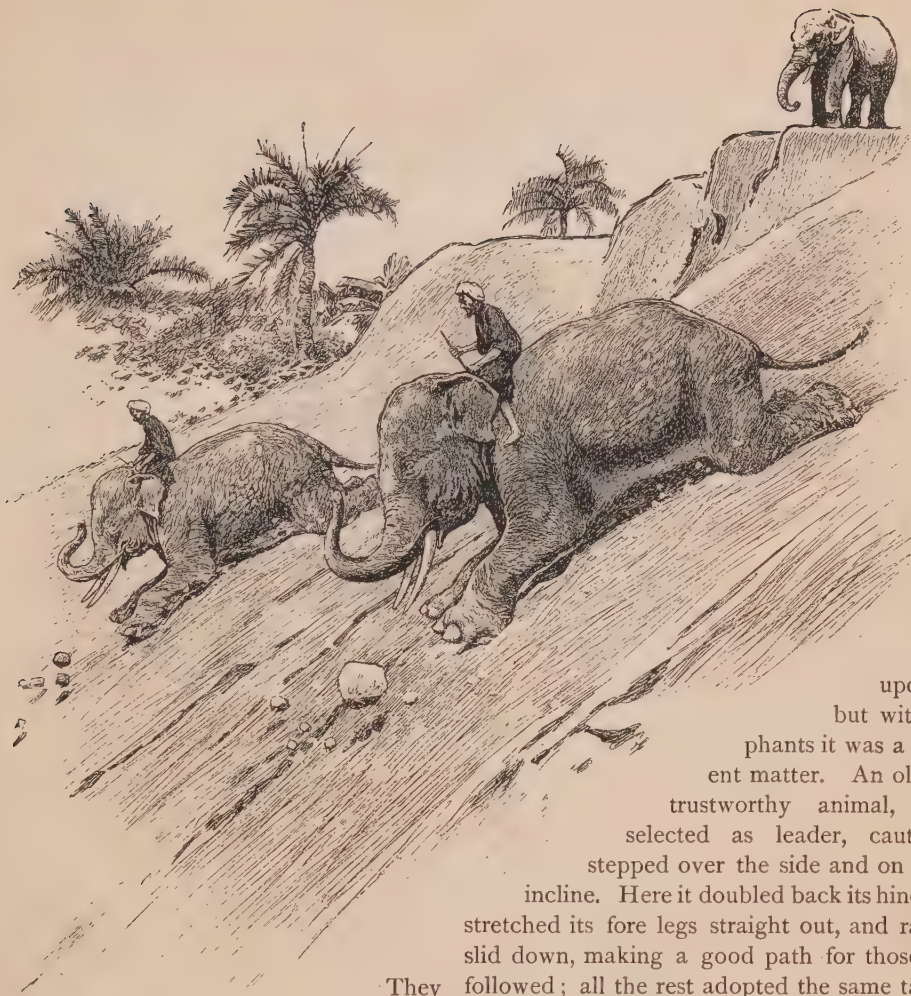
This evidence was sufficient to show that the elephant was a sly and vicious rogue and must be approached with caution.

Ten or fifteen elephants that could be relied upon were engaged, and also a force of experienced beaters and drivers. Early one morning the party set out for the capture of the rogue — then supposed to be about thirty miles away.

Their march led them across country, and, on their way they saw how easily elephants can overcome difficulties of all kinds. Who would suppose for a moment that so huge and ungainly an animal would be entirely at home in the water? Yet few animals are more so. Upon the first day of the march all the elephants were obliged to swim a deep river, and they plunged in with every evidence of satisfaction. While swimming, their huge bodies were entirely covered; the tips of the trunks alone, through which the big animals breathed, occasionally appeared above the water.



HOW THE ELEPHANT CROSSES A RIVER.



ELEPHANT TOBOGGANS.

They would now and then raise their eyes also above the surface.

As each elephant carried at least a *mahout*, or driver, and sometimes several passengers, looked at from a distance the appearance of the line was remarkable. The men seemed to be walking through the water, though in reality they stood upright upon the elephants' backs, steadying themselves by ropes attached to the neck or tusks.

The elephants proved themselves equally proficient in sliding down-hill, changing themselves into animated toboggans. The road finally brought the hunters to a cliff so steep that few horsemen would have cared to risk their horses upon it; but with elephants it was a different matter. An old and trustworthy animal, being selected as leader, cautiously stepped over the side and on to the incline. Here it doubled back its hind legs, stretched its fore legs straight out, and rapidly slid down, making a good path for those that followed; all the rest adopted the same tactics, and safely reached the plain below.

Plunging into the forest again, the party pushed on, finally reaching the neighborhood in which the rogue was supposed to be hiding. The hunter found that the villagers had told no more than the truth. The people were in a state of terror, not knowing at what moment the huge animal might rush out upon them. The night before, it had been seen feeding in the rice-fields, and probably it was then not far away. After seeing his men and elephants established in camp, the hunter went with the head man of the village to look over the ground.

The head man was greatly excited, and told some marvelous stories about the elephant and its doings. He showed the new-comers a

field where the fences had been razed to the ground and trampled to pieces, and the crops eaten or destroyed. The rogue had been there the previous night, and as it would return again to continue its feast upon what was left, the sportsman decided to await it there. In the center of a patch of grain was a framework platform or scaffolding, built by the natives, to serve the purpose of an American scarecrow. It was large enough for a few natives to stand upon. They frightened away birds or beasts by beating tomtoms and making other loud noises.

The hunter informed the native that he would station himself on the scaffolding that evening, and shoot the rogue when it came to finish its meal. The head man shook his head, and replied that it was a place of great danger; but the sportsman insisted, and night found him lying upon the scaffolding with several gun-bearers, while others were hidden about the field.

The rogue usually appeared at about nine o'clock; but that hour passed, and midnight came without signs of it. As the hours passed on, the watchers began to think that possibly the animal had made one of its sudden marches and was now far away.

Suddenly a snort was heard, and the next moment a big form could be made out standing among the vegetation. It was the elephant. It had approached so quietly that no one had heard it. The sportsman leveled his heavy rifle, and, when he saw a good opportunity, fired. The answer was a snort, seemingly of defiance, while the animal charged in the direction from which the flash appeared. Finding only the scaffolding, the rogue seized it, and with a single wrench hurled it to the ground. Fortunately, the men were thrown several yards away, and, falling among the vegetation, were not injured. While they made their way to cover, the rogue rushed off into the woods. That it was wounded they discovered the following day, and on a second occasion the animal was killed by the intrepid hunter, who might easily have lost his life at the time the scaffolding was pulled down.

Elephant-shooting for sport is becoming a thing of the past in India, the only animals now hunted for pleasure being these rogues—animals that are dangerous to the community. The complete history of rogue elephants would make an interesting chapter. They seem to have decided to avenge man's wrongs against their kind. Some years ago one rogue actually took possession of a stretch of country in India forty miles wide by one hundred long, and in a businesslike way proceeded to demolish everything in or about it. The animal rushed into the villages, took huts upon its tusks and tore them apart, or tossed them until they fell in splinters. It chased the people away, or killed them whenever it could, or, standing by the wrecked houses, it ate the grains and stores.

This elephant seemed remarkably intelligent. It entertained, in particular, a grudge against the watch-towers or scaffolds. Whenever this rogue saw one, he would creep slyly, spring at it, push it to the ground, and kill its occupants.

A famous rogue elephant named "Mandla" was owned by a rich man near Jubbulpore in central India. Suddenly it began to develop the characteristics of a "rogue," and attacked human beings wherever seen. It killed them so cruelly that it became widely known as "the man-eater." He was finally destroyed by an organized effort of English army officers.

An elephant known in India as the "Kákankoté" rogue, took possession of a tract about eight miles long, in a region of that name, and for months devastated the fields and defied the natives. It terrified the people so that a stretch of road between Mysore and Wynaad was deserted and given over to this elephantine highwayman; for a highwayman it was, ready to pounce upon every one who passed that way. The native authorities for a long time stationed a guard at the entrance of the district to warn all travelers; and finally the people applied to the government for aid. After being hunted for five months, this rogue was shot.

Another famous rogue took possession of a public road and attacked every passer-by. Suddenly darting from the jungle, it would rush up to an ox-cart, seize the driver with its trunk, and disappear. Repeated raids of this kind so terrified the people that a large tract of land was to all intents and purposes deserted; but finally an English hunter determined to rid

the country of the rogue. By careful inquiry he found that the elephant always seized the driver, and if there were two carts in company, it chose the driver of the last. So he arranged two ox-carts, putting a dummy driver upon the second, while upon the first was a stout bamboo cage in which the hunter was to sit rifle in hand. When all was ready the two ox-carts started, one day, followed by the hopes and best wishes of the community. The fatal district was soon reached, and, about half-way down the road, there came a crash! — and the monstrous elephant, dark and ugly, dashed upon the party. Making directly for the last cart, with a vicious swing of its trunk it seized on the dummy man and made off, receiving as it went a shot from the cage. But the oxen, alarmed by the uproar, ran away, leaving the road, and taking to the open country. They tipped the cart over, nearly killing the caged driver and the English sportsman. What the elephant thought when it tore the dummy into shreds must be imagined. Some months later, however, this rogue was driven away and caught.

DEATH OF THE "ROGUE."

In 1847 the Rangbodde Pass, that led to the famed health resort of Neuera-Ellia, Ceylon, was captured by a rogue elephant. It seized every native who passed that way, closing the roadway as completely as if a regiment of soldiers had been placed there with orders to slay all human beings who tried to go through the pass. One of the last acts of the elephant was to charge upon the cavalcade of a native trader who had never heard of the rogue. The trader succeeded in escaping, but his attendant coolie was seized and dashed to the ground; after which the rogue turned its attention to the stock of goods, coolly inspecting and destroying them one after another. After slaying a number of natives, this rogue was killed by an English sportsman.

An acquaintance of Sir Emerson Tennent, a Singhalese gentleman, had a narrow escape from a rogue that had earned a very unsavory reputation in its neighborhood. The elephant suddenly rushed upon the party from behind a small hill. First it caught an attendant in its trunk, and hurled him to the ground; then it seized the Singhalese, throwing him upward with such force that he landed in the high branches of a tree, safe and sound, excepting for a dislocated wrist.

There are several explanations of the rogue elephant's fury, and without doubt one cause

is a desire to revenge some ill treatment. This is well shown in the case of a certain Singhalese elephant. Its keeper prodded it very cruelly in the head. The elephant lost patience, and, reaching up, dragged him from its back, and hurled him to the ground. Fortunately the driver fell into a hole or depression where the elephant did not see him. The elephant, hitherto peaceful, immediately became a revengeful rogue, and started out upon what proved a tour of destruction. It ran through a neighboring village, and broke into a house, destroying the owner. Several hours later it wrecked houses in other villages and killed natives in four or five towns. The houses or huts were crushed and ripped, evidently in the search for human victims, though this rogue did not confine itself to men alone, but attacked horses and cattle. Finally the elephant tried to enter the palace of the Dehra Rajah, and, upon being driven off, returned to the house of its original owner at Bebipur. This house it tried to demolish in order to catch the persons concealed there. The savage creature was finally captured by a body of men with tame elephants.

An old copy of the *Colombo Observer* contains this advertisement:

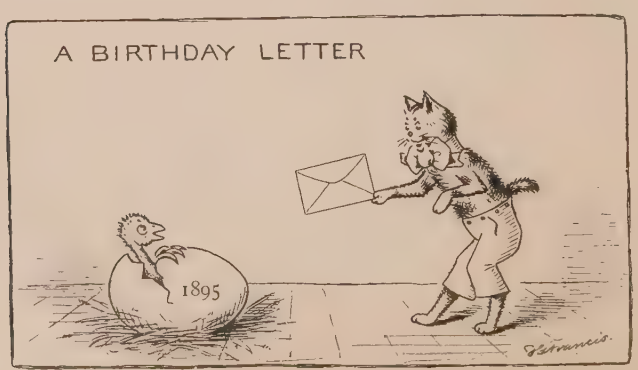
ROGUE ELEPHANT—A reward of twenty-five guineas will be paid for the destruction of the rogue elephant on the Rajawallé plantation.

The elephant here referred to had taken up its residence on this coffee plantation, and had so terrified the people that all work was suspended. Its operations and misdeeds were always conducted at night, at which time it would mysteriously appear and devote its attention to destroying buildings, uprooting trees, and demolishing the work of the men. The waterworks, pipes, and other objects on the plantation seemed especially to irritate the animal, and they were torn up or stamped upon and ruined. The rogue was finally conquered by a party organized for the purpose.

Rogues are sometimes simply mischievous. A party of surveyors in India found that the wooden pegs which they set out, were pulled up with much regularity by an elephant. The same joker stole a surveyor's chain, and seemed to delight in shaking it about to hear it jingle.

An elephant in a circus or menagerie sometimes becomes a rogue, and during the past ten years a number of such instances have occurred.

Ferocious as the rogue elephant appears to be, its record as a man-killer is far below that of other animals in India. Thus in India, in 1875, the tigers killed 828 persons and 12,423 domestic animals; wolves killed 1061 persons; leopards 187 persons and 16,157 domestic animals; while the elephant is charged with but 61 persons killed and 6 domestic animals. Rogue tigers, wolves, and leopards are far more to be dreaded than rogue elephants.



"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON, SIR!"

(*A True Story.*)

A CHERRY-COLORED purse, not much the worse for wear, had been given to little Kitty Norton, on her eighth birthday, by her grandmama. Wrapped in soft tissue-paper, this great treasure of Kitty's usually lay in a snug corner of her own particular drawer; but the day before Christmas of last year, the cherry-colored purse was not in its place. Little Kitty herself was seated, Turkish fashion, coiled up on the floor of her bedroom, and before her lay the purse. Kitty had come in from school in a prodigious hurry, with a bright, eager, busy little face; and throwing sack on one chair, hood on another, she made a dash at the old bureau. Yes, Kitty's bureau was old, and so were the two chairs, and the bedstead, and the funny-looking three-cornered washstand. There was no carpet in Kitty's bedroom — the floor was painted; so you see this was not at all a fashionable house. But not a bit did Kitty mind that; her father was a wise and good country clergyman, but very poor.

For half a minute Kitty sat on the painted floor perfectly quiet, lost indeed in a very profound calculation. "Let me see," she said to herself; "I must first count over all the presents I have got to make. I must n't forget anybody! There 's Grandma, and Papa and Mama — that 's three; and sister Bessie, and Mary; then there are the boys, Tom and Willie, and the baby — that will be eight presents. Then Biddy must have a present too — of course she must! And I must have a real beautiful present for Aunt Lou; and I must have something for Cousin Kate too. Yes, that is it — eleven presents in all. Now let me see about the money!"

Kitty took up the cherry-colored purse, and gave it an admiring look. One of the steel rings was pushed back, and a piece of money drawn out. It was a nickel cent. Kitty laid it on the floor. "That is the penny Mama gave me for taking care of the baby when Biddy was out." The little fat fingers went back into the purse again. A larger piece of money came out this time. "Two cents! Yes, Tom gave me those two cents on my birthday. Boys never *do* make the right kind of presents. But then they are only boys!"

The two cents were laid on the floor, and there was another dive into the treasury. Another cent came to light, not so bright and fresh as the first. It was laid by its companions on the floor. "Yes, that is all right. Four cents. That is all on this side. But there 's silver in the other end of the purse!" exclaimed Kitty, with a very important tone.

The steel rings were moved, and the little fingers went into the silver end of the purse. A piece of silver was brought to light and laid on the floor. "Yes; that is the three-cent piece Auntie gave me for picking strawberries one afternoon. But there is more silver yet."

Quite true; another tiny silver coin came to light. "This is the three-cent piece Papa gave me at the fair. I told him I 'd rather have the money than the slice of cake. I had had one slice of cake; and I did want the money so bad for the little orphan children! I do love the orphans so! But, dear me! I am afraid I can't possibly spare even a single cent for the poor children now. I 've ever so many presents to buy — just eleven presents. And let me see — just ten cents on the floor, and I am sure there is one more penny in the purse.

Here it is! Eleven cents in all, and eleven presents. I 'm afraid I shall have to spend it all on presents!"

Twisting up her little mouth and wrinkling her little nose, Kitty sat fully half a minute lost in deep and silent thought, looking at the pennies on the floor. The Secretary of the Treasury when studying the finances of the nation could hardly look more solemn. To pay the national debt is indeed a tremendous effort; but to purchase eleven Christmas presents with eleven cents is no trifle either, especially if one wishes to help the orphans too.

"Yes, it will *all* have to go for the presents. I can't spare one cent for anything else. I am sorry about the orphans; but at Christmas it would be downright *cruel* not to give everybody a present. Dear Baby won't care much, but he *shall* have his own little present too. And they are all to be surprises! If it was n't for that, I would talk to Grandma or to sister Mary about it. But nobody is to know anything about my presents. Tom says he peeped through the keyhole and saw all the presents. But he *could n't* see mine, for I had n't bought them. I am going out to buy them now!"

And up jumped Kitty, and gathering her money into the cherry-colored purse, she dropped it into her pocket. "I wonder if my pocket will hold *all* the presents. Yes; the bundles won't be large. I think they will *all* go into my pocket. Where 's my list? I had to write it out on my slate. Mama always writes her lists on paper; but I write *so big* Mama could n't afford to give me paper enough, so I wrote it on my slate. I can't take the slate with me into the stores, so I 'll read it over before I go."

And Kitty took her slate out of the drawer of the old bureau; it was covered with great scrawls which nobody but Kitty herself could have read. She understood it all, however; and having refreshed her memory, she put on sack and hood again, and was soon in the street on her great shopping expedition.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and the streets were full of people, and half the good people seemed buying Christmas presents. It is pleasant to think how many of the men and women and children we meet in the streets in Christmas week are busy on the same happy errand. But I do not believe there was any one in all that town who had eleven presents to make with so very few pennies as Kitty. But Kitty was a clever little business woman. She saw her way, or she thought so, through all difficulties. She felt sure of her eleven presents.

With the cherry-colored purse in her pocket, she went first to a great hardware store.

"I must go in here," said Kitty. And making her way through stoves and plows,— all sorts of great ugly, useful things,— and gliding between some tall, stout ladies and gentlemen who were making purchases, she reached a vacant spot at the counter, and a clerk behind it. "Have you any small copper rings, sir?"

The clerk was an old gentleman with spectacles on, who looked very good-natured. Kitty saw him at church every Sunday.

"Do you want a wedding-ring, my dear?" he said, as he opened a box full of copper rings.

Kitty blushed and smiled, but did not answer.

"Perhaps it is only for a female friend?" said the old gentleman again.

"It 's a ring for a holder — a stove-holder," said Kitty, timidly. "It 's to hang the holder on the brass nail near the stove."

"A Christmas present, I see. And you 've worked the holder, and it 's for your mother," said this funny old gentleman, as he wrapped up the ring in a thin bit of paper and gave it to Kitty.

"Yes, sir," said Kitty, whose eyes opened with astonishment at the old gentleman's knowing so well about the holder she had been working so mysteriously.

From the hardware store she crossed the street to a dry-goods shop, saying to herself: "Mama will have a *beautiful* present, and it only costs me one penny; for I had the worsted and the canvas — Auntie gave me those ever so long ago."

The dry-goods store was very much crowded indeed. Some little girls, friends of Kitty's, were there. She had to wait a long while before the clerk could attend to her. But while talking to her little friends, she kept one eye on the counter; and presently, seeing an opening, she took courage and asked for some narrow blue ribbon. A box of ribbons was laid on the

counter; she chose a piece of a pretty shade and quite narrow.

"May I have a penny's worth of this ribbon?" asked Kitty very timidly, and her heart beating with anxiety.

"If you 'll pay for it!" said the clerk, looking cross, and speaking in a rough, gruff voice.

"Oh, I 've got the penny here," said Kitty, much relieved; and drawing out the cherry-colored purse, she took out a nickel cent and laid it on the counter.

A little less than a quarter of a yard of the pretty blue ribbon was measured off (it was five cents a yard); and as the clerk rolled it up and handed it to her, he thought to himself, "You 're a queer customer"; but he did n't say so.

"Now," said Kitty, skipping along, "I 've got my beautiful present for Grandma too. Aunt Lou says it 's a real beautiful pincushion, though it 's not very big; but it is large enough to hang up near the looking-glass, where Grandma always hangs her cushion. It did not cost me anything but the penny for the ribbon. That will make a beautiful bow and loop!"

Presently Kitty came to a book-store. She went in, and found it so crowded she could hardly make her way among all the people. They were buying pictures and books and music, and knickknacks of all kinds. She had to wait some time, but at last her little face appeared above the counter, anxiously turned toward the clerk. Catching his eye, she asked for "some books"; and then, coloring, added, "Some very little books." It was not Shakspere's or Milton's works that Kitty wanted. A small drawer full of very little books was placed before her. And now great was Kitty's perplexity. She would have liked to buy all the books. They all looked so interesting and inviting, with bright-colored covers and pictures. This present was for her brother Willie, a little boy seven years old, and fond of reading. At last she chose for him a book with a red cover, about birds and beasts.

"Is this one penny or two pennies?" asked Kitty, with some anxiety.

"A penny," was the fortunate answer.

So Kitty handed over her two-cent piece, and had the pleasure of receiving change for her purchase.

"I 'm sure Willie will like that, because he likes to hear about animals," said the little sister to herself. "Now I have only eight more presents to buy!" And she went skipping along until she came to a fancy-shop where they sold a little of everything. Here our small friend hoped to make a great many of her purchases. She scarcely knew what to ask for first; but edging her way among a row of ladies and children at the counter, she saw a parcel of worsteds open before her. One skein of pink worsted, a lovely rose-color, and one of sky-blue, were chosen and paid for.

"These are for Aunt Lou and Cousin Kate," said Kitty to herself, as she laid down two cents and received the worsted from the clerk.

"Will you please show me some marbles?" she said. A box of marbles of all sorts was placed before her,—splendid alleys and bullies—very tempting, indeed; but, alas! those were much too dear. So she asked how many common marbles she could have for a penny. "Five," was the answer. So she chose five of the best in the whole box, as a present for her brother Tom.

Then she picked out a penny whistle for the baby, a little boy two years old. Her next purchase was a beautiful bodkin, looking quite silvery; and this actually cost only one cent more! It was for her sister Mary. Then in the next moment she bought a large darning-needle for another penny; this was for her good friend Biddy. A handsome black-headed shawl-pin was next purchased for sister Bessie—very cheap, indeed, at a cent; it looked as if it might be worth fully two cents!

By this time the cherry-colored purse was very nearly empty. There was but one cent left. Kitty looked at the tiny coin half regretfully—she had intended it for the little orphans. But then Papa—dear Papa—yes, it must all go for him! Papa's present was the most important of all. So Kitty asked if they had any penny penholders. Yes; a clean, fresh-looking one was produced. As the clerk was rolling it up, he asked Kitty if she needed a penholder to use in keeping her business accounts. This clerk belonged to Mr. Norton's

congregation, and taught in the Sunday-school; he knew Kitty very well. The little girl laughed, and said the penholder was for Papa. And she laid the little nickel coin on the counter. The young man pushed it back. "Keep it for something else," he said, smiling.

Kitty looked up, surprised; she was bewildered. The clerk smiled more and more, and pushed the little bit of silver close to Kitty's hand.

"Is it mine?" she asked. "And the penholder, too?"

Her friend nodded, and turned to another customer. Kitty's heart gave a bound, and her face flushed all over. "Thank you, sir!" said Kitty, in a voice that seemed very loud to her. The clerk smiled pleasantly in reply, and Kitty's eyes fairly sparkled as she dropped the cent into the cherry-colored purse again.

"Oh, the little orphans won't lose the cent, after all!" she said to herself. And away she ran home as fast as her little feet could carry her.

There was no time to be lost, for the presents were all to be hung on the Christmas tree that evening. She tripped up-stairs.

On the way she met her mother, and said to her, with an air of great mystery:

"Please, Mama, don't let the children come into my room to disturb me. I am going to label my presents!"

Mama smiled. No one disturbed her. The labels had all been written out the day before on scraps of paper cut from old envelopes which her grandmama had given her. They were all obliged to be very economical and saving in that family, for Mr. Norton's salary was very small. It took only a little while to wrap the presents up, each with its label pinned on it. The labels were all written in Kitty's best hand. In a jiffy the ring was sewed on Mama's holder, and the bow of ribbon on Grandmama's pincushion.

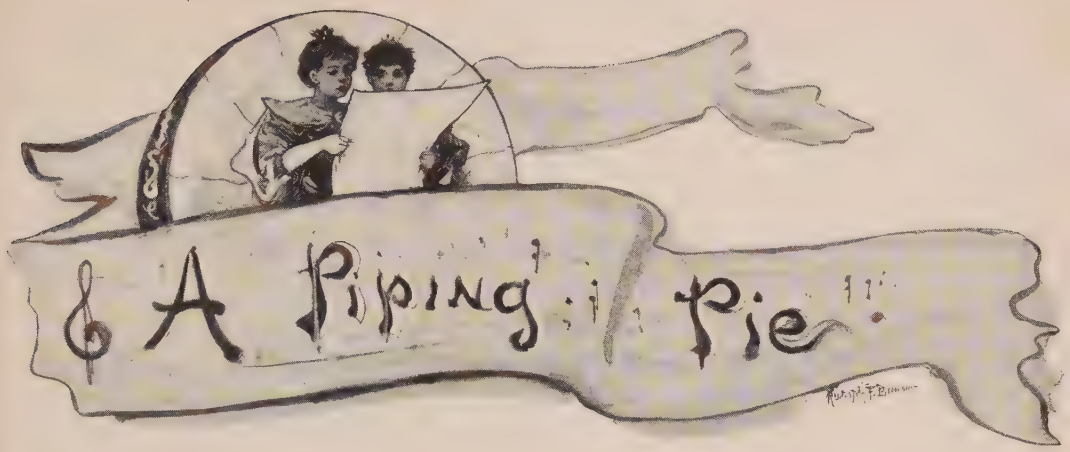
Then, with a joyful heart, Kitty carried the whole eleven presents down to Aunt Lou, who hung them on the tree!

There was not a happier little girl that Christmas eve in all the country than little Kitty Norton. That is saying a great deal; but it is quite true. No doubt good Mr. Peabody felt happy when he gave away his millions to the poor people of London. Everybody who gives from the heart feels happy. But Mr. Peabody, with his millions, was not quite so happy, I fancy, as little Kitty with her eleven cents' worth.

After tea Mr. Norton took Kitty on his knee, and made her tell him the story of the presents. I heard the story, and I tell it to you, my young friends, *because it is true.*

There would be little merit in making up a story like this; but as it is true, I think it will give you pleasure. Yes, it is all true—those eleven presents purchased with the eleven cents, and Kitty shutting herself up to label her presents, and requesting that "the children" might not disturb her—all this is true.

Don't you think Kitty a dear little soul?



By Rudolph F. Bunner.

Bettina sat on the milk-shelf and rested her chin on her hand and her elbow on her knee, and the twist of her small features as she glared out of the dusky corner indicated a gathering storm, a small juvenile volcano ready to explode, an infantile Italian volcano of — well, three or four hundred years ago.

It was not the past that she was out of sorts with — that had its ups and downs. The ups she could look back on were a good many. Before her parents died, things had gone very well; and afterward, when she and her brother Pietro had lived with her uncle, they continued so. He was no "Babes-in-the-Wood" sort of uncle, to be bored by his nephew and niece, and to send them away to be lost in the forest, but a regular make-the-holidays-pleasant-take-you-to-the-circus-and-let-you-eat-peanuts-if-you-want-to uncle. But he went away to take part in a war, and did not come back. Then, when the town was attacked by the enemy, all the servants ran away; and if an old woman they did not know had not taken them with her, and escaped through the hills to another town, she and her brother would have been badly off. The old woman managed to find a home for them in the kitchen of a big house, and left them there. Bettina was asleep in her arms when she stepped over the sill of the door, and a red glare coming through her eyelids woke her. She saw before her the big fireplace with an over-hanging chimney-top, and the queer, grimy kitchen that was for so many months afterward her home. She saw more things in it as time went by, for she and Pietro had to work hard in the kitchen, and that they neither of them liked.

Bettina loved that big fireplace. The deep chimney was at times heavily festooned with soot; sometimes long streamers would hang down, wave to and fro, and rise upward in the currents of warm air, and sometimes there would be none there at all. Bettina at times thought it must be a playground of gnomes or fairies,— perhaps a special kind that lived in chimneys,— or little Italian brownies.

What troubled Bettina at present was a personal slight. An entertainment was to be given that evening to a distinguished guest; and her small brother was to be a prominent performer, while she — well, she was nowhere.

You see, Pietro was to be served up in a pie,— a big imitation pie with a cleverly contrived trap-door sort of cover, and hollow inside,— and put on the table where the guest was. The pie was to fly open, and Pietro was to sing a song in praise of the distinguished guest.

Pietro had been rehearsed many times, and Bettina had been present and taken part in it all. It was then she had found she was to be left out of the final performance — that, although she was a year or two older than Pietro, she was not to share in the glory. She had been slighted. So she sat on the milk-shelf and thought of her wrongs.

She was thinking of them still when Pietro entered the kitchen from a rehearsal of his song; and from out of her dark corner she commenced to upbraid her brother.

Pietro retorted in the same spirit, and a merry war was soon under way between them, when, unfortunately for both, the cook entered. The cook was unkind to them on this occasion. She boxed their ears and shut them up in a little room for the rest of the day with nothing at all to amuse them.

In silence and with disappointed faces the children gazed out of the narrow opening on a section of the courtyard, the dull gray building opposite, and a generally dreary outlook; for the blue Italian sky was overcast with leaden clouds, and a chilly feeling was in the air, and there was no warm kitchen fire to sit by.

"A LITTLE WAX PUNCHINELLO BEGAN TO APPEAR."

While they looked out of the window it commenced to snow,—an unusual thing in that section of the country,—and Pietro was sent for to rehearse; and as he crossed the courtyard he unkindly threw a snowball at Bettina, who, still imprisoned, was looking out of the window. She was released soon after by the cook; but the sun was out again, the thin layer of snow had melted, and she retired to the kitchen in tears. And there Pietro found her when he returned, flushed and magnanimous.

Bettina unbent enough to reproach him and complain.

"I would have made a little man out of the snow—that 's what I did before. But I can't, now it 's all gone!" she wailed.

"Never mind," said Pietro comfortingly; "the little snowman would not have lasted."

"But I would have had the fun of making it."

Pietro now thought it safer to divert the conversation. "There is a big lump of wax somewhere," he said, "and I think I can get it. Then you can make a little man that will keep — oh, till the next snow-storm."

He turned and went off, and in a few minutes came back with the wax.

He softened it at the fire, and, sitting down by her, commenced to model a little figure, while she looked on with contemptuous indifference which presently gave way to a half-hearted interest in the proceeding. Then she condescended to pick up a stray lump of wax and add it to the arm. Pietro let her have her own way, and gradually withdrew; and soon a little wax Punchinello began to appear. The children had been often in the studio of a neighboring sculptor in the old days, and played there, and Bettina had a good deal of precocious

talent. The little figure when finished was really quite good.

"I will play with this to-night," she observed, "while you are in the dining-hall."

Pietro maintained a discreet silence, and the fantastic little figure progressed.

The night came at last. In the passageway, with a short flight of steps at one end leading to the dining-hall, stood the pie, which, decorated with amusing devices, rested on a framework with long handles, and into it Pietro was assisted through the flexible opening in the top, and disappeared from sight of the group of servants and retainers who gathered around and made merry over the event. Inside he pushed out of the way the little bench he was to stand on, and squeezed himself down while the cover was adjusted, and four assistants stooped to lift the pie to their shoulders and bear it aloft.

Out in the kitchen, deserted and alone, Bettina sat by the old fireplace, with a disappointed heart, putting the finishing touches to the little man they had commenced that afternoon, and trying to feel that she was not very miserable. She heard faintly some of the laughter from the far-off hallway. Presently it ceased, and the voices seemed to be disputing about something.

Things had reached a crisis out there, and there seemed some probability of the whole performance falling through, and the pie and Pietro not being served up at all. After he had got inside, the cover had been shut down, and Beppo and Sanzio, who were behind, rose halfway up; the pie tilted and Pietro bumped against the lower end; then Michael and Giovanni rose in front and rolled him back.

"It rises like the camel of the desert," exclaimed one of the lookers-on, who had been

"'STOP! STOP!' CRIED A FRIGHTENED LITTLE VOICE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

six months in Egypt at one time; "don't shake the boy so much."

In a disjointed way they commenced mounting the steps, and the change from the horizontal caused the occupant of the interior of the pie to roll toward the lower end. The servants snickered as a muffled wail came from within. Pietro was getting "rattled" in more ways than one. With a flipflap the cover flew open, and a scared little face looked out. "Stop! stop!" cried a frightened little voice; "my head is empty. I can't remember anything of it."

"Can't remember what?" cried the cook. "The song — I don't remember what to sing."

"GRASPING EACH OTHER'S HANDS, THEY ROSE THROUGH THE YIELDING COVER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Pietro was suffering from a bad attack of stage-fright. Thirty feet away from the top of the half-dozen stairs waved a curtain that shut off the drafts from the dining-hall, and on the other side were the guests and spectators. Some knew what was coming, and grew impatient at the delay.

A dozen servants rallied Pietro and strove to recall the lines to him. But he seemed to have lost his hold on them. The more he tried, the more helpless he became.

Bettina, still in the kitchen, gave a start when, a few moments later, some one entered and called her by name.

"Come, Bettina; come quick! You must help Pietro. He has forgotten the song."

"Stupid! I knew he would," she answered.

"But you must come and help him," said the maid, taking her hand. "Come with me."

Bettina ran down the corridor with her to the anxious group. As Pietro caught sight of her, he set up a plaintive appeal: "Oh, Bettina, Bettina, I 've forgotten it all! Get into the pie with me, and tell me what to say!"

"Yes, yes," cried some of the servants; "she can hide inside and whisper to Pietro when he forgets. There 's room for both — lift her up."

"Oh, yes; do, Bettina," chimed in Pietro, "and I 'll do whatever you want afterward. And when I grow up, I 'll take you to the mountains, where the snow is, and you can play there."

"You 'll never grow up to be a man if you lose your head now," jeered Bettina; "but I 'll help you."

"That 's right. Get up, Bettina; you can sing with him," said the cook.

"Can I?" cried Bettina; "but he 's all dressed up, and I 've got on old clothes."

"I 'll get you some things," cried one of the women, and she ran down the hall. With her hands full of ribbons and cheap baubles she ran back, spilling them behind her. Bettina, soon decked out with bows and ornaments, was hoisted up in the air and into the pie. Down went the cover again, the bearers braced themselves, and with a blare of trumpets the procession swept up the stairs.

The children put their eyes to the little holes in the side, which were meant to give them air, and tried to see the dining-hall and people, as they were carried into the room. But a confused gleam of light and color, going by them like a streak, was all they saw. Then there was a pause, a jar, and the pie was on the table, accompanied through its course by an increasing ripple of laughter. Grasping each other's hands, they kicked the stool into place, and rose through the yielding cover. The sudden light and the sound of laughter confused them, but they climbed on the stool and, clasping each other's hands, commenced the first verse. They saw nothing but the glimmer of the nearest candles, and heard some laughter and broken applause. At the second verse they began to look around, and paused for a moment at the end, while the laughter and applause increased. By the end of the last verse, they saw more clearly the distinguished guest who sat in front, but who now rose to his feet, looking steadily at them, and exclaimed:

"*Signori, signore,* I know not whether this is accident or design, but you have served up my lost nephew and niece in the pie!"

And Bettina and Pietro jumped out of the pie and ran across the table, over the dishes and spoons, crying out, "*Zio! Bello! Gioja!*" And that means in Italian, "Goodness gracious! Here 's our uncle, who we thought was killed in the wars, come back; and he 'll take us home with him, and we 'll have a good time again, and not have to live any more among the pots and pans and kettles!"

But down in the forsaken kitchen the little wax Punchinello stood long on the hearthstone, till the fire began to crackle and blaze up, when he commenced to melt and take on various queer shapes and expressions. And there the sooty chimney-fairies must have found him and coaxed him to go off with them; for late at night there was nothing on the hearth but the smoldering fire, and the deserted and lonely little Punchinello had disappeared, and had never even said "good night."

By C. H.

THE squirrels and birds that live in Rubio Cañon, in the Sierra Madre Mountains, back of Pasadena, must have opened their eyes with wonder one day last winter. This is what they saw. Down an incline steeper than the roofs of many houses, out of a great fleecy snow-storm, appeared a small white object. Nearer it came, creeping down a narrow pathway, growing larger and larger until finally it was seen to be a white chariot on the middle seat of which was perched a snow man. He was a full-sized snow man—not so large as some snow men, but large enough—surrounded by a party of laughing girls and boys.

The snow man's face wore a look of blank amazement. His hat, a dignified high hat, that fitted poorly, being borrowed for the occasion, was tipped well back and set jauntily on one side. The pipe he had apparently been smoking was upside down, and he gazed fixedly at the wonderful panorama that was flying by.

No wonder the snow man was astonished. Exactly six minutes before he had left a heavy snow-storm nearly four thousand feet up on Echo Mountain, and now he was gliding down an incline, a fourth of a mile in a direct line, passing through rich verdure, by great pines, from top to bottom instead of sideways, so that he could in one moment look into

the birds' nests and the next peer up beneath them. The snow-storm had ceased in some way he did n't understand. There it was, overhead, a wondrous canopy of silver. He could still see the flakes, and occasionally a great feathery one would drift by; yet now he was passing through flowers and groups of the fragrant bay-tree, from which blue shrikes plunged with curious notes down into the abyss, startled at the strange sight.

Down went the chariot—peaks, ridges, and headlands of rock appearing and disappearing as they seemed to sink away from the snow cloud, until finally, having reached the foot of the mountain, the car rolled out into the deep river of verdure known as Rubio Cañon.

Here the snow man, with the same look of dumb amazement, was lifted out by some of the boys, while others looked on and cried, "Change cars for Poppyland!" He was carried to another car; and a few moments later they were all rushing down the beautiful cañon that had been cut out of the rock by the rushing waters of centuries. Next they entered what was a natural orange-grove, as the dark-green trees with their golden fruit were everywhere. From the car a field of blazing reddish yellow was now seen, and near it the merry party stopped. Then, with some little difficulty, the snow man was lifted out and dropped into a bed of wild flowers such as only southern California can grow. His astonishment must have reached a climax here, as he wilted visibly, and streams of moisture were running from every snowy lineament. There was the mountain which he had left just twenty minutes before; there was the snow still falling; there were the great pines bowed down with snow, and the manzanita and chaparral looking as if covered

FROM SNOW TO SUMMER.

THE DANCE IN POPPYLAND.

with cotton. Yet here he was surrounded with flowers, the warm air redolent with their odor, and bees and butterflies were flying by, gazing at him askance. Mocking-birds and meadow-larks filled the air with bursts of song, while from over in the brush came the soft notes of a valley quail.

The boys and girls simply laughed at the snow man's astonishment, and his great flat face seemed to grow blanker and blanker as they joined hands and danced about him. Then they gathered flowers and stuck them in his rapidly diminishing person, until he resembled the tatooed man, being decorated with poppies, shooting-stars, daisies, and bluets, while on one arm were several oranges from a neighboring tree. Never was a snow man transported from winter to summer so rapidly; and never before did a snow man wear flowers in his buttonhole and hold freshly picked oranges upon his arm while gazing straight at a snow-storm that could be reached in twenty minutes.

How all this could be it would be difficult to understand under ordinary circumstances; but here the conditions were particularly favorable for such a wonder. The "chariot" was the car

A SNOW MAN IN A FIELD OF FLOWERS.

of a wonderful mountain railroad that reaches up the face of the steep Sierra Madre, its cars taking visitors from the cañon half-way up the range in a very few moments.

Several years ago a well-known scientific man, Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, saw the possibility of a railroad here, and determined that visitors to southern California should have a story to tell as wonderful as true. So he began a railroad that would enable one to bathe in the Pacific, pick oranges and wild flowers, and enjoy snow-balling all in one winter day. In other words, you could breakfast at the sea-shore, and lunch six thousand feet above it, amid the snow-banks of the upper range.

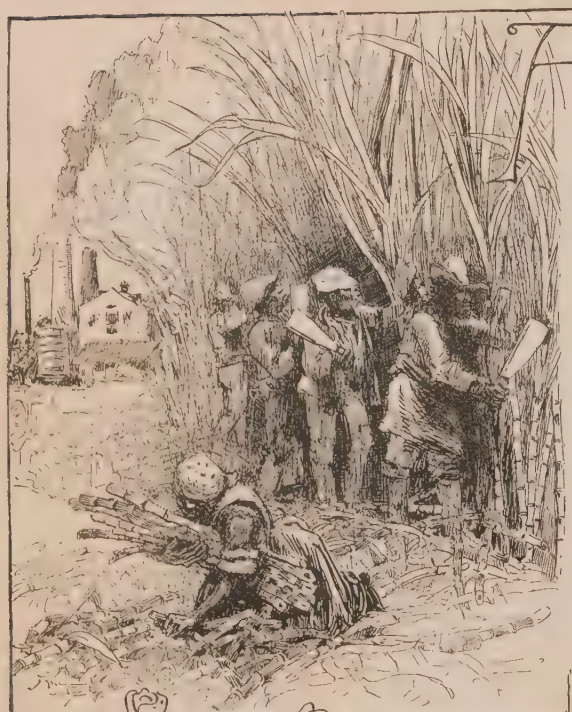
The mountain road is approached by an electric road which winds up from the mesa into the deep cañon, finally stopping at a pavilion which bridges the cañon from side to side. Here stands the white chariot in which the snow man was brought down—the car of this mountain railroad; and from here we look up at the track, the steepest in America, extending away in rapidly converging lines for over a quarter of a mile.

The chariots are attached to a strong cable which works over a drum, and are so arranged that as one goes up the other comes down, passing each other exactly in the middle of the incline. It appears very marvelous to glide up the mountain in this way. The conductor simply touches a wire with a delicate metal wand, this being the signal to the engineer at the summit, who turns on the electric power borrowed from a neighboring waterfall that leaps down from even greater heights than are reached by the railroad.

Thousands of persons now go up the face of the great mountain, and look down on the summer land below, and out upon the Pacific sixty or seventy miles. And this is but half the work laid out. In time another electric cable-road will continue on, taking the traveler to the tiptop of Mount Lowe. At present this portion of the route is made on horseback. The trail winds about amid the peaks, and passes steep cliffs. There is some remarkable scenery among the high sierras, where a glance to the north in the winter months reveals miles of snow-capped mountains, while to the south and west the eyes rest upon the green fields and groves of southern California.

By Garrett Newkirk.

Alabama

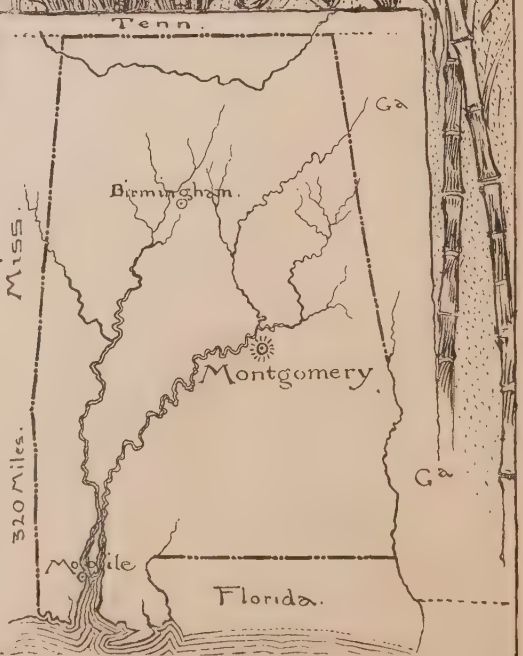


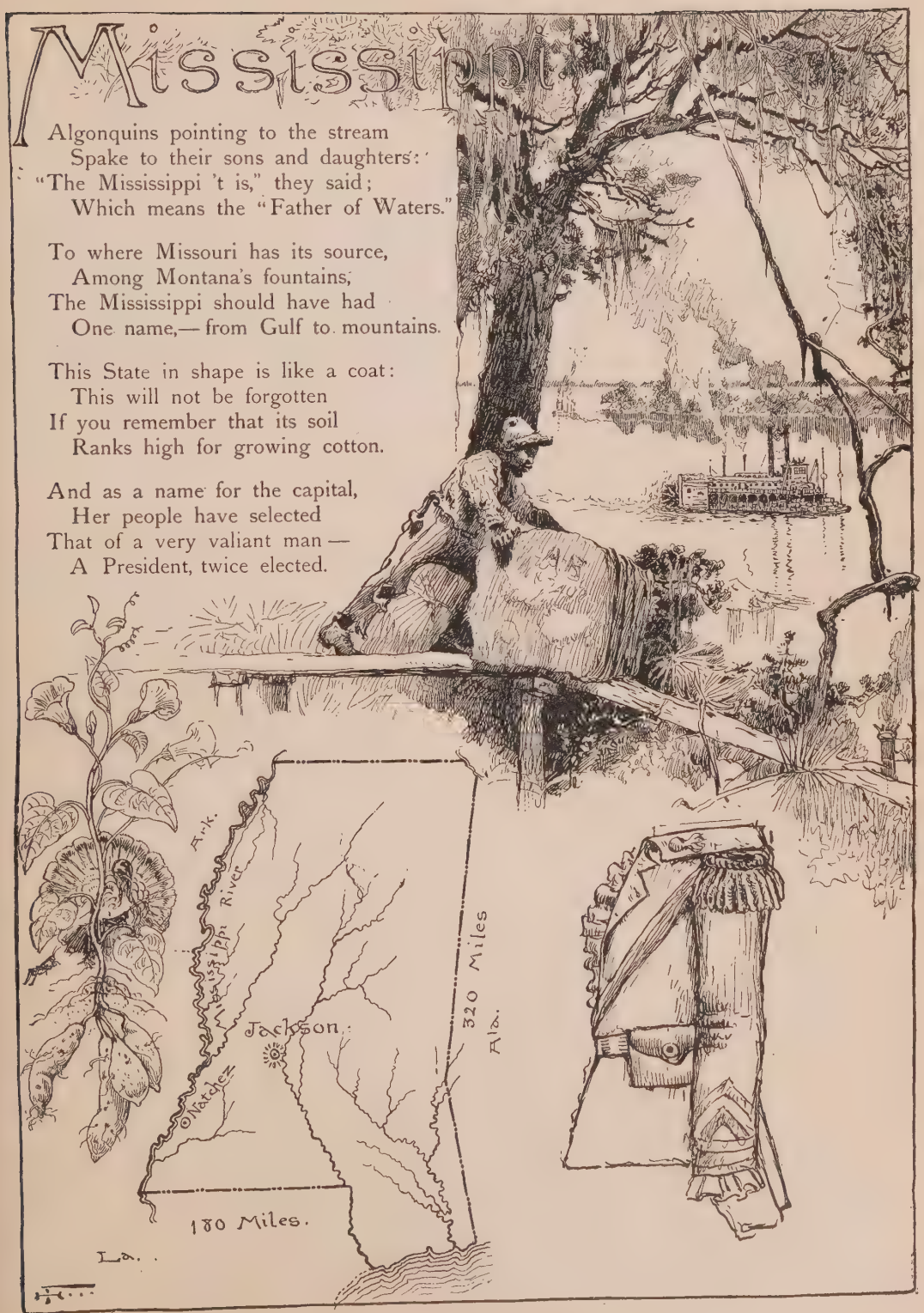
Long, long ago some Indians,
By other tribes oppressed,
Found here a home and named it
"Alabama"—"Here we rest."

But now in Alabama
No warriors red remain,
But white and colored people
Raise cotton, corn, and cane.

There 's Birmingham to northward,—
A growing, busy hive,
With mines of coal and iron,
Where manufactures thrive.

South, are the bay and harbor,
And city called Mobile;
But in Montgomery city
Is Alabama's seal.




Mississippi
Algonquins pointing to the stream
Spake to their sons and daughters:
"The Mississippi 't is," they said;
Which means the "Father of Waters."
To where Missouri has its source,
Among Montana's fountains,
The Mississippi should have had
One name,— from Gulf to mountains.
This State in shape is like a coat:
This will not be forgotten
If you remember that its soil
Ranks high for growing cotton.
And as a name for the capital,
Her people have selected
That of a very valiant man —
A President, twice elected.
Ark.
Mississippi River
Jackson
Natchez
320 Miles
Ala.
180 Miles.
La.

Four little Pigs

One little pig planned
to go out shopping;
One to walk by the
brooklet's side;
One intended to play
lawn-tennis;
One decided a wheel
to ride.

The hired man came with a
bag of apples;
"Piggy! piggy!" they heard
him call.
Helter-skelter they went back,
squealing:
"Home is the best place,
after all!"

THE LETTER-BOX.

It was stated in the article on Nathan Hale, published in St. Nicholas for July, 1894, that, before entering the army, Hale taught school in East Haddam, Connecticut. A correspondent, Dr. Miner C. Hazen, kindly sends us an extract from the *Connecticut Valley Advertiser*, from which we learn that the house in which Hale taught originally stood in East Haddam near a place known as "Moodus Landing" — not the present village called Moodus.

The house, though moved from its ancient site, and converted into a dwelling, still stands in East Haddam, "in front of the new Episcopal church."

"Sunnyhill," Troy, N. Y.

My dear St. Nicholas: Perhaps you will think that a rather familiar title, but I don't. You see, when one has known you so long, you seem quite like a dear old friend. My papa has taken you for his children ever since you were first published; and even before that, when you were called "Our Young Folks," he took your first copy and liked you so well that he finished it, and has taken you regularly.

Now for the introduction. I am a little girl of eleven years, with fair hair and blue eyes. I am fond of studying, and of writing stories and little poems.

Our summer home would be spoken of as "The Country," an easy but hardly exact way of talking, which treats places as though they were remote and unexplored regions where flowers grow as thick as thistles, and grandmamas, fairies, and Thanksgiving dinners are made to order. Our winter home is in Troy, about three miles from where we are staying now. My school was built by my father, and is called "The Troy Female Seminary" or "Gurley Memorial Hall."

Your affectionate reader, Edith B. G——.

West Phila.

Dear St. Nicholas: I have been one of your ardent admirers since I was about two years old, and count you as one of my best friends. When I was five years old my father took my mother and myself out to the western coast, to San Francisco and Tacoma, Washington State, stopping at Chicago and St. Paul on the way. I was much interested in Chinatown, in San Francisco, and, indeed, we spent most of our time there while in the city. One afternoon we went to the theater, and certainly if a person wishes entertainment he has merely to go to a Chinese theater. We had to sit on the stage, being Americans, which scared me so, that I screamed and yelled until they brought me out. I was especially noisy when there was a duel scene, in which one person was supposed to be killed. But, lo and behold, when the scene was over the supposed dead man got up and walked off, there being no curtain! Coming back from the West we stopped at the Yellowstone Park, which is a very interesting place. I remain yours truly,

Marion W. C——.

Washington, D. C.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a little girl ten years old. I have taken you for four years. I can hardly wait from one month to another for you to come. After reading the story of "Decatur and Somers," I thought I would write and tell you that I have six silver table-spoons that belonged to Commodore Decatur, which were bought by my grandfather, at the sale of his effects; they bear his initial and coat of arms; also I have been to the place where he fought his duel.

From your little subscriber,

Elizabeth M. B——.

Dear St. Nicholas: We are four little girls who all take you together, and we read all your stories and like them very much. We live in the country, and we have a dear little dog. He often goes to sleep with his head resting on the rung of a chair. He looks very funny. Sometimes he lies with his head almost in the fire. We think he sees pictures there, and tells himself stories about them. We like the "Brownies," and always look for the dude. We remain your loving readers,

E. B——, L. H. K——,
J. F——, and A. L——.

Geneva, Switzerland.

My dear St. Nicholas: As I am much interested in your magazine, and in the "Letter-box" especially, I thought I would write to you. I take violin lessons, and like them very much. I am now twelve years old, but am very backward for my age, as I have never been to school, but have always had lessons at home with my sister Dorothy. I like Geneva very much, but I like America as well. No country can beat America. I do wish I could write a pretty piece of poetry for the Letter-box, but unfortunately I have not that gift. My father is now in America. I have three sisters and one brother. My brother is in California. Geneva is a lovely place. It has such beautiful scenery. Lake Leman is so blue, and the mountains are superb, especially on a fine day, when Mont Blanc is visible.

Your lovely magazine is sent to me by a lady in Boston, who is my sister Elizabeth's godmother. I hope I shall be able to read your interesting stories and pretty poetry for a long time to come. I am very truly yours.

Anna P. P——.

Nichols, Tioga Co., N. Y.

My dear St. Nicholas: May I tell you and my dear St. Nicholas friends how much I think of you and them? I have taken you since the very first number, and that, you know, was years ago. In 1868 I had "Our Young Folks," and in a few years it became St. Nicholas. I was only five years old then, and all through childhood, girlhood, and womanhood St. Nicholas has been a dearly beloved friend. Papa used to read it to brother and me, and until the very last year of his life papa and I always read St. Nicholas together. I love

you because of those dear associations, and I would rather give up all the other magazines and papers than to be without you. In one of the book-cases there is a long shelf for the bound ST. NICHOLAS. And what a library it is, when you think of all the sweet stories! and the authors are my friends. I love Mrs. Jamison and Miss Alcott, and J. T. Trowbridge, Howard Pyle, and Mark Twain as well. "Tom Sawyer Abroad" was very funny and interesting. Long ago, in "Our Young Folks," "The Peterkin Family," by Lucretia P. Hale, and "William Henry's Letters to his Grandmother," by Mrs. A. M. Diaz, were papa's favorites and mine. How many, many times we have read them! They never seemed to grow old. He enjoyed ST. NICHOLAS as much as I, and you are very dear to me. I used to be sick a great deal, and ST. NICHOLAS was such a comfort! I remember lying upon the floor and printing the whole of the Declaration of Independence, to be sent to ST. NICHOLAS, for which I gained one of the prizes you offered. How proud and happy I felt. It was an ink-stand in shape of the Liberty Bell, and stands now in my room.

Hoping this letter is not too long to print in ST. NICHOLAS, I am always your loving friend,

MARGARET J. C——.

WILDBAD, WÜRTEMBERG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since I was born, and we all like you very much. There is a big fir-tree here, about two miles from the hotel. I have been there twice. The first time I went, three men came down from the mountain and tried to reach around the tree, but could just touch the ends of their fingers. Once the tree was struck by lightning, and ever since then the branches have been twisted around. There are a good many mountain walks around here, and I know the way about most of them. Yesterday we went for a walk up the side of a mountain, and when we got a little way we saw a ram without horns chasing some children, and we stood a little way off and watched it. Very soon it ran at us, so we tried to get in a gate that opened into a yard, but it was locked; then the ram went away for a little while, and we tried to get away, but we only got to the other side of the road, and the ram came after us again and we ran for a pile of wood, but the ram went away. Then my sister, and one of the nurses that we were out walking with, went up by it, and my nurse said to me that it would go after them, and it did. In a little while my sister looked around and said, "It 's looking"; and in a little while she looked around and had to say, "It 's coming," and they had such a chase!

Your affectionate reader, HENRY L. W——.

"SUMMERLAND," WILMSLOW, CHESHIRE, ENG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that you might be interested to hear about the Queen coming to Manchester to open the ship-canal.

Manchester was very crowded. We had engaged seats on a balcony which was a very good place, for we were just a little way from the Town Hall. But unfortunately we were not near enough to see the Queen when she stopped for the Lady Mayoress to present her with a lovely bouquet of pink and white flowers. We were rather expecting to have the balcony almost brought down by the people cheering from below, but were quite mistaken, for there was only a faint sort of hum. But we think they must have been so anxious to get a glimpse of the Queen, that they forgot really to *cheer*.

The Queen seems to have grown very much older since we saw her in Derby three years ago.

There were crowds of people waiting to see her open the canal. She went on board the "Enchantress," and to open the canal there was an electric wire with a knob at one end which she pressed, and that opened the large gates of the first lock. In the evening there were most beautiful fireworks sent off from the quay.

The streets looked lovely! All the warehouses, shops and big houses were decorated. One tea warehouse was nearly covered with green leaves and white natural flowers, and at night it was lit up with little Chinese lanterns.

There were Venetian masts all along the streets connected by festoons made of paper flowers or little flags.

I think "Toinette's Philip" was just splendid.

Your interested reader, RUTH S——.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The tea-making season in Japan is very interesting, and I thought you might like to have an account of it as I saw it myself. Whole families were in the tea-gardens, even to the little babies. Some of these were strapped on the backs of the older children who played about, here and there. The fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, and children who were old enough to work chanted a queer Japanese tune as they fired and sifted the tea. Through the open windows a pleasant breeze came softly in. Away in the beautiful country the round tea-bushes grew.

The tender green leaves are picked, then sorted and dried in the sun, then brought to the "go-downs" in Yokohama. The room which they fire it in is very big, and the room has lots of brick stands, in which are iron bowls; beneath are fires to heat the bowls. The tea-leaves are put into these bowls, and are constantly stirred to keep them from burning. When they are dried they are put into baskets, then poured into boxes; then they seal the boxes up and send the tea away to America and Europe. At the same time the tea is being fired it is colored.

ROBERT D——.

ASHVALE, ARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, and live on a cotton-plantation in the winter, but we go away every summer. We went to the sea-shore last summer, and had a lovely time. I am an only child; and in the winter-time I have no children to play with me, for there are a very few white people down here, though there are many negroes; but I never get lonely. I have a horse named "Daisy." I ride a great deal with father; sometimes I go bird-shooting with him. I have a great many dolls. I love to sew for them. I have my lessons, too. I have never been to school; mother teaches me at home. I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for one year, and I am going to take it again, I am so fond of it. I wrote this letter all by myself, only mother told me how to spell some of the words.

Your little friend, ALICE M. R——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Everett R. S., Lorenzo B., Bessie E. B., Dorothy W., Alice I. M., Hildegarde B. C., Emma F., Virginia S., Rene T. C., Mehitable S. J., Helen R., Cora S. G., Mary K. R., Magdelaine W., John W. L., Lucy L. D., Douglas D., A. W. and L. D. W., J. C. T., Pussie and Bessie, Joseph D. T., Caroline W. F., Mary R. B., May C. F., Zelda B., Myrtle C., Willie A. W., Winnifred A., Willie D. S., Robert W. N., Frances H. F., Margaret S., Mary E. P., Katie D. H., Grace B., W. B. S., H. M., W. S. W., Robert H. S., Margaret W., Chas. R. H., Suzon G.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

FALSE COMPARATIVES. 1. Lack, lacquer. 2. Prop, proper. 3. Bow, bower. 4. Mad, madder. 5. Ham, hammer. 6. Mast, master. 7. Pond, ponder. 8. Wage, wager. 9. With, wither. 10. Din, dinner. 11. Cape, caper. 12. Tape, taper. 13. Slip, slipper.

ZIGZAG. Dotheboys Hall. Cross-words: 1. Dunce. 2. Forty. 3. Ditch. 4. Bathe. 5. Lethe. 6. Grebe. 7. Prove. 8. Pylon. 9. Spile. 10. Shave. 11. Drain. 12. Scald. 13. Shell.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Washington; from 11 to 20, St. Nicholas. Cross-words: 1. Warrants. 2. Manumits. 3. Designed. 4. Machines. 5. Grimaces. 6. Unearths. 7. Gratiano. 8. Stupidly. 9. Stoppage. 10. Mainsail.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Beaconsfield. 1. Barrel. 2. Ermine. 3. Abacus. 4. Candle. 5. Oyster. 6. Ninety. 7. Spider. 8. Fiddle. 9. Indian. 10. Egg-cup. 11. Ladder. 12. Dagger.

CHARADE. Potato.

CHAIR PUZZLE. Back of chair: 1. Aster. 2. Seine. 3. Timon. 4. Enode. 5. Renew. Seat of chair: 1. Renew. 2. Helot. 3. Tsars. 4. Edile. Back leg, rigor; left front leg, endow; right front leg, earth; side round, grand; front round, drear.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Plum-pudding.

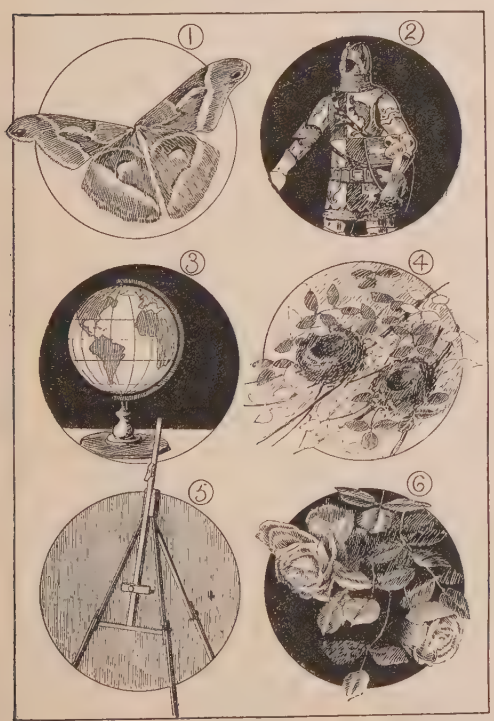
HIDDEN BIRDS. 1. Phœbe. 2. Crane. 3. Crow. 4. Gander. 5. Quail. 6. Eagle. 7. Cassowary. 8. Bee-martin. 9. Redstart. 10. Pelican. 11. Secretary-bird. 12. Lark. 13. Robin. 14. Thrush. 15. Sandpiper. 16. Dove. 17. Rail. 18. Sparrow. 19. Starling. 20. Flicker. 21. Swan. 22. Grouse. 23. Swallow. 24. Goldfinch. 25. Bittern. 26. Partridge. 27. Gull. 28. Canary. 29. Turkey. 30. Crossbill. 31. Ostrich. 32. Bunting. 33. Ruff. 34. Clape. 35. Greenlet. 36. Hawk. 37. Raven. 38. Penguin. 39. Oriole. 40. Buzzard. 41. Cardinal. 42. Chickadee. 43. Hen. 44. Owl. 45. Wren.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from M. McG.—F. O. R.—L. O. E.—Jeanne—Isabel, Mama, and Jamie—Jo and I—"Little Dorrit,"—Josephine Sherwood—Pearl F. Stevens—"California Angels"—No Name, Atlanta, Ga.—Ida C. Thallon—Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher—"Country Cousins"—Mabel Snow and Dorothy Swinburne—"Tod and Yam."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from G. B. Dyer, 10—Paul Reese, 9—Mary R. Grymes, 1—William Schuyler Pate, 1—Alice Chandler, 3—Mama and Sadie, 8—Gussie and Flossie, 9—Jessie Bryden, 1—L. Adele Carll, 1—"A Flushingite," 1—Katharine D. Hull, 1—Bertha G. Martin, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Marian Lent, 1—"The Gigglers," 2—M. F. T., 9—"Will O. Tree," 9—Teddie and Aggie, 7—"The Other One," 8—Geoffrey Parsons, 9—Albert Smith Faught, 7—C. S. McMichael, 2—"Pussy Cat," 4—Hans and Otto Wolkwitz, 2—Ann Francisco, 2—Marguerite Sturdy, 9—Two Little Brothers, 10—C. M. H., 1—Marjory Gane, 9—"Two Solomons," 8—"The Butterflies," 8—R. O. B., 10—Helen and Bessie, 7—Helen Rogers, 9—Irving and Mama, 9—G. B. D. and M., 8—J. B. M., 8—A. M. J., 10—Norman and Alice McGay, 6—Mother and Ethel B., 7—Highmount Girls, 10—Kathryn Lyon, 7—Charles Arthur Barnard, 5—Harry and Helene, 10—Margaret Sawtelle, 1—Oscar and Therese Baumgart, 1—J. A. McLean, 1.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



WHEN the six objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names (each containing the same number of letters) written one below the other, the initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished musical composer.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals spell the Christian name, and my finals the surname, of a modern author.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. To cause to sway backward and forward. 2. A river mentioned in the book of Daniel. 3. A sudden fall or descent. 4. A small ship's boat. 5. A prefix meaning "against." 6. Part of a bridle. 7. A heavy coach with seats on top.

F. O. R.

ANAGRAMS.

A FAMOUS American:

NO BOOT: CLAN SO SMART.

His more famous daughter:

A LOYAL ACT, O I MUST.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Sharp and harsh. 2. A shallow, porous cup, used in refining precious metals. 3. A species of lyric poem in which a longer verse is followed by a shorter one. 4. A kind of fortification. 5. To mingle.

II. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Below the common size. 2. To stake. 3. To come to terms. 4. Staggers. 5. New and strong.

W. P. FLINT AND "SAMUEL SYDNEY."

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and ten letters, and form a three-line verse from a poem by Mrs. Augusta D. Webster.

My 92-22-30 is an exclamation denoting contempt. My 107-6-45 is distorted. My 50-12-89 is part of an umbrella. My 54-80-36-64 is lofty. My 71-94-33-60 is a stringed instrument of music. My 41-14-75-67 is an iota. My 16-19-83-57-106 is happiness. My 77-86-62-103-85 is a Christmas decoration. My 3-72-26-1-109 is the fruit of a certain vine. My 18-51-97-46-11 is the fruit of a certain tree. My 49-31-9-74-99 is without sight. My 37-79-27-43-40-96 is to bleach. My 25-69-34-10-24-90 is a structure erected over a river to make a passageway from one bank to the other. My 100-48-104-66-39-7 is frolicsome. My 52-59-21-95-105-102-28 is a fruit allied to the plum. My 20-82-42-5-93-56-73 is gathered close by means of parallel threads. My 29-61-87-13-44-15-32 is very proud. My 58-78-101-4-23-81-70-2 is vigor. My 110-88-38-84-47-55-98-63-17 is to form into grains or small masses.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell a name given to the third President of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To bewilder. 2. The sea-cabbage. 3. Prodigious. 4. A coarse fiber used for making mats, cordage, etc. 5. To cry out in contempt. 6. Not close at hand. 7. A speck. 8. The scoter. 9. Slender and thin. 10. To taunt. 11. The upper edge of a cup. 12. Sour to the taste. 13. A narrative poem relating the achievements of some hero. 14. In addition. 15. A stupid fellow. 16. A game which is played on horse-back.

L. W.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a secret vote, and leave to assign. 2. Behead custom, and leave wise. 3. Behead to narrate, and leave proud. 4. Behead pulverized, and leave spherical. 5. Behead a view, and leave a wing. 6. Behead milfoil, and leave a missile. 7. Behead a knob, and leave a lyric poem. 8. Behead a horned animal, and leave to disembark.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous British general of the Revolutionary War.

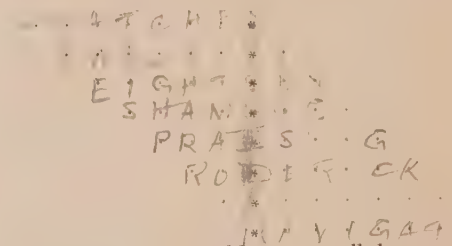
"SAMUEL SYDNEY."

DIAMOND.

1. IN blackbird. 2. A domestic animal. 3. Subjected to heat. 4. A number. 5. In blackbird.

B. L. E. S.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.



THE letters represented by stars spell the surname of a celebrated Union general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Grasps. 2. A faint light. 3. A number. 4. A plant used as a national emblem. 5. Eulogizing. 6. A masculine name. 7. To exalt to the highest honor. 8. To journey by water.

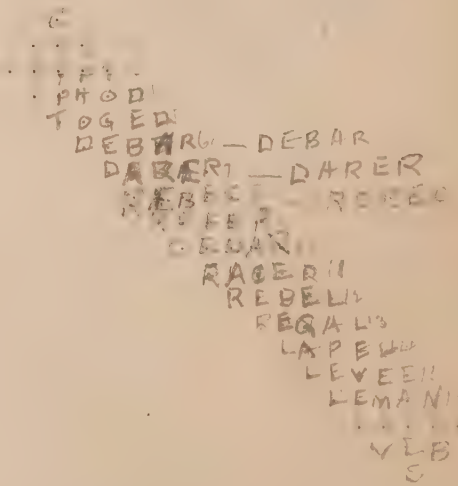
G. B. DYER.

CHARADE.

My *first* is much used in a vessel's outfit, and is also the name of a muscular exercise; my *second* is a rank or series, and also an aquatic sport; my *whole* is a bird.

G. B. D.

AN OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



1. A letter. 2. Anger. 3. A vault under a church. 4. Part of the dress of Jewish priests. 5. Togated. 6. To exclude. 7. One who defies. 8. A three-stringed instrument. 9. To send or direct elsewhere. 10. An evergreen tree. 11. A runner. 12. An insurgent. 13. Kingly. 14. Part of a coat. 15. An embankment to prevent inundation. 16. An old word for a gallant. 17. The edges of the roof of a house. 18. Part of a pen. 19. A letter.

GEORGE L. HOSEA.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

"GO 'WAY! GO 'WAY! THEY 'RE FLOWERS!"

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXII. FEBRUARY, 1895. NO. 4.

BRUIN'S BOXING-MATCH.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

IT was a dreamy, sun-drenched September afternoon. The wide shallow river was rippling with a mellow noise over its golden pebbles. Back from the river, upon both banks, the yellow grain-fields and blue-green patches of turnips slanted gently to the foot of the wooded hills. A little distance down-stream stood two horses, fetlock-deep in the water, drinking.

Near the top of the bank, where the gravel had thinned off into yellow sand, and the sand was beginning to bristle with the scrubby bushes of the sand-plum, lay the trunk of an ancient oak-tree. In the effort to split this gnarled and seasoned timber, Jake Simmons and I were expending the utmost of our energies. Our axes had proved unequal to the enterprise, so we had been at last compelled to call in the aid of a heavy maul and hard-wood wedges.

With the axes we had accomplished a slight split in one end of the prostrate giant. An ax-blade held this open while we inserted a hard-wood wedge, which we drove home with repeated blows of the maul till the crack was widened, whereupon, of course, the ax dropped out.

The maul — a huge, long-handled mallet, so heavy as to require both hands to wield it — was made of the sawed-off end of a small oak log, and was bound around with two hoops of wrought-iron to keep it from splitting. This implement was wielded by Jake, with a skill born of years in the backwoods.

Suddenly, as Jake was delivering a tremendous blow on the head of the wedge, the maul flew off its handle, and pounded down the bank, making the sand and gravel fly in a way that bore eloquent witness to Jake's vigor. The sinewy old woodsman toppled over and, losing his balance, sat down in a thicket of sand-plums.

Of course I laughed, and so did Jake; but our temperate mirth quieted down, and Jake, picking himself up out of the sand-plums, went to recapture the errant maul. As he set it down on the timber and proceeded to refit the handle to it, he was all at once quite overcome with merriment. He laughed and laughed, not loudly, but with convulsive inward spasms, till I began to feel indignant at him. When mirth is not contagious, it is always exasperating. Presently he sat down on the log and gasped, holding his sides.

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"Don't be such an old fool, Jake," said I, rudely; at which he began to laugh again, with the intolerable relish of one who holds the monopoly of a joke.

"I don't see anything so excruciatingly funny," I grumbled, "in the head flying off of an old maul, and a long-legged old idiot sitting down hard in the sand-plum patch. That there maul might just as well as not have hit me on the head, and maybe you 'd have called *that* the best joke of the season."

"Bless your sober soul!" answered Jake, "it ain't that I 'm laughing at."

I was not going to give him the satisfaction of asking him for his story, so I proceeded to fix a new wedge and hammer it in with my ax. Jake was too full of his reminiscence to be chilled by my apparent lack of interest. Presently he drew out a short pipe, filled it with tobacco, and remarked:

"When I picked up that there maul-head, I was reminded of something I saw once up in the Madawaska woods, that struck me as just about the funniest I ever heard tell of. I 'most died laughing over it at the time, and whenever I think of it even now it breaks me all up."

Here he paused and eyed me.

"But I don't believe *you 'd* see anything funny in it, because you did n't see it," he continued in his slow and drawling tones, "so I reckon I won't bother telling you."

"A YOUNG BEAR WAS LOOKING AT THE MAUL, AS IF HE DID N'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT." (SEE PAGE 269.)

Then he picked up the handle of the maul as if to resume work.

I still kept silence, resolved not to ask for the story. Jake was full of anecdotes picked up in the lumbering camps, and, though he was a good workman, he would gladly stop any time to smoke his pipe, or to tell a story.

But he kept chuckling over his own thoughts until I could n't do a stroke of work. I saw I had to give in, and I surrendered.

"Oh, go along and let 's have it!" said I, dropping the ax and seating myself on the log in an attitude of most inviting attention.

This encouragement was what Jake was waiting for.

"Did you ever see a bear box?" he inquired. I had seen some performances of that sort, but as Jake took it for granted I had n't, and did n't wait for a reply, I refrained from saying so.

"THE MAUL SWUNG AWAY, AND CAME BACK QUICK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Well, a bear can box *some*, now, I tell you. But I 've seen one clean knocked out by an old maul without a handle, just like this one here; and there was n't any man at the end of it either."

Here Jake paused to indulge in a prolonged chuckle as the scene unrolled itself anew before his mind's eye.

"It happened this way: A couple of us were splitting slabs in the Madawaska woods along in the fall, when, all of a sudden, the head of the maul flew off, as this 'ere one did. Bill, however,— Bill Goodin was the name of the fellow with me,— was n't so lucky as you were in getting out of the way. The maul struck a tree, glanced, and took Bill on the side of the knee. It keeled him over so he could n't do any more work that day, and I had to help him back to the camp. Before we left, I took a bit of cod-line out of my pocket, ran it through the eye of the maul, and strung the maul up to a branch so it would be easier to find when I wanted it.

"It was maybe a week before I went for that maul — a little more than a week, I should say; and then, it being of a Saturday afternoon, when there was no work to do, and Bill's leg being so much better that he could hobble alone, he and I thought we 'd stroll over to where we 'd been splitting, and bring the maul in to camp.

"When we got pretty near the place, and could see through the trees the maul hanging there where we had left it, Bill all of a sudden grabbed me sharp by the arm, and whispered, 'Keep still!'

"'What is it?' said I, under my breath, looking all around.

"'Use your eyes if you 've got any,' said he; and I stared through the branches in the direction he was looking. But there was a trunk in the way. As soon as I moved my head a bit, I saw what he was watching. There was a fine, young bear sitting back on his haunches,

"HE STOOD UP TO IT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and looking at the maul as if he did n't know what to make of it. Probably that bear had once been hurt in a trap, and so had grown suspicious. That there maul hanging from the limb of a tree was something different from anything he 'd ever seen before. Wondering what he was going to do,

we crept a little nearer, without makin' any noise, and crouched down behind a spruce-bush.

"The bear was maybe a couple of yards from the maul, and watching it as if he thought it might get down any moment and come at him. A little gust of wind came through the trees and set the maul swinging a bit. He did n't like this, and backed off a few feet. The maul swung some more, and he drew off still further; and as soon as it was quite still again, he sidled around it at a prudent distance and investigated it from the other side of the tree.

"A WHACK THAT MUST HAVE MADE HIM JUST SEE STARS."

"'The blame fool is scared of it,' whispered Bill, scornfully; 'let 's fling a rock at him!'

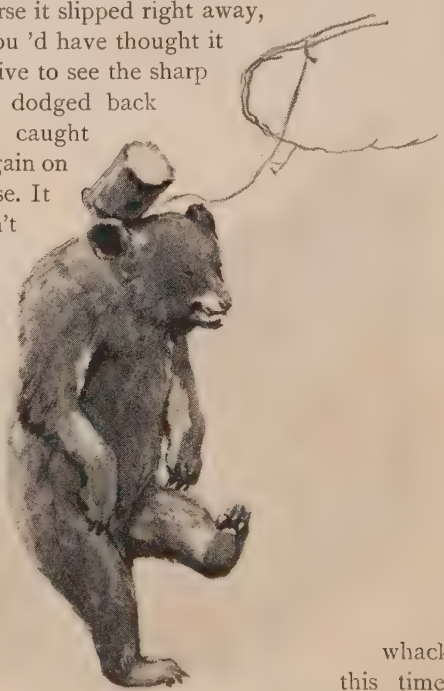
"'No,' said I, knowing bears pretty well; 'let 's wait and see what he 's going to do.'

"Well, when the maul had been pretty still for a minute or two, the bear appeared to make up his mind it did n't amount to much after all; he came right close up to it as bold as you like, and pawed it kind of inquiringly. The maul swung away, and, being hung short, it came back quick and took the bear a smart rap on the nose.

"Bill and I both snickered, but the bear did n't hear us. He was mad right off, and with a snort he hit the maul a pretty good cuff; back it came like greased lightning, and took him again square on the snout with a whack that must have made him just see stars.

"Bill and I could hardly hold ourselves; but even if we had laughed right out I don't believe that bear would have noticed us, he was so mad. You know a bear's snout is mighty tender. Well, he grunted and snorted and rooted around in the leaves a bit, and then went back at the maul as if he was just going to knock it into the other side of to-morrow. He stood up to it, and he did hit it so hard that it seemed to disappear for half a second. It swung right over the limb, and, while he was looking for it, it came down on the top of his head. Great Scott! how he roared! And then, scratching his head with one paw, he went at it again with the other, and hit it just the same way he 'd hit it before. I tell you, Bill and I pretty near burst as we saw that maul fly over the limb again and come down on the top of his head just like the first time. You 'd have thought it would have cracked his skull; but a bear's head is as hard as they make them.

"This time the bear, after rubbing his head and his snout, and rooting some more in the leaves, sat back and seemed to consider. In a second or two he went up to the maul and tried to take hold of it with one paw; of course it slipped right away, and you 'd have thought it was alive to see the sharp way it dodged back and caught him again on the nose. It was n't much of a whack this time, but that nose was tender enough, then! And the bear got des-



"WHILE HE WAS LOOKING FOR IT, IT CAME DOWN ON TOP OF HIS HEAD."

perate. He grabbed for the maul with both paws; and that way, of course, he got it. With one pull he snapped the cod-line, and the victory was his.

and glared at the bit of iron-bound oak lying so innocent in the leaves, and kept feeling at his snout in a puzzled sort of way. Then all of a sudden he gave it up as a bad job, and ambled off into the woods in a hurry as if he 'd just remembered something."

"HE SAT BACK AND SEEMED TO CONSIDER." (SEE PAGE 270.)

"After tumbling the maul about for a while, trying to chew it and claw it to pieces, and getting nothing to show for his labor, he appeared absolutely disgusted. He sat down

"HE TRIED TO CLAW IT TO PIECES."

THE LITTLE BROWN CRICKET THAT LIVED IN THE WALL.

(Jingle.)

By Sara M. Chatfield.

Rosa went to her grandma's last summer, in June,
And she stayed until late in the fall;
But the very best friend that she made while away
Was the cricket that lived in the wall.
The little brown cricket that lived in the wall,
As merry as merry could be,
He danced all the day and he sang all the night—
The gayest of good companie.

"Good-by, little cricket," said Rosa, at last,
"I 'm sorry to leave you so soon;
But do not forget me; I 'm coming again;
I 'm coming next summer, in June.
I wish I could take you away to my house,
But you would n't enjoy it at all,
For there is n't a bit of a garden, you see,
Nor a dear little hole in the wall."

As Rosa lay nestled that night in her bed,
She heard from her trunk in the hall
A queer little "creakity-creakity-creak"—
'T was the cricket that lived in the wall!
The little brown cricket that lived in the wall
Had taken a journey, you see.
And he danced and he "creakled" the long winter through—
The gayest of good companie.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

By S. G. W. Benjamin.

ONE OF THE REMAINING PIECES OF THE ORIGINAL "CONSTITUTION."

THE famous frigate "Constitution," often known as "Old Ironsides," was launched September 20, 1797, and she therefore lacks only two years of being a century old. She is the most famous ship in the history of the United States, and in her renown rivals the celebrated line-of-battle ship "Victory," Lord Nelson's flag-ship at the battle of Trafalgar. She has been, indeed, what is called a lucky ship. She never lost a battle, she never fell into the hands of the enemy, and she never was disabled by a storm. Many narrow escapes she has had in her long and prosperous career, and she has come triumphant out of all her adventures. Like the Constitution of the United States, after which she was named, she has withstood every danger that threatened, and is a fitting type of the Ship of State.

Of course, during her seventy-five years of active service the Constitution often needed to be repaired. But although the material in her has been often replaced, she always continued the same ship, just as the human body is the same body of the same person, though its substance is constantly changing. In 1830 it was decided that the good frigate Constitution would hardly warrant the cost of repairs, especially when the nature of modern naval warfare was considered. She was therefore condemned, and was about to be broken up when Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous ode appeared, beginning, "Ay, tear her tattered ensign down." The poet shamed Congress, and it was decided to repair once more the old warship. She took several cruises after that, and once carried a load of wheat to the starving poor of Ireland. On that voyage she went ashore, and being old, there was every reason why she should have left her bones on the coast; but, with her usual good luck, the Constitution got off without serious damage and returned to her native land.

But a day came at last when no further repairs would avail, and a government which pays little for sentiment, would spend nothing to keep up a ship which had contributed so much to the glory of our ship-builders, of our brave seamen, and of our starry flag. The Constitution, leaky and dismantled, was lying at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, awaiting her doom. Happily the government again relented in her favor. It was decided that she should not be broken up. As long as her old timbers would hold together she should be allowed to float, but not with her trim masts and spars, as if still a living monument of our naval pride. No; they would not break her up, but they would send her into an obscure exile, where few could see her and where she would soon be forgotten and gradually wear away. Sometimes I think it would have been nobler to take the old frigate out to sea, and piercing her sides with a volley of guns, let her sink into the bosom of the element which had borne her proud form to so many victories.

It was decided to lay the old Constitution by the side of a row of disabled hulks, among them the British frigate "Macedonian" which was captured by the frigate "United States," eighty-three years ago. They lie in a line called "Rotten Row" at the Navy-yard of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, like scarred and decrepit pensioners in a hospital waiting, forgotten, for their last hour while the busy world rolls on.

The old ship was in too crazy a condition to go around under canvas, even if she had had the necessary spars and sails. She was leaking two feet a day while simply lying at the wharf in the Brooklyn Navy-yard. She was therefore to be towed to Portsmouth in the windy month of October. But whether she would ever get there at all was considered sufficiently doubtful for a naval friend of mine to urge me to decline the cordial invitation which I had received to go in the ship on her last voyage.

a cruise in her palmy days the Constitution had carried fifty-four guns and a crew of nearly 400 men; but now she was deprived of her batteries, and only a handful of jolly tars were necessary. Every man had his place assigned to him in the boats, and I was told, in case of an *accident*, not to wait, but to make at once for the boat in which I had a place assigned me.

It was about eight bells, or the hour of noon, when the word went around that all was ready. I climbed up the black sides of the famous

THE "CONSTITUTION'S" VICTORY OVER THE "GUERRIÈRE," AUGUST 19, 1812.

To make the matter still more doubtful, the vessel appointed to tow the Constitution was the old "Powhatan," a slow, paddle-wheel war-steamer, herself in such condition that she also was condemned not long after this voyage. It was a case of the blind leading the blind.

Lieutenant William H. Jacques, a well-known and skilful officer, who is distinguished for his enterprise in the gun-foundries at Bethlehem, was in command. A number of bright naval cadets accompanied him. When manned for

frigate by the narrow ladder of cleats built into her planking, clinging to the man-ropes, and for the first time stepped on the deck of the old Constitution. It was a proud moment in my life. The lofty bulwarks were there as of old, but only two guns were seen where once formidable batteries had thundered destruction to the foe; and only a few mariners appeared where once the decks swarmed with hundreds of armed seamen prepared to answer the summons for boarders. The lofty spars were partly

gone, only the lower masts and topmasts remaining and the lower yards. The old ship seemed to me like an aged lion of the desert,

THE REBUILDING OF THE "CONSTITUTION" IN 1844.

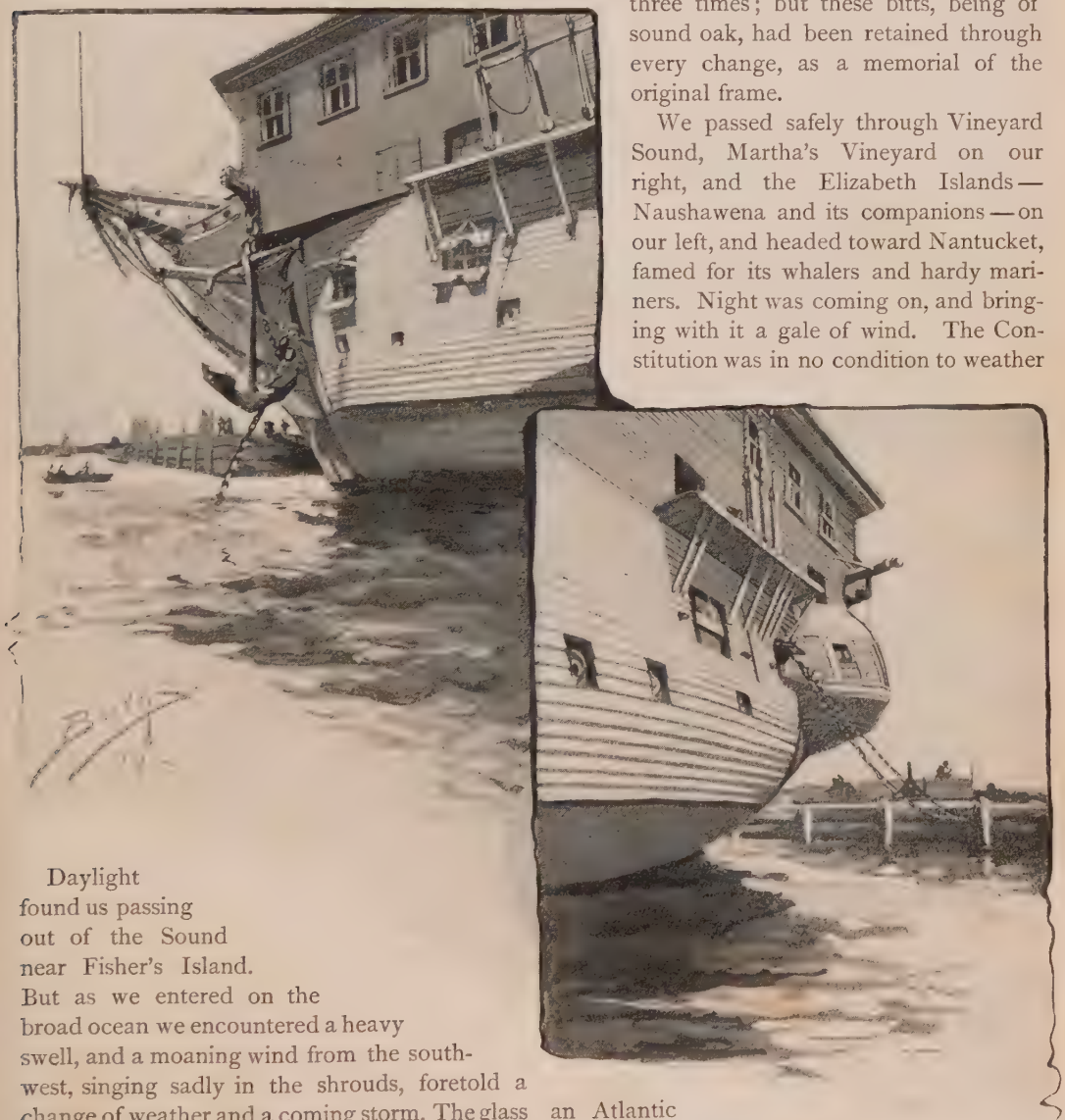
whose eyes are dim, whose teeth are gone, and whose last roar has rung over the wastes of Sahara.

And yet a thrill of exultation ran through my veins as I thought that Hull and Preble and Bainbridge and Stewart and Decatur had walked that quarterdeck, and from it had issued the commands that had imparted such splendor to the United States navy. Those gallant officers passed away long ago, but while the ship they guided to victory exists they need no other monument to recall achievements whose skill and daring will never be surpassed while the Stars and Stripes float over the seas.

The boatswain's shrill whistle rang through the ship; the hoarse steam-whistle of the Powhatan tooted over the East River; the officer of the deck looked over the side to see if all was clear; hawsers were cast off; and the vessels began to draw away from the wharves. The sun, which had been somewhat overcast, came out and shone brightly over the scene, and the Constitution was off on her last voyage.

The progress of the ships was naturally slow, and especial care was required amid the rushing mazes of Hell Gate; for the rocks which imparted such dangers to that hazardous passage had not yet been blasted. The night proved to be magnificent. There was a fresh breeze, and the dark, clear heavens were filled with a countless multitude of stars. On both sides, along the shores of the Sound, the lights of cities seemed unusually bright, as if there were illuminations in honor of the old ship; and at frequent intervals the flames of lighthouses and light-

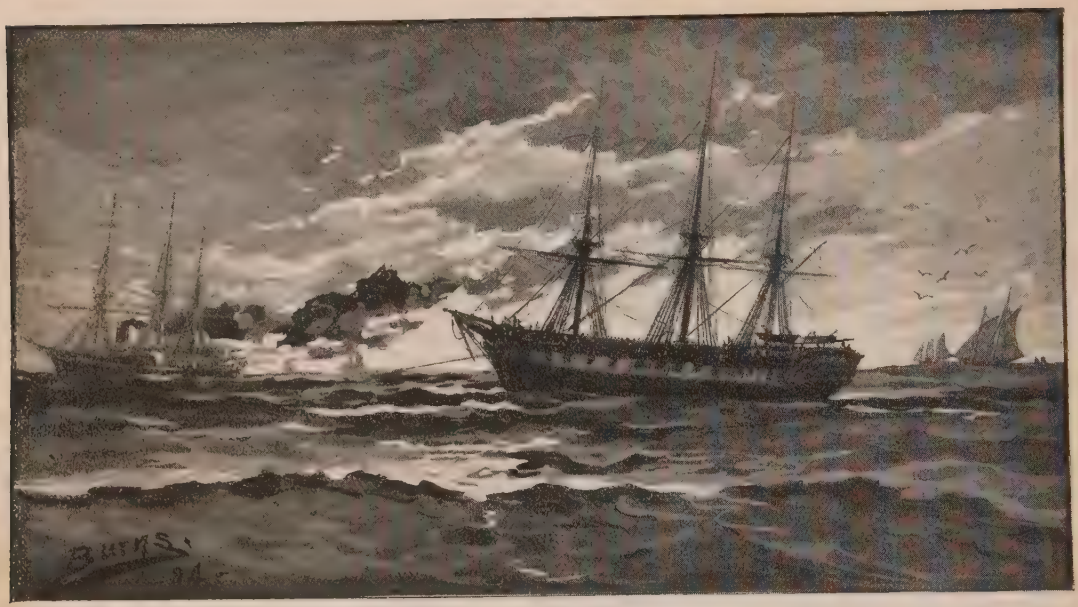
ships marked our eastward course. It was not until late that I "turned in." The quarters assigned to me were in the state-room which had been occupied by Commodore Hull.



THE BOW AND THE STERN OF THE "CONSTITUTION," AS HOUSED IN THE NAVY-YARD, PORTSMOUTH. DRAWN ON THE SPOT IN 1894.

Daylight found us passing out of the Sound near Fisher's Island. But as we entered on the broad ocean we encountered a heavy swell, and a moaning wind from the southwest, singing sadly in the shrouds, foretold a change of weather and a coming storm. The glass also was falling. But as the gale would probably not blow before night, we kept on our course. In looking about the ship, there was shown a pair of bitts, or blocks of wood to which hawsers or other large ropes are made fast. These, I was told, were almost the only remaining pieces of the original Constitution, as she was when she went into her first battle. While all her lines and general inner plan remained unaltered, yet during the frequent repairs which she had undergone every part of her frame and planking had gradually been replaced, in some cases two or three times; but these bitts, being of sound oak, had been retained through every change, as a memorial of the original frame.

We passed safely through Vineyard Sound, Martha's Vineyard on our right, and the Elizabeth Islands — Naushawena and its companions — on our left, and headed toward Nantucket, famed for its whalers and hardy mariners. Night was coming on, and bringing with it a gale of wind. The Constitution was in no condition to weather an Atlantic storm, especially an October storm, and on a lee shore; for the wind was coming out from the northeast, and we should have had Cape Cod under our lee. It was an occasion that called for prudence and not for daring. If you will look



"OLD IRONSIDES" ON HER LAST VOYAGE.—THE "CONSTITUTION" TOWED BY THE "POWHATAN" FROM NEW YORK TO PORTSMOUTH.

on the map, you will see that at the east end of Nantucket the land turns a sharp angle to the north, terminating in Great Point. This angle forms a breakwater against easterly storms, and behind it vessels can lie in safety in any wind from northeast to southwest. It was decided to make for this sheltered bay, and there ride out the storm, which was coming on fast. It was already thick and raining, there was a heavy easterly swell, and the blasts shrieked with redoubled force. I think all of us on board both ships felt a sense of relief when we heard the cables rattling as the anchors dropped to the sandy bottom.

It blew hard that night, and all the next day. About eleven A. M. a boat went up into Nantucket port with some of the cadets; but I preferred to remain on board, grudging to lose a moment from the enjoyment of being on the old Constitution in her last cruise.

As I walked the deck, wrapped to the eyes in a warm overcoat and protected by a huge sou'wester, I thought of the thrilling incident which occurred on the Constitution when she was lying at anchor, on a previous occasion, off a milder coast than the bleak shores of New England. It was in Port Mahon, then one of the Mediterranean stations of our cruisers. Commodore Hull was in command. He had with him his son, a bright, active lad of ten or twelve.

One morning, when the commodore was on shore, the boy began to play with the pet monkey of the crew. The monkey suddenly snatched off his cap, and started up the rigging with it. The boy pursued, and after a lively chase succeeded in recovering the cap, which he hung triumphantly on the topgallant yard-arm, and then sat on the yard to rest himself. He then took it into his head to "shin" up to the main-truck. This is a small wooden disk which caps the top of a mast; it has sheave-holes through which run the halyards that hoist the colors to the masthead. The truck of the Constitution was perhaps a scant foot in diameter. Having reached the truck, the foolhardy lad proceeded to climb on to it and actually stand upon the truck, perched in the air 180 feet above the water. In European men-of-war the stays reach up to the truck, and sailors who have tried this perilous feat have been able to get down by means of the stays. But the stays of the Constitution did not reach within five or six feet of the truck, and there was no possible way for the lad to climb down. His death appeared inevitable. The whole crew stood

aghast with horror, every instant expecting to see the boy lose his balance and fall, when he must be crushed upon the deck.

In the mean time some one on shore had carried to Commodore Hull news of his son's perilous position. The man who had quailed not when the balls of the enemy's batteries sung about his ears, trembled now. He sprang into his boat, and ordered the crew to pull off to the frigate as if for their lives. On reaching the ship, he ordered a musket to be brought to him. Having cocked it, the commodore aimed the gun at his son, and fiercely shouted: "Jump, or I 'll shoot you!"

The lad hesitated a moment; then, perhaps for the first time fully realizing his awful peril, he gathered himself together and sprang out to clear the side of the ship. With the rush of a hawk diving on its prey, the boy plunged into the sea, fortunately feet foremost. As he rose to the surface, a dozen sailors plunged in to bring him on board.

It was found that the reckless boy had received no serious injury, in spite of the dive.

But it would be an endless task to recount the adventures and achievements recalled by the old ship. I must tell of her last voyage.

On the following day the wind appeared about to veer to the northwest. By looking on the map you will see that this would have changed Great Point from a breakwater into a lee shore. To explain our position more clearly I will say that so long as the wind blew from the northeast around to the south, the island protected the ships from the brunt of the big seas. But as soon as it should shift from south to northwest we should get the full force of the sea as well as of the wind, and might be driven on shore if it blew hard. In order to prevent this peril, which had been foreseen, the boatswain's lively whistle rang through the frigate, piping the crew to the windlass to get up the anchors; and the cheery squeak of the fife was soon heard encouraging the men as they worked at the windlass.

Then the old Powhatan towed the Constitution over to Chatham Roads, at what is called the heel of Cape Cod; and there we anchored. The wind blew very hard all night out of the northwest; but, as may be seen at a glance on the chart, we were under the lee of the land, and lay as snug as possible, surrounded by a fleet of schooners which had also sought shelter under Cape Cod.

COMMODORE ISAAC HULL, ONE OF THE FAMOUS COMMANDERS OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

By the next afternoon the weather had moderated, and it was thought best to make another attempt to reach Portsmouth. At that season the fine weather would not last long, and the stretch across Massachusetts Bay, although not

very long, was hazardous for a ship in the condition of the Constitution.

The fleet of schooners made sail and put to sea when we did. The sun was setting with unusual splendor, attended by a troop of heavy swell from the late storm as we headed out toward the open sea; but, on the whole, everything promised a quiet night across the bay, and every heart on board bounded with exultation under the influence of this inspiring

THE "CONSTITUTION," AS SEEN TO-DAY, IN THE NAVY-YARD AT PORTSMOUTH.

clouds hued in purple and gold. Like a triumphant escort the fleet danced lightly over the sparkling waves around the frigate, their sails rosy in the sun's departing rays; they looked like a flock of sea-fowl at play. The central object in this magnificent scene — the grand old frigate — glided slowly and majestically toward her last home. It was a spectacle never surpassed in our naval annals, and never to be forgotten. It really seemed as if the old ship, instead of being a fabric of wood and iron, was a hero whose gray hair was encircled by wreaths of victory.

There was a fresh westerly breeze and a scene. At that moment the Constitution rose on a higher swell than usual, then sank with quick but easy motion into the hollow of the sea, and with a fearfully sudden shock struck at the center of her keel on a shoal. She rose on the next wave, and, again descending, struck with even greater violence.

For a moment every one seemed paralyzed; the cook, who was as black as Egypt, sprang up the hatchway with eyes starting out of his head and a complexion several shades lighter than usual.

But I well remember that the first and chief thought that came to my own mind at that

moment was: "Has the old Constitution found her grave here at last?"

The loud cry to try the pumps rang through the ship. This being done, it was found that the leak had doubled; but as it did not increase beyond that degree, it was concluded that the old frigate was in no immediate danger, and would probably float until we could get her to Portsmouth, unless the weather should again become stormy. I am firmly of the opinion, which you may call a superstition if you please, that if it had been any other ship than the ever lucky Constitution, this accident would have been the end of her. All night we glided slowly past the sand-dunes of Cape Cod, the dull boom of the surf coming to us, borne on the land breeze. At sunrise we were off Cape Ann. The sky looked threatening and uncanny, and we counted the hours before we could see the old ship safe from the perils of the deep. She was now in a region where she had achieved one of her most famous exploits. In April, 1814, being under command of Captain Charles Stewart, and on the return from a long cruise, the Constitution fell in with two large English frigates. They gave chase, and, as she was overmatched, she was headed for Marblehead. With her usual good fortune she reached that port first; while the enemy retired, baffled, from the pursuit when they saw the hardy fishermen of Marblehead throwing up batteries at the harbor mouth.

About noon we passed White Island Light, Isles of Shoals, and soon after the Whaleback lighthouse, guarding the mouth of the Piscataqua. Then proceeding up the narrow, winding channel, we anchored off the navy-yard, Portsmouth. The Constitution was assigned a place with the old ships ranged in a line called Rotten Row. And there she still lies, the only one left of that venerable group of naval pensioners. In a few years more nothing will be left of the Constitution but a memory and a name. There is something very pathetic about the old hulk, moored by the wharf of the navy-yard, entirely alone. A roof has been built over her to fit her for a receiving-ship, but it sadly disfigures her appearance. She cannot last long without repairs repeated from time to time. And yet, as a matter of patriotism, she ought to be repaired and preserved, as nearly as possible, as she formerly looked. It would cost only a few thousand dollars. Do not the people of the United States, who owe so much of the national glory to her, owe it to themselves now to keep up the old ship?

GANGWAY ON BOARD THE "CONSTITUTION." THE CARVED SIDE IS PART OF THE ORIGINAL VESSEL.

ELSIE'S BROTHER.

By Robert Beverly Hale.

Do you know Jack? He 's hard to know!
I know him, though — because, you see,
I met him thirteen years ago
When I was born and he was three.

We 've always been together since
I left the nursery — since the days
When I was Duke and he was Prince;
And so we know each other's ways.

He never has two words to say;
But when it comes the time to act,
No matter what comes in the way,
He 's a Niagara cataract. ....

He does speak sometimes — times when we
Have found the world too hard and rough:
Then Jack just says that he likes me
And I like him, and that 's enough.

Jack's a real hero, to my mind,
Good as the old ones every bit.
He 's big and strong and brave and kind;
And that 's a hero, is n't it?

Look! here he comes. My! how it snows!
"Come in, Jack, quick! — or I shall scold.
Now for that ulster! Off it goes!
How did you get your hands so cold?"

JINGLES.

AN OPENING FOR CHEMISTS.

By Anna M. Pratt.

Professor De Bombast was heard to remark,
"For saccharine food I have feelings of odium;
And whenever I eat
Potatoes and meat,
I like them well seasoned with chloride of sodium."

His neighbors all said that, clearly enough,
His complexion was spoiled by such poisonous stuff;
Though any young chemist with good powers of reasoning
Might prove to the neighbors 't is excellent seasoning.

WERE I THE SUN.

By Amos R. Wells.

I 'd always shine on holidays,
Were I the sun;
On sleepy heads I 'd never gaze,
But focus all my morning rays
On busy folks of bustling ways,
Were I the sun.

I would not melt a sledding snow,
Were I the sun;
Nor spoil the ice where skaters go,
Nor help those useless weeds to grow,
But hurry melons on, you know,
Were I the sun.

I 'd warm the swimming-pool just right,
Were I the sun;
On school-days I would hide my light,
The Fourth I 'd always give you bright,
Nor set so soon on Christmas night,
Were I the sun.

I would not heed such paltry toys,
Were I the sun —
Such work as grown-up men employs;
But I would favor solid joys,—
In short, I 'd run the world for boys,
Were I the sun!

IT WAS SHUT.

By J. T. Greenleaf.

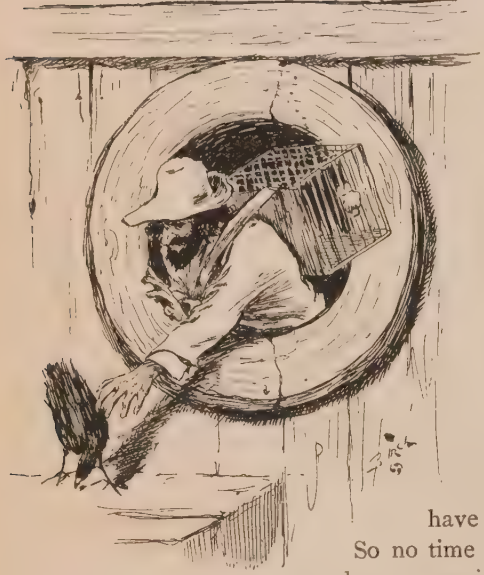
"Sam, shut the shutter," Mother Hyde
Called, with her cap-strings all a-flutter.
"I 've shut the shutter," Sam replied;
"And I can't shut it any shutter."

JIM:

A TAME CROW

by

Malcolm Douglas



OF course, his name was "Jim." If there ever was a tame crow with any other name, I should like to hear of it.

His parents one spring went to housekeeping in an old oak-tree, in that part of Ohio which is known as the Western Reserve. They had just come from the South, after a grand wedding that had been attended by all the Crows of their tribe, and they were so charmed with the country that they determined to spend their honeymoon in the oak.

"You can see, my dear," Mr. Crow said to his wife, "that the tree is extremely difficult to climb, so that our nest will be quite safe from any designing person."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Crow. "Let us set about building it at once. It will be so delightful to have a home of our own."

So no time was lost in the construction of a nest that had every modern convenience for crows. It was beautiful building weather.

By and by there were four eggs in the nest. Every one hatched, and Mr. and Mrs. Crow were delighted. They stuffed their young with the finest earthworms that the market afforded, and at the first suggestion of pin-feathers they were as proud and happy as your parents were when you were beginning to have your first tooth. They had such a keen sense for the ridiculous, that every time they came home and saw those four funny, featherless heads, with mouths wide agape, looking east, west, north, and south, they would scream out, "Ha! ha! ha!"

"I hope none of them will ever be afraid of a scarecrow," said the fond father fervently. "When they are old enough, I shall teach them how to go into a farmer's corn-field, and keep just a yard out of gunshot."

Now, close beside the oak there grew a beech-tree. When they built their nest, Mr. and Mrs. Crow had never once given the beech-tree a thought. It was very easy to climb, and after one had got to the top, it was possible by means of a long pole to dislodge the nest from the other tree.

That is precisely what was done one day. Down fluttered the four young crows to the ground, while their outraged parents circled about in helpless consternation. But no amount of cawing could prevent this wholesale abduction. It is to be hoped that with their other offspring they were more fortunate, and that all lived to be a comfort to them in their old age.

Two of the young crows that were taken captive lived. One turned out to be a rather stupid fellow, with nothing to distinguish him but his voracious appetite. It was very evident that the particular Jim of whom I write was the brilliant member of the family; he had brains enough for a whole regiment of crows.

His was a most forgiving disposition, I imagine, for he soon grew very fond of his abductor. Think of your ever liking any one who had stolen you from your parents! Perhaps he was too young at the time to know the truth.

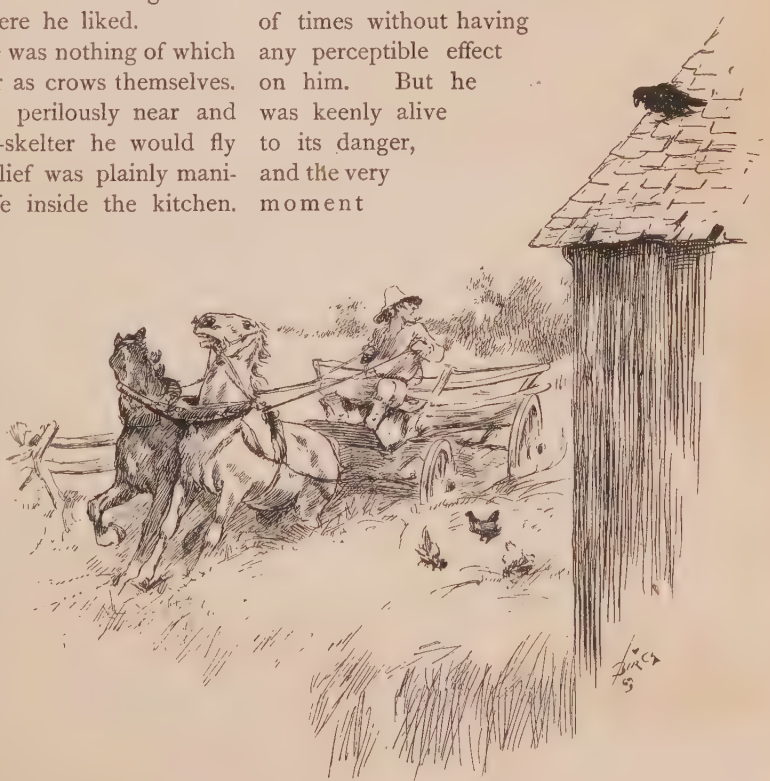
At all events, he thrived amazingly on the earthworms and the shreds of raw meat that were fed to him. When he was clothed in a regulation jet-black suit, his wings were clipped so that he could not take French leave and fly away. This was a needless precaution, however. Jim was too much attached to his surroundings ever to leave them willingly. When it was thought that he could be trusted implicitly, his wings were allowed to grow so that he could fly anywhere he liked.

Strangely enough, there was nothing of which he stood so much in fear as crows themselves. Often they would come perilously near and "caw" at him. Helter-skelter he would fly to the house, and his relief was plainly manifested when he was safe inside the kitchen. Their wild life evidently had no charm for him. He was in terror of large snakes, too, but small ones he gobbled up as fast as he could. It was a most effectual way of preventing them from frightening him when they grew bigger.

No attention was given to his education, but at last we discovered that he could repeat a word or phrase of a conversation he had just heard. He could laugh like a human being, and imitate the cackling of a hen. "Stop!" "Hello!" "Hold on!" were favorite expressions of his, and generally his use of them was intelligent. He liked to perch on top of the barn and shout out "Stop!" at the farmers who went by in their wagons. If they reined in their horses, thinking it was some person who had called them, the success of his little joke would cause Jim to burst into immoderate laughter.

He actually enjoyed being snowballed. He would stand upon an old tree-stump, and look saucily at the boys, as much as to say, "Come, now, here 's a good shot! Why don't you hit me?" But Jim was always too quick for them. No boy ever could hit him. He would dodge like lightning, laughing hoarsely as the ball flew harmlessly past or broke in pieces on the other side of the stump. Then up he would hop again, with another challenge, ready for the next snowball.

He was not afraid of a gun. He would stand close by while one was being loaded, and it could be fired off a number of times without having any perceptible effect on him. But he was keenly alive to its danger, and the very moment



"HE WOULD SHOUT OUT 'STOP!' TO THE FARMERS WHO WENT BY IN THEIR WAGONS."

the muzzle was pointed at him he lost no time in getting out of the way.

Jim was a very mischievous crow indeed. When Grace, the baby, was learning to walk, he would seize her slyly by the dress, and cause her to fall. He would peck at the toes of the barefooted children who came for water, and laugh heartily as he drove them dismayed from the yard. Sometimes he would steal unnoticed down into the cellar. The blows he could give with his beak had the force of a small hammer, so that it was a very easy matter for him to turn the spigot of a barrel. One was pretty apt to discover after such a visit that all the vinegar had run out on the floor.

He destroyed a great many eggs. Whenever he heard a hen cackle, he would start at once for the barn to examine the nest. One of the boys would start, too, at the same time, and it would be a race between Jim and him for the egg. Finally, when patience had ceased to be a virtue, a good old-fashioned switching was administered to Jim. After that he never touched another egg.

"HE ACTUALLY ENJOYED BEING SNOWBALLED."

When the chickens were being fed, he stole their food. But one day their resentment was shown in a combined assault upon him. There was no chance to escape, for he was hemmed in on all sides. The odds were too terrific,—a hundred to one,—so he lay upon his back, clawing wildly, and squawking with his might and main. If some one had not rushed at once to his assistance, Jim would have been a dead crow. As it was, he lost a good many feathers.

He boldly pillaged the neighbors round. A woman who lived near once caught him pecking at a pot-cheese she had made, and put him to flight. He returned, and stole a downy little chicken, one of a brood that belonged to her. He flew home with it, and laid it upon the ground, but alive and unharmed. There were plenty of young chickens running about at home, but Jim never would touch one of these.

Anything bright and shining pleased his fancy very much. He had no scruples about taking what did not belong to him. Like a miser, he had a hiding-place for his treasures, and he was very careful not to go to it when he was watched. One day it was discovered in the barn quite by accident. Among other articles that he had secreted were found nails, screws, beads, bits of broken glass, and, best of all, a pair of earrings—and this strange collection was the grand result of months of patient thievery!

It was very difficult to keep a lead-pencil in his vicinity. When he stole one, he would hold it in his claw, and peck at it until the cedar wood was split in twain, after which he would remove the lead. If some one endeavored to take the pencil from him, he would

dodge about, making desperate but ineffectual efforts to swallow his booty whole.

Jim's droll pranks amused the people for miles around. Every one knew him, and liked him. The comedy instinct was strong in him, and he seemed to enjoy playing the part of a buffoon. Sometimes he would go down to one of the village stores, and there, perched upon a barrel, he would keep the loungers in a roar of laughter. He knew perfectly well that it was wrong to lounge in a store. The instant he noticed any one from the household of which he was a member, he would appear very crestfallen, and slink off as though he were ashamed of being seen in such a place.

And what became of him? One day he mysteriously disappeared, and nothing more was ever heard of him. It is not likely that he left of his own free will, for he had been in the household a long time, and had grown fond of every one. What made his disappearance suspicious was the fact that a dealer in pet animals, who occasionally came to the place, had offered recently a large sum for Jim. The offer had been refused, for it must have been a quite extraordinary one indeed to have tempted the possessors of this clever crow to part with him. So the man went away, and never returned.

Poor Jim Crow! It may be that he was abducted a second time. If so, and he is living still, I wonder where! What new tricks has he added to his cunning store, what new words to his modest vocabulary? Is he as great a source of amusement as ever? I am sure that the family whom he once used to delight would like very much to know.

"PERCHED UPON A BARREL, HE WOULD KEEP THE LOUNGERS IN A ROAR OF LAUGHTER."

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter VII.

THE MISSION OF CITIZEN DAUNOU.

Citizen Daunou sat in his office in the palace of the Prince of Soubise — palace and prince no longer, however; for the splendid old mansion in the Street of the Wheatfield,* with its gardens, its courts, and its arcades, had been confiscated by the republic, while its princely owners were fugitives from their home-land, fighting "the Corsican" in the armies of the foes of France.

The old palace was now the Bureau of Archives, the building in which were kept the public papers of the Empire. And here, surrounded by dusty documents, curious chronicles, and ancient records, sat the Keeper of the Archives, the citizen Pierre Daunou. His windows looked out upon the horseshoe-like Court of the Princes and the pillared porticos that encircled the garden. A pile of papers was heaped upon his desk — maps, title-deeds, confiscation-records, and schedules of property taken by the Emperor from the conquered countries of Europe that were now dependencies or vassals of the Empire.

Some of these papers were of rare historic value; some told, by their very presence in that place, sad stories of persecution, dispossession, defeat, and loss.

The scholarly old keeper was so immersed in his study of one of these "genealogic finds," that he did not hear the little tap for admission, nor the stealthy invasion of his sanctum that followed close upon the tap, until two soft hands imprisoned his eyes. Then, drawing the hands away, he looked up and saw something much more attractive than parchments or confiscation-records. It was Mademoiselle.

"So; it is you, truant, is it?" he cried gaily. "And who — why — live the people! it is Page Philip! Is not that now the most singular chance? Here was I just thinking of you — just reading the name of Desnouettes. Let me tell you — but — eh? — holo, boy! What gloomy faces! Why, girl, what is the trouble, you two? Is something wrong at home?"

"Not at our home, papa," Mademoiselle replied; "and Philip has none."

"Has none? What is all this?"

"The Emperor has dismissed me from his service, Citizen Daunou," Philip replied.

"But why?"

"Why," Philip said hesitatingly, "because — some one has lied to him. Because —"

"Because, papa, we are his friends," Mademoiselle declared.

"Because of us? No; but is it so, Philip?" Citizen Daunou demanded, as if incredulous. "Has, then, your friendship with my house brought you to grief? Tell me; tell me, boy."

Then Philip told the story of his disgrace. He declared, too, that the dismissal was so sudden and bewildering that he had made neither plea nor protest in reply, but had simply withdrawn from the palace and, quite dazed by the blow, had wandered about the streets until his feet had instinctively turned down the Street of the Fight. Instinctively, too, he had entered the house of his friends, and there he had found Mademoiselle and quick sympathy. For thus unloading his woes on his friends he asked Citizen Daunou's pardon, but —

"My pardon?" the old man exclaimed. "Why, Philip boy, I ought rather to ask it of you. You do but suffer for me — for us."

"There! That is what I told Philip, papa," Mademoiselle cried triumphantly; "and straightway dragged him here — an unwilling captive. I told him you would see him righted."

"See him righted — I? I see him — Why! — one moment, you! There, there; let me think. So — eh — why, of course! Come; run home,

* Rue du Chaume.

you young folks, and let me think it out — let me think it — death of my life! but I see a light."

"But, Citizen," Philip began, "I ought not — "

"Will you obey me, Philip,— and vanish — you and Mademoiselle there?" the Keeper of the Archives said, almost forcing them from the room. "How can I think if you children stay here — chatter, chatter, chatter? Out on you, miscreants! — blocking all work in the public offices. Come; go, go! — go home, and do not fret until I tell you to."

"My faith, though! Is he not a terrible old mustache, Philip?" Mademoiselle cried, in mock terror. "Come, let us be gone before he eats us both — this ogre in his castle, here. I told you he could manage it all — you wise old papa!" Here she dismayed the "ogre" with a rush, a hug, and a kiss. "Come you, Philip, let us go and see Babette."

"Yes; go anywhere, anywhere, giddy ones," said the Keeper of the Archives. "Go and see Babette. Ah! stop yet. This Babette, Philip —" here he looked at the parchment on his desk once more — "is she, perhaps, your sister?"

"My sister? Babette?" Philip replied. "My faith! I think not, Citizen Daunou. She is Mother Thérèse's daughter; or so I have always thought."

"You do not know, though, eh?" Citizen Daunou said. "Is she — is she — " here he looked at the document again — "is she of your age?"

"My age? Oh, no, Citizen," Philip answered, with the laugh of superiority. "Why! I am fourteen, and as for Babette — Babette is barely ten."

"Ah, so? That is bad; that is — well, well — I was only curious. There, there, run along; such chatterers, you two! Wasting the Emperor's time!"

"And now we are chatterers! Philip! But what then, Monsieur Keeper of the Archives? Come away, Philip; for he is dangerous. Good day, ogre!" and the laughing Mademoiselle dragged the ex-page from the room.

For a full half hour after the young people had left him, Citizen Daunou sat at his desk, studying the paper that lay open before him, and thinking intently. Then rising, he drew on his long street-coat, thrust the paper in his pocket, flung his chapeau on his head, and, hailing a cab at the door of the Bureau of Archives, drove straight to the Tuileries.

Meantime, Philip and Mademoiselle had given up their plan of calling upon Babette, because it was not visitors' day at the convent school. So they had wandered up the dirty Street of St. Denis, swarming with people; they strolled along the Boulevards, stopping now to watch and wonder at a juggler's free show on the street, now to pity and pay the baby tambourine-player by the rising walls of the new Exchange, or now to watch the boys at a game of prisoners' base in the Place Vendôme. Then, after planning an afternoon picnic in the Boulogne woods, Mademoiselle was left at the house in the Street of the Fight, to which Philip was to return when he had executed her commissions at certain of the shops in the Palace Royal.

As for his troubles, they did not worry Philip overmuch. From despair he had been raised to hope, for he had faith in Citizen Daunou; and then, too, he was a boy — and boys cast off such troubles easily.

As he made his way toward the Palace Royal and was crossing the new and splendid Street of Rivoli, there fell on his ears a sharp order of the police:

"Aside there; way for the Empress!"

Philip saw the dashing outriders, a mounted escort, and then the open carriage drawn by four horses. He recognized the Empress sitting smiling within, and, as the imperial carriage rolled past, Philip, true to his old custom, drew up and saluted the Empress. She saw him, and, turning, suddenly beckoned him to her side. Philip, still acting according to custom, ran alongside and, hat in hand, sprang to the step of the carriage, which did not even need to slacken its speed for him.

"It is you, Page Desnouettes? Go to the Emperor. Tell him I have changed my mind; and drive to the Little Trianon instead of St. Cloud. Bid him meet me there this afternoon." Thus ran the commands of the Empress to the page.

"But, your Majesty — " Philip began.

"How, boy!" cried the young Empress;

"'but' to me? What would you say? Are you on service in another direction?"

"Alas! your Majesty," Philip sadly replied, "I am on no service at all; nor can I be. I am no longer page. I—I—have been dismissed."

"Dismissed? You—my good page?" the Empress exclaimed. "But why? Ah, Madame the Countess, would you permit the page to enter? I wish to question him. So; many thanks. Now tell me the story, Page Desnouettes."

And so it came to pass that the disgraced page drove along the street of Rivoli in the carriage of the Empress.

Frankly and briefly he told the story.

"Ah, that terrible ball! And you saved the girl; and her father is grateful to you? And he is Keeper of the Archives? How can he then be untrue to the Emperor he serves? And it was Fouché who brought you to grief? Ah, that Fouché—I do not like him overmuch"; this, half to herself. Then she said: "And it is not true, is it, you boy? You are no enemy to the Emperor?"

"Madame—your Majesty, I would die for him," Philip declared.

"I knew it. You shall live for him," the Empress said. "Here, lend me your tablets. So!" And she dashed off a hurried line. "This to the Emperor. If that does not answer, I will see him myself. Why, you once saved his life, so he said. Now we must save you. There, begone, young Desnouettes. I am your friend. And do not forget my own message to the Emperor. This afternoon at the Trianon."

The gracious young Empress gave the page her hand to kiss. The page clambered to the carriage-step, saluted his mistress, and sprang nimbly to the street, while the Empress and her escort sped on to Versailles and the beautiful Trianons, eleven miles away.

"Two good friends for me," Philip pleased himself with thinking as he hurried back to the Tuileries. "You are in luck, you page."

In the study of the Emperor the Keeper of the Archives had gained an audience with Napoleon.

"Ah, Monsieur Daunou,—pardon me,"—this a bit sarcastically,—"*Citizen* Daunou,—you are welcome. Foes as well as friends may be welcomed, may they not, Citizen?"

"I trust, Sire, your Majesty does not count me among your foes," Citizen Daunou said.

"Well, call it opponents then," the Emperor replied. "But—I believe you, sir, are a faithful servant of the Empire, even though you do decline my gifts and gather my opponents under your roof. What is your pleasure?"

"I come, Sire, to expiate a crime," Citizen Daunou asserted.

"So; it has come to that, has it?" Napoleon declared. "You regret these gatherings, then, do you?"

"I regret, Sire, that they are deemed unfriendly by you," replied the Keeper of the Archives. "Whoever has asserted that they are disloyal is no friend to the truth. But even such friendly reunions as these gatherings have seriously injured in your Majesty's eyes one who is your Majesty's most devoted servant and most outspoken champion."

"Meaning yourself, Citizen Keeper?"

"I mean young Philip Desnouettes, Sire."

"Ha! that boy?"

"Yes, Sire. He saved my dear little daughter that fearful night at the Embassy ball," the Keeper of the Archives explained. "My heart and home have been free to him ever since. It seems my love for the lad has worked his ruin. Sire, I plead for his recall."

"So! He has been whining to you of my displeasure?" the Emperor exclaimed.

"Sire, young Desnouettes never whines. He is too manly a lad—too devoted to you, for that. I heard of his trouble against his will. I ask his recall, not only as an act of justice, such as your Majesty is ever willing to do, but as the payment of a debt which I well know your Majesty will not repudiate."

"How? A debt?" the Emperor said. "What is it you mean, sir?"

"This, Sire." And the Keeper of the Archives drew from his pocket the document he had placed there. "Singularly enough," he said, "just at the moment the lad was brought to me I was reading here his name—or rather that of his father."

"The *émigré* Desnouettes?"

"Yes, Sire—the *émigré*, and your prophet."

"My prophet!" The Emperor looked at the Keeper in wonderment. "You speak in riddles, sir."

"No riddle, Sire, but a plain and recorded fact," replied the Keeper. "Permit me. Here is the deed of confiscation recorded against the estates of the suspected Citizen Augustin Desnouettes of Riom, executed for contempt of the decrees of the Directory in May, 1796. Here, attached to it, are the minutes of his trial. In these it appears that the Suspect Citizen Augustin Desnouettes lost his head for prophesying that the only savior of France would be General Bonaparte."

"How, sir? Is this the fact?"

"Listen, Sire." And the Keeper of the Archives read from the minutes:

"And the said Suspect, the *émigré* Augustin Desnouettes, did, of his own motion, seek to cast discredit upon the Directory by maintaining that it was powerless to save France from disruption, and that the only salvation for the Republic lay in the success of Citizen General Bonaparte, for whose welfare he devoutly prayed, and to whose kind remembrance he confided the future of his motherless children—"

"His children? There was but this boy," the Emperor said.

"So I thought, Sire; but here is the record:

'—his motherless children, who would be left orphans by their father's death.'

PHILIP RIDES ON THE STEP OF THE EMPRESS'S CARRIAGE.

"And here, appended to the deed, is this minute:

'By order of the Directory the twin children of the *émigré* Augustin Desnouettes are to be bound over to the Citizen Jules Rapin of the Street of the Washerwomen in the Fourth Ward of Paris, and to the Cit—'

"Here, Sire, the record ends, for the rest is missing."

The Emperor took the paper and examined it minutely.

"Bah, the incapables!" he said, at last. "How heedless those fellows were under that

sheep-like Directory! To file papers so carelessly! See; it has been torn off."

"So I think, Sire—either carelessly or for a purpose," the Keeper of the Archives said.

"Twin children," mused Napoleon. "Then where is the other? And was it boy or girl?"

"That, Sire, I too would know."

"'THERE WAS BUT THIS BOY,' THE EMPEROR SAID."

"See to it; see to it, Citizen Daunou," the Emperor commanded. "It is work for such a shrewd searcher as you. Ferret out the mystery and let me know. I, too, would— Well, sir, what is this?" For at that moment the First Page, Malvirade, handed him a folded paper. "From the Empress?" Then he opened the slip, read it, frowned, laughed, and handed it to the Keeper of the Archives. "See: it rains pleas for young Desnouettes! Read it, Daunou."

And Citizen Daunou read with surprise, in the handwriting of the Empress: "For my sake recall Page Desnouettes. He is my chosen page, you remember. LOUISE."

"With so powerful an advocate, Sire," the Keeper of the Archives said, "my words are not needed."

"The Empress has her way, generally," Napoleon said. "Who brought this, Malvirade?"

"Page Desnouettes, Sire," the First Page replied. "And also a verbal message from the Empress."

"Bid him enter—or no; wait without until I summon you. Then to the Keeper the Emperor said: "I was perhaps hasty, Daunou—hasty and worried, I think, with weightier matters. I like the boy, too; but Fouché—ah, well! Fouché is not always to be depended upon. I will see to the lad's recall. And, come, my friend: think better of the Emperor. Believe that I, too, would serve France quite as sincerely—yes, more sincerely—than even you stern old relics of the Revolution, who can see no further than the glorious days of '92."

And, rising, the Emperor laid his hand almost affectionately on Daunou's shoulder.

"Sire," the stout old republican responded, "my service and loyalty go together. I serve you as Keeper of the Archives. In that service I trust you will believe that duty and loyalty go hand in hand."

"I believe you, Daunou; I believe you!" the Emperor replied; "though I know you do

not love my methods. Be loyal still. Serve France. And I am France!"

Citizen Daunou found it hard to rein in his protest at this imperial announcement. But he bowed in adieu, saying nothing. And the Emperor added: "Trace up the other child of the *émigré* Desnouettes, my friend. That mystery must be unraveled. I, who would be just to my foes, must be generous to my friends. This Desnouettes, it would appear, almost died for me. His son must be my charge. But, silence in this matter, my friend, until something is reached. Let me know of your progress. The best of luck to your hunting!"

The Keeper of the Archives left, and the page was summoned.

"So, rascal!" the Emperor said, stern of eye and voice, "you go about complaining, do you? You work on the sympathies of both republican and Empress, eh?"

"No, Sire," Philip replied; "I sought neither. But Citizen Daunou learned of my dismissal, and the Empress stopped me in the street to bid me take a message to your Majesty, and thus she, too, learned my story."

"Well, sir; her message."

Philip delivered it.

"Little Trianon, eh?" Napoleon said. "Very well; and you, sir, make ready to attend me there."

"As page—or—prisoner, Sire?" the boy queried.

"You young monkey!" And the Emperor pulled Philip's hair roughly, but in token of good humor. "As page, I suppose, since my will is thus openly set at naught. And see that you do good service, you page."

"And—am I debarred from visiting my friends, Sire?" the boy persisted.

"What! When you champion my cause so roundly in the very camp of the enemy?" replied the Emperor. "No, no, you boy; I make you—see, 't is a good creation!—Hereditary Champion to the Emperor! See to it, young Desnouettes, that, as it was in the knightly days, my champion is fearless, loyal, brave, and true. Now, go; report your recall to Malvirade, and in two hours attend me to the Trianon."

Philip kissed the Emperor's hand joyfully, and ten minutes later was working off his surplus spirits by playing leap-frog up and down the corridor with six spry young pages. Then, in his most lordly style, he despatched one of the porters of the palace in haste to the Street of the Fight, bearing a message of regret to Mademoiselle, that "a special engagement with the Emperor" would make it necessary to defer the pleasure of a picnic in the Boulogne woods until a more convenient season.

Chapter VIII.

THE "COURIER OF THE KING."

The trip to the Trianon was a red-letter day for Philip. The English garden, the Swiss village, and the little theater, forever associated with the sad story of Marie Antoinette, were new and agreeable sights for this boy who had open eyes for everything.

The Emperor was gracious and even gay; the Empress had a kind word for the boy she had not forgotten; and Philip, quick to cast sorrow aside, enjoyed the passing moment, attended faithfully upon his imperial patrons, and yet managed to "take in" all the sights that have made forever famous this celebrated "annex" to the splendid palace of Versailles.

The days flew by. Philip did remember his dismissal and reinstatement sufficiently to stir himself up to such a desire to show his gratitude to the Emperor and Empress, that Citizen Daunou cautioned him against over-exertion; and Uncle Fauriel, who was less vituperative after he found how nearly he had brought the boy into trouble, nevertheless declared that Philip was fairly running his legs off for "the Corsican," and stated his intention of applying at the palace for the position of Philip's substitute, so that he might work off some of his superfluous flesh.

The picnic in the Boulogne woods came about in due time. Babette was there, and so, too, were Citizen Daunou and Uncle Fauriel. And whom should the children meet in their wanderings in the woods, but the Emperor and Empress, walking about like any "goodman and his wife," and not close hedged by all the

IN THE BOULOGNE WOODS PHILIP AND BABETTE MEET THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS.

state and escort that usually environed them in their "outings" around Paris.

They recognized Philip, and stopped to speak with the children. The Emperor questioned Babette about her schooling, and had something kindly to say to Mademoiselle about her escape from the Embassy; he pinched and petted the little girls, and rumpled all the order and dignity out of Philip's yellow locks, until Babette lost her timidity and laughed aloud at the imperial pranks, while Mademoiselle was so charmed with both the "royalties" that, after hearing her enthusiastic talk, Uncle Fauriel declared the house in the Street of the Fight would be contaminated by her "imperialism," and vowed that he would have to desert it for some red republican gathering in the St. Denis quarter, or consort with the only real haters of "the Corsican," the Bourbon exiles beyond the Rhine.

Autumn passed and winter came. Fouché was in disgrace. He had been deposed from his position as Minister of Police for concocting secret measures contrary to the Emperor's will. But Philip, not being specially interested in political plots and moves, was sure that this was *his* revenge, and boasted to Uncle Fauriel that the great Minister of Police had fallen because he had sought to set the Emperor against the page.

"Piff, pouf!" puffed Uncle Fauriel, "hear our cockerel crow! Of course it was so. When does your Excellency look for the portfolio of the Minister of Police to be offered you, as Fouché's successor?"

"Minister of Police!" Mademoiselle exclaimed, "Philip would n't look at that position. He will be — what do you call it? — the Arch-Chancellor himself some fine day; and then, be sure, he will banish you, Uncle Fauriel, for talking treason against the Emperor, and he will order the Imperial Guard to lead you in chains to the barrier, or else have you condemned to stand on one leg on the top of the Vendôme Column and shout, 'Long live the Emperor!' until you are hoarse."

March came in that eventful year of 1811; and when the morning of the twentieth dawned all Paris was in the streets. For like wildfire spread the rumor: there is a baby at the Tuileries! Every hour the crowd grew denser. At open windows, along the streets, in the great garden of the Tuileries, people waited expectant, listening for the voice of the cannons of the Invalid Soldiers' Home to tell whether the baby was a boy or a girl. Of course every one hoped it was a boy, for that meant an heir to the throne of France — their future Emperor.

At the first boom a mighty silence fell upon the listening city. Every one stopped, intent, anxious. One — two — three, they counted. Boom, boom! went the guns up to nineteen — twenty — twenty-one. The silence was intense, the anxiety profound. Twenty-two! There came a mighty cheer, a roar from thousands and thousands of throats. Hats were flung aloft; people cried with joy, and danced and hugged each other, and cared no more to count, though the guns boomed away until the full salute of one hundred and one was fired. For that twenty-second boom told the story — the baby at the Tuileries was a boy.

Then, out of the cheering, came the mighty shout: "Long live the Emperor! Long live the Empress! Long live the King of Rome!" For that was to be the title of this baby prince, whose mother was an empress, whose father was greater than a king.

Philip was in the palace, busy enough. He, too, at the twenty-second gun — though he of course had already heard the truth — felt the inspiration of excitement, and although he was in the precincts of the palace could, like "the ranks of Tuscany" in Macaulay's famous ballad,

"— scarce forbear to cheer."

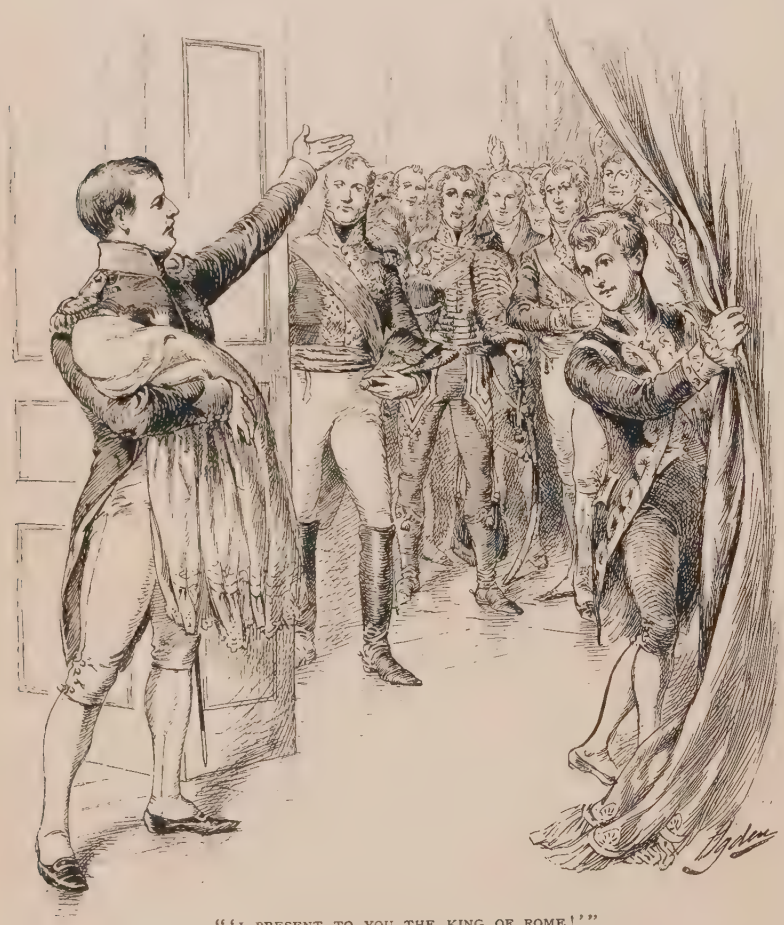
But he did not. A page of the palace, on duty, must be quiet and circumspect. So Philip reined in his enthusiasm and, even before the echo of the one hundred and first gun had died away, he was holding aside the curtains which fell before the doorway that opened into the Blue Room. A short, stout man passed hurriedly between the parted curtains. In his arms he bore a precious bundle swathed in richest robes. This man was the Emperor.

"Gentlemen," he said to the assembled dignitaries who awaited in the Blue Room the official tidings, "I present to you the King of Rome!"

Down upon one knee, in homage to the imperial baby, dropped each man in that glittering throng of soldiers and statesmen. And as the little King of Rome lifted his voice in a wail of welcome, or, perhaps, of protest, there came from the kneeling throng the triple shout of loyalty and reverence: "Long live the Emperor! Long live the Empress! Long live the King of Rome!"

All day Paris was in a fever of joy. What they had wished for had happened. An heir to the throne had been born. The semaphore, or signal-telegraph, flashed the news from city on to city; fast-riding couriers, pages, and messengers bore the official announcement to distant municipalities and foreign courts; the people absolutely lived in the streets, talking over the event on corner and curb, on boulevard and in café. From a great balloon, that went up from the Field of Mars, papers were flung out to the people in commemoration of the notable event, and a constantly shifting crowd thronged the garden of the Tuileries, satisfied simply to gaze upon the palace that held the heir to the Empire.

The Emperor overflowed with joy. He could not keep still. He wandered from cradle to cabinet, now looking at his son, now looking at his people; and he who was unmoved by victory on the battle-field, and accustomed to every form of popularity and adoration, felt the pride of a father overtop the dignity of a king. As he looked at the great crowd in the garden, as he heard the bells pealing joyfully from every church-tower and the guns thundering in salute, tears of thankfulness and joy streamed down his cheeks. For the day onwhich his son was born was, beyond all question, Napoleon's happiest day.



"'I PRESENT TO YOU THE KING OF ROME!'"

In the evening the baby prince was privately christened in the chapel of the Tuileries, and to him was given the sounding name of Francis Charles Joseph Napoleon, King of Rome and Heir of France.

Every house in the city, palace and hovel and lofty apartment-house alike, was brilliantly illuminated; fireworks flashed and whirled in every public square; while on the river that wound in and out, spanned by its dozen

"THE COURIER OF THE KING."

bridges, the Seine boatmen celebrated the birth of the little king by an impromptu river parade, sparkling with lights and crowned with show and song.

Philip was a tired boy when night came, for this had been a busy day. But as, after delivering a message to the Emperor, he paused for a moment to look at the imperial baby asleep in its costly cradle of mother-of-pearl and gold, above which, as if in protection, hovered a winged figure of Victory, the Emperor turned to him and said: "Young Desnouettes, I intrust you with a special duty. To-morrow you shall bear to the Empress Josephine a letter announcing the birth of my son. You shall travel not as a page of the palace but as a courier of the King."

Here was an honor! The boy could scarcely sleep for excitement, anticipation, and joy. The next morning found him waiting, eager for the start; and before noon he was speeding across the country, a special courier, bearing the important tidings to the ex-Empress Josephine, who was then at her castle of Navarre, in Normandy, forty miles away.

What a ride it was! The day was clear and bright—early spring in France. Through the streets of the city, still echoing with the joyous festivities of the day before, the boy rode from the Tuileries, in a light canopy-carriage known as a gondola calash. It was drawn by four spirited horses; a postilion in imperial livery rode one of each pair of horses, and there was an equerry on the box.

Over the Seine and out into the open country, along the highroad that led to Évreux, the swift conveyance dashed, with the right of way on all the route, changing horses every ten miles, while the postilion's horn rang out the warning of approach, and the cry, "In the name of the Emperor!" kept the highway clear. In town and village and from quaint little roadside homes throngs came out to stare and shout and cheer, for all the people recognized the imperial livery, and knew that the boy in the carriage was a royal page riding on the Emperor's service.

Night was shutting down as, past the scattered lights of Évreux town, Philip rode into the forest shadows, through which gleamed at last the lights of the royal château.

The calash drew up at the door; the boy alighted, and then, ascending the steps between a double file of flickering torches held by light-bearers, Philip, the Courier of the King of Rome, entered the palace.

He felt as important as if he were the Emperor himself. And yet, what do you suppose he was thinking? "My faith! don't I wish that pig of a Pierre, who used to call me 'mud prince' when I lived in the Street of the Wash-

erwomen, could see me now! Would n't his eyes stick out, though? I am as good as a prince, I am. Room for the Courier of the King!"

This, however, was but the thought of an instant. He was really impressed with his mission, and anxious to deliver his message worthily and well.

He bowed to the majordomo who received him. "From the Emperor," he said; "a message to her Majesty. In haste."

With a formal bow, but with a half wink and a twinkle of the eye as he "sized up" this youthful bit of importance, the majordomo ushered the courier into the reception-room and despatched a page to announce his arrival to the Empress.

The summons soon came: "Admit the messenger from the Emperor." And Philip passed on.

In the chief salon (or reception room) of this small palace of Navarre, Josephine awaited the messenger from the court. Once an Empress, and wife to the Emperor, she still, though separated from him by the cruel necessities of state policy and the imperial succession, held his honor and esteem. By her side sat her guest of honor, Prince Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, her dearly loved son, and around her were grouped the ladies and gentlemen of her court.

At a signal, the doors of the salon were flung open; the Master of Ceremonies announced, "From the Emperor!" Then, in his imperial livery of crimson, green, and gold, plentifully sprinkled with the imperial bees, with his light-green shoulder-knot and streamers fringed with gold and stamped with the eagle and the "N" — in his hand his black-and-gold chapeau, decorated with its tricolor cockade and lined with white feathers — enter Philip the page!

Josephine greeted him with the smile that won so many to her side.

"It is young Desnouettes, is it not?" she said.

"Yes, your Majesty," Philip replied, bowing low.

"I remember you well," said the Empress. "It was you — was it not? — with whom my grandson, poor little Prince Napoleon, once had so good a time under the chestnut-trees of St. Cloud?"

"Yes, your Majesty," Philip replied, all the time struggling to detach his letter from beneath his crimson vest, where he had stowed it for greater security.

Poor boy! He had fastened the Emperor's letter too securely. He tugged, and worked, and grew very red in the face, thinking all the time, "What a fool I was not to have taken it out while I was waiting below!"

But the Empress, true to her kindly nature, seemed not to notice the boy's discomfiture, and talked steadily to him as he worked. At last the note was detached, and, dropping upon his knee, the boy presented it to the Empress.

"From the Emperor, your Majesty," he said.

Josephine took the letter eagerly, and accompanied by her son, Prince Eugene, withdrew to read it, while Philip, left in the salon, was the center of attraction, and gave a glowing account of the festivities in Paris. But when the ladies asked eagerly how the little King looked, Philip stammered, rubbed his ear, and said, "Oh, I don't know. The cradle is beautiful, and it is true he is fine — but, my faith! so small — and so red!"

When the Empress returned, she too talked with the boy. Then came dancing and games and general conversation, in all of which Philip was included as an especial guest, and did have "such a good time"!

Tea was served at eleven, and then the Empress retired. But first she sent for Philip, and gave him a letter. "This for the Emperor," she said; and added, with a merry twinkle in her eye, "Keep it as safe and secure as you kept the other." Then she handed him a packet. "This for yourself," she said, "as one who bore good tidings. You will be going early in the morning, young Desnouettes. Thank you for your faithful duty. I shall report it to the Emperor. Be a loyal page, my boy. Serve the Emperor faithfully; so shall you best serve France."

Philip kissed her extended hand, bowed, and retired. But, before he slept, his eager hands opened the parcel. He started with surprise and joy. The Empress had given "the bearer of good tidings" a splendid diamond hat-

buckle worth, so we are assured by the record, fully a thousand dollars.

Philip was wild with delight; for he dearly loved beautiful things.

He was up and away early the next morning, delighted with his reception, proud of his success, and more than ever in love with the kind-hearted and unfortunate lady whom men still called the Empress Josephine.

Merrily his relays of horses hurried his light calash over the highway. Through town and village, as before, he rode in haste,—"In the name of the Emperor!" giving him the right of way. But when he reached St. Germain, he found himself ahead of schedule time, and bade the equerry direct the postilions to change the route, and, crossing the Seine, swing around so as to enter Paris by the St. Denis gate. Across country to St. Denis he rode, and, passing beneath the noble arch that spanned the gate, he entered the city.

Philip felt like a conqueror making a royal progress as he rode down the long and dirty Street of St. Denis — the Bowery of old Paris. Street boys hailed him with cheers; venders offered him their wares, from waffles to hot potatoes; people stopped and stared; and still he had the right of way.

Then a great desire filled the boy's heart. He would go to the palace by the way of the Street of the Washerwomen. That would make the triumph of his trip complete. The people of the quarter should see that the mud prince had become a real prince. If only now "that pig of a Pierre" could see him!

So, obedient to his instructions, the postilions turned off from the Street of St. Denis into the Street of the Needlemakers,* and thence into the Street of the Washerwomen. The well-remembered street of his boyhood was but a narrow thoroughfare, scarcely twelve feet wide, with barely room for two carriages to pass each other.

It was as dirty as ever, and so were its people. And what a shout they raised as the imperial carriage whirled along the narrow street! Pigs scampered, children scattered, dogs barked, and on rode Philip like a prince in state.

But, alas! pride goes before a fall. Just before he reached the fountain which was at once the scene and monument of his famous fight with "that pig of a Pierre," bang! went the carriage against some unseen obstacle, off flew the wheel, and out of the carriage where he rode in state went the Courier of the King — head first into the dirty street! The crowd rushed to the rescue. Officious hands picked up the prostrate page, and brushed from his fine clothes the mud of the Street of the Washerwomen. The wheel was readjusted; the boy took his seat again, angry and crestfallen; the postilions started their horses. But when, suddenly thinking of his mission, Philip clapped a hand to his pocket to make sure that the letter and the buckle were safe, a cold sweat broke out all over the startled page. Frantically he prodded himself in every spot; feverishly he felt in every pocket. It was all to no purpose. The letter and the diamond buckle both were missing!

(To be continued.)

* Rue des Aiguilliers.

LOST HOURS.

By Sydney Dayre.

"I say good night and go up-stairs,
And then undress and say my prayers
Beside my bed, and then jump in it,
And then — the very nextest minute,
The morning sun comes in to peep
At me. I s'pose I 've been to sleep.
But seems to me," said little Ted,
"It 's not worth while to go to bed."

THE CHANGELINGS

By Margaret Johnson.

I DREAMED (we scribbling folk, you know,
Have funny dreams sometimes,
Else, pray, how could we spin our yarns
And weave our merry rhymes?)

I thought two proud and fond mamas
Each on a bright spring day
Went walking with her little girl,
As happy mothers may.

Now one before the other went
Some fifty years or more,
And you may guess how different were
The gowns and hats they wore.

A roguish elf—the kind, you know,
That only live in dreams—
Observed the sight, and laughed to see
Dame Fashion's odd extremes.

"Ho, ho!" he cried. "A little trick
I 'll play these pretty dears!"
And in a twinkling he exchanged
The children and their years.

Each little daughter tripped demure
Beside the wrong mama,
Who all unconscious sauntered on
With eyes that looked afar.

Until, just where the cross-roads meet,
Down glancing as she smiled,
With start and frown each wondering dame
Beheld her changeling child.

Alas! what looks of dire dismay!
What woeful, shocked surprise!
That fairy laughed until the tears
Stood in his elfin eyes.

But when the little damsels wept
To see their mothers' pain,
Repenting of his naughty prank,
He changed them back again.

And, as I woke, two fond mamas,
Still pale with such a fright,
Each holding fast her daughter's hand,
Went whisking out of sight.

CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

By Albert Stearns.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

Chapter V.

Chris returned to his room in a state of mind bordering on despair. The wonderful lamp was now, undoubtedly, in the possession of another; the genie's allegiance had been transferred to some one who, the boy told himself, was sure to make a better use of the power than *he* had. Through a strange combination of circumstances, the lamp had brought him nothing but misfortune; but its new owner might outdo Aladdin in the accomplishment of his ambitious desires.

"But the chances are he 'll never find out what kind of a lamp it is," reflected the lad. "Professor Huxter did n't — that 's sure; and he had the lamp maybe fifty years. I 'll advertise for it in the Dusenbury *Bugle*, offer a reward of a hundred dollars, and make the genie pay it. No, I won't, either; that would make the fellow that found it suspicious, and he might think of rubbing it. I 'll just say 'a suitable reward.' I 'll take the advertisement to the *Bugle* office the first thing in the morning. And now, as I can't do anything more to-night, I may as well go to sleep."

But this was more easily said than done. Though Chris was usually in the Land of Nod within a very few seconds after his head touched the pillow, it was almost daylight before he sank into an uneasy slumber filled with dreams in which his father and Professor Thwacker and the genie conspicuously figured.

He was awakened by a succession of raps upon his door, and his father's voice, saying:

"Chris, it is eight o'clock."

"I 'll be right down, sir," responded the boy, springing out of bed.

"Open the door," said Mr. Wagstaff; "there is some one here who wants to see you."

"Who is it?" asked Chris, in surprise.

"It 's Doctor Ingalls," was the reply, in his mother's voice. "He wants to have a little talk with you, Chris."

Wondering what in the world this could mean, the boy unlocked and opened the door. His mother fluttered in, followed by his father and the doctor. The faces of all three showed Chris that something unusual had happened, or was about to happen.

"Nothing the matter, is there?" he asked, with wide-open eyes.

"My dear boy," cried his mother, "go right back to bed. You might catch cold, and, in your present condition, who can tell what the result would be! How do you feel?"

"Pretty well," replied the bewildered boy, as he jumped into bed. "I did n't sleep very well, though."

"That 's natural," said Doctor Ingalls, in the queer, cracked voice that always made Chris laugh. "It is just what I expected."

"Oh, doctor," began Mrs. Wagstaff, "you don't think —"

"No, I don't — nothing of the sort," interrupted the physician. "Don't be frightened, ma'am," he added, stepping to the bedside. "Well, how are we this morning, Chris?"

"Why, I 'm all right," said Chris. "What 's the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter, nothing whatever," returned the doctor, trying so hard to wink slyly at Mr. Wagstaff, that the boy could not help seeing him. "And of course you 're all right. Have n't been troubled with headaches lately, have you, now?"

"Why, no," answered Chris. "Sometimes when I 've studied very hard I have had a headache; but —"

"Ah, that 's just it; that 's just what I 'm trying to get at," interposed Doctor Ingalls, with a meaning glance at Chris's parents. "Sometimes when you study very hard you have a headache. Exactly. Now, you 've been studying pretty hard lately, have n't you?"

"Not very," replied the boy.

"Oh, yes, I think you have," said the old physician. "Fanny told me only a day or two ago that you were so far advanced in algebra that you could stump — ahem! I mean that you could puzzle — even Professor Cipher; and he is a mathematician of no mean ability. Yes, Christopher, I fancy you have been overdoing your studying of late."

Here Mrs. Wagstaff interposed.

"Chris," she said, taking the boy's hand tenderly in her own, "your father and I had a long talk about you last night, and we thought that maybe you had been working too hard; and so we made up our minds to consult Doctor Ingalls about giving you a little vacation. After two or three weeks' rest, I 'm *sure* you 'll be all right again."

"Why, I 'm all right now," declared Chris, sitting up in bed. "Of course I should n't mind a vacation, but I don't believe that I need it."

"It will do you no harm," said the doctor, "provided you do not over-exert yourself. I must also impress upon your mind the necessity of allowing nothing to excite you. And" —drawing a vial filled with small white pellets from his pocket— "take four of these every hour."

"But what do I need to take medicine for?" asked the boy, in astonishment. "I 'm not sick."

"Ahem! not exactly sick, perhaps, but tired — that 's it, tired," said Doctor Ingalls, who seemed a little embarrassed. "Perhaps we might call your complaint neurasthenia — nervous exhaustion."

"See here," exclaimed Chris, "it is n't possible, is it, that you think I 'm not right in my head?"

"Now, my dear boy," cried his mother, "don't, *don't* get excited! Of course, we know you 're all right in your head; but your nerves are a little unstrung from too much work. Now, if you 'll stop to think, Chris, dear, you *have* been rather erratic of late. (Yes, doctor, I *must* speak!) There was that strange story about the lamp that you told your father and Professor Thwacker, and afterward contradicted. And Huldah says you acted in a very singular way in the kitchen yesterday morning — quite unlike yourself. And when you brought home the sugar she sent you for, you threw it out of the

window instead of taking it to the kitchen. And — "

"Now, ma'am, you really must n't," interposed the doctor at this point. "If you continue to excite the patient, I will not be answerable for the result. Chris, my boy, how do you feel now?"

The lad understood by this time that he was a victim of circumstantial evidence. He saw the impossibility of explaining the situation so that his parents and the doctor would understand it, so he replied calmly:

"I never felt better, doctor; but I 'll take the vacation and the medicine if you say so. And now I 'd like to get up."

"By all means, my boy. After a light but nutritious breakfast, I should advise a walk of a mile or two; but do not indulge in any violent exercise, physical or mental."

Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff and the doctor withdrew from the room, and Chris began dressing.

"Well," he mused, with an angry laugh, "it 's plain enough that they think me crazy. But just let me get that lamp again, and I 'll show them whether I am or not. Oh, I *must* find it — that 's all there is about it."

He hurried on his clothes, and went down to breakfast. His mother hovered about him, ministering to his every want with even more than her usual tender solicitude. When he had finished the meal, she inquired anxiously:

"How do you feel now, Chris?"

"First-rate," replied the boy; "and now I guess I 'll go and take a walk."

"Yes; that 's what the doctor advised. But had n't I better go with you, dear?"

"Oh, no," replied Chris, hastily; "why, you could n't keep up with me."

"I don't know that I could. Well, be very careful not to catch cold. Had n't you better put on your overcoat? It 's a real sharp morning."

"I don't need it, mother." And the youth bolted out of the door to avoid further expressions of anxiety in his behalf.

He commenced another search for the lamp; but his quest, like that of the previous night, was unsuccessful.

He desisted at last, in despair, and was about to start for the *Bugle* office to insert his advertisement, when Huldah called to him from the kitchen:

"Say, Chris, come here a minute, will you?"

"What do you want?" asked the boy, approaching the door where she stood.

"What was the doctor doing in your room this morning?"

"Oh, don't bother me!" And Chris turned impatiently on his heel.

"Ain't sick, are you?" persisted the girl.

"No, I 'm not."

"Well, you need n't be so short. Wait a minute, can't you? What was you looking for out there?"

"Something I lost," replied Chris, walking away.

"Well, you need n't tell me if you don't want to," Huldah shouted after him; "for I *know*. It was that old lamp; and I 'll tell you one thing: you 'll never see it again!"

The boy turned abruptly and retraced his steps, his face aflame with excitement.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "What do you know about it?"

"More 'n you think," answered the girl, with a malicious smile. "Your ma gave me that lamp, and I made up my mind I would n't let you have it. When your pa threw it out of the window last night, I heard it fall, and I went out and picked it up."

"And you 've got it? Why did n't you tell me so when you saw me looking for it?"

"I thought I 'd let you hunt till you got tired."

"Now, see here, Huldah," began Chris, in a conciliatory tone, "I want that lamp."

"Oh, you do?" laughed the girl.

"Yes, I do. It belonged to old Professor Huxter, and I bought it at the auction for ten cents, and I want to keep it as a memento. I 'll buy it from you."

"If you 'd talked that way yesterday," said Huldah, "we might have struck a bargain; but you 're too late now."

"Why, what do you mean?" cried the boy, turning pale.

"I told you I had a use for the lamp, and so I had. The old thing is a good many miles from here now."

"W-where is it?" gasped Chris.

"In Hallelujah Pettengill's wagon," replied Huldah, complacently. "I swapped it off, with a lot of other old things, for a dress pattern. Want to see it, Chris? It 's just the prettiest piece of caliker you 'll find in *these* parts. Hallelujah said he could n't have let me have it, only he got it at a bankrupt sale dirt-cheap. Wait till you see it."

"Do you mean to say," demanded the boy, "that you actually gave that lamp to Hallelujah Pettengill for a calico dress?"

"Of course I do; why not?" returned Huldah, who could not help being somewhat impressed by the look of blank despair on Chris's face. "I had to give him a lot of other things besides, too. I don't know as I 'd have given him the lamp, but he saw it, and took quite a notion to it, and so I let him have it. Why, I did n't s'pose you cared so much about it. And I did n't know you thought so terrible much of Professor Huxter, anyway."

"Which way did Hallelujah's wagon go?" asked Chris, who had scarcely heard the girl's explanation.

"Toward Newville. He said he 'd get to Hartford by night."

"What time was it when you gave him the lamp?"

"I don't know; about half-past seven, I guess. Why, you don't mean to say that you 're going to chase after him, Chris Wagstaff?"

There was no reply; the boy had already started in pursuit of the peddler.

It was then nearly half-past nine; Chris felt sure that he could overtake the new owner of the lamp by noon.

Hallelujah Pettengill was one of the now nearly extinct race of traveling merchants who were prepared to supply their customers at short notice with almost anything, from a porous plaster to a mowing-machine, a paper of pins to a road-wagon.

If New England can claim an aristocracy, Hallelujah must have had an indisputable right to be classed among its members, for he was a direct descendant of one of the old Puritan families. In person he was as long, lank, and lean as the longest, lankest, and leanest of his forefathers; but on his smooth-shaven face there was an expression of good humor, and in his keen, gray eyes a sly twinkle, that were not observable in the portraits of his ancestors, Azariah Pettengill and Purity, his wife, that hung in solemn and dusty grandeur in the old town hall in Dusenbury Center.

Despite the truth of the peddler's boast that he was "ez cute ez they make 'em," and that he seldom got the "wrong end" of a bargain, he was a general favorite all along his route; his visits were eagerly looked for by all sorts and conditions of people, for he had a never-failing stock of gossip, a ready fund of anecdote, and was always in good humor.

Chris was certain that, by walking briskly, he could "catch up" with Hallelujah by twelve o'clock, for the peddler's heavy wagon moved slowly and made many stops.

His reflections during his tramp were not of the pleasantest nature. A thousand fears haunted and tormented him. Hallelujah might have lost the lamp; he might have sold it; or perhaps he had already discovered its wonderful properties, in which case he would of course refuse to surrender it. Poor Chris! it was a most dismal walk for him.

It lacked but ten minutes of noon when he came in sight of the peddler's high wagon, which looked like a house on wheels. It stood outside the widow Peckham's cottage, about half a mile from Newville; and Hallelujah and the widow were at the gate, engaged in an animated discussion.

As the boy, who had quickened his pace, approached the couple, Mrs. Peckham entered the house, and Hallelujah prepared to climb to his lofty perch on the wagon.

"Hallo!" shouted Chris.

"Why, haow d' 'e dew, Chris?" drawled the peddler, with his usual good-natured grin. "What in time be *yeou* dewin' here?"

"I want to see you a minute," panted Chris, coming up at a run.

"Wa-al, here I be," returned Hallelujah, "an' jest in trim fer talkin' tew — had lots o' practice durin' the last ten minutes. They say Mis' Peckham talked her man tew death, an' I b'lieve there 's suthin' in the story. Ef I wa' n't so used tew dickerin' with wimmin-folks, she 'd ha' got the best o' me in a trade jest now, sure 's yeou 're born. Talked till my head

begun tew swim, b' gosh; an' it takes an all-fired smart woman tew make Hallelujah Pettengill dizzy. What dew yeou think she wanted me tew dew, Chris? Wanted me tew swap the slickest piece o' dress-goods yeou ever set yeour tew eyes ontew — all wool, ez I 'm a sinner — fer *punkins*. Think o' that — and punkins ez thick this fall ez flies in a merlasses bar'l!"

As the peddler stopped to catch his breath, Chris, who had had ample time to recover *his*, said:

"Hallelujah, I want to see you on business."

"Wa-al, I hain't got much time. Fact is, I 'm goin' tew hev dinner with the Wilkinsons, an' yeou know, mebbe, haow Mis' Wilkinson is. The vittles is on the table at twelve o'clock sharp, an' she would n't wait fer the guv'nor hisself. An' this is b'iled-dinner day, tew, so I don't keer over-much 'baout bein' late. Did Huldy send yeou?"

"I —" began the boy, but the loquacious Hallelujah continued in the same breath:

"'Cause, if she ain't satisfied with that piece o' caliker, I could n't re'ly do nothin' 'baout it, though they ain't no one I 'd ruther oblige 'n Huldy Skinner. Her Aunt Nancy an' me useter keep company, Chris, an' I 've held leetle Huldy on my knee when she wa' n't no bigger 'n a pint o' cider. But I p'inted aout the flaw in the caliker; an' it won't show a bit when it 's made up. An' it 's jest her style. Gosh! I kin imagine her in meetin' with that gaown on! I don't cal'late yeour folks 'll keep her long arter Jed Beardsley sees her in that piece o' caliker an' one o' them red hats that she 's so almighty fond on. No, Chris, I dunno 's I see my way clear tew take back the goods; all she gin me fur it, anyway, was thutty cents, ten pounds o' rags, an old hat o' yeour father's, an' a pewter lamp."

"But I don't wan't you to take it back," broke in Chris, "and Huldah does n't either. What I want to see you about is that old lamp. Of course it is n't worth anything to you."

"Wa-al, I dunno 'baout that," returned Hallelujah, with a cunning leer. "Yeou see, things like that is wuth jest abaout what they 'll fetch. Naow, fer *my* use, that there lamp would n't be wuth no more 'n its vally ez old pewter, or whatever it 's made of; but there 's folks that 'u'd run miles arter a thing like that, an' pay a good price fer it tew, tew put ontew their parlor center-tables. By jingo, Chris, I believe that 's Mis' Wilkinson's dinner-horn naow!"

"I won't keep you more than a minute longer," said Chris, hurriedly. "To come right to the point: I want to buy that lamp; what will you sell it for?"

"I can't sell it tew yeou, Chris," replied the peddler, slowly and deliberately ascending to his seat on the wagon.

"Why can't you?" cried the boy.

"'Cause," responded Hallelujah, picking up the reins, "'t ain't mine tew sell. I disposed on 't an haour ago!"

Chapter VI.

"You 've sold the lamp?" exclaimed Chris.

The boy's evident agitation made such an impression upon Hallelujah that he paused in the act of starting his horses, and said:

"Yes. 'T wa' n't wuth much, Chris, 'tween yeou an' me; but she took a shine tew it, so I let her hev it."

"Who did?" cried the lad.

"Why, Mis' Taylor,— Elnathan Taylor's wife, y' know. She 's great on this here bricky-brac, an' she took the greatest notion yeou ever see tew that there lamp; nothin' would dew but she must hev it. But where be yeou goin', Chris?"— for the boy had already turned his face Dusenbury-ward.

"To Mrs. Taylor's," was the reply. "I must have that lamp."

"Wa-al, hold on!" said Hallelujah. "She hain't got it."

"I thought you said you had sold it to her."

"So I did, but I hain't delivered it yet."

Chris's heart leaped for joy.

"Then you 've got it with you?" he exclaimed. "I 'll pay you more for it than Mrs. Taylor would, Hallelujah."

With the most exasperating deliberation, apparently unmindful of a Joshua-like blast from Mrs. Wilkinson's big dinner-horn, the peddler wound the reins around the whip, gazed meditatively at nothing in particular for several seconds, and then delivered himself as follows:

"Yeou see it 's like this, Chris — though what I 'm a-goin' tew say I don't want tew hev go no further. Mis' Taylor's credit ain't none o' the best. Now mind, I don't say there 's a nicer woman in the hull caounty 'n she is, 'n' I dunno 's I think there is; but they *dew* say as haow Elnathan 's so all-fired close that she jest *hez* tew scheme an' connive fer all she 's wuth tew keep the breath o' life intew her. She ain't ever got no money, an' she owes me yit fer a wash-b'iler I sold her last August — though I don't want yeou tew say nothin' 'baout that. She gave me thutty-five cents on accaount, an' that 's all I ever got or ever 'xpect tew git. But 't ain't goin' tew be that way with this here lamp. Ez soon ez she seed it, she sez: 'Hallelujah, I 've *got* tew hev that. Haow much is 't?' she sez. 'Mis' Taylor,' I sez, 'that there piece o' bricky-brac ain't no cheap stock. It 's imported,' I sez — an' so 't is. I see that ez soon as I looked at it. 'My fust price,' sez I, 'is my last price, an' 't won't be no use hagglin'.' 'An' what *is* yeour price, Hallelujah?' she sez. 'A dollar,' sez I. 'I 'll take it,' sez she, ez quick ez that. 'I 'll take it, an' here 's a quarter; the rest I 'll give yeou next time yeou come raound.' 'No, marm,' I sez; 'that won't dew. I 'll take the quarter, an' keep the lamp fer yeou till yeou git the balance. When yeou give it tew me, the lamp 's yeourn.' Fust she would n't hear tew that, fer she was 'xpectin' the sewin'-circle this arternoon; but when she see I was sot, she give in an' paid me the quarter, an' I put the lamp away in the box under the seat."

"And is it there now?" cried the boy, who had previously made several vain attempts to interrupt his companion.

"That 's jest where 't is," was the reply; "an' Mis' Taylor 'll git it ez soon ez she 's ready tew pay me my seventy-five cents, an' not afore."

"I 'll pay you more than she will for it," said Chris, breathlessly. "I 'll give you a dollar and a half."

Hallelujah shook his head.

"A bargain 's a bargain," he said. "I can't do it; 't would n't be treatin' Mis' Taylor fair."

"The chances are she 'll never pay you," said Chris. "I 'll give you cash down."

"I ought n't tew let it go less 'n one seventy-five, arter all the trouble I 've hed with it," said the peddler. "Missed my dinner on accaount o' the blamed thing, I s'pose."

"I 'll give you a dollar seventy-five," cried the boy.

"Wa-al, I 'll take it," responded Hallelujah, rising and opening the box. "I 'll put that quarter daown tew Mis' Taylor's credit on accaount o' the wash-b'iler. There seems tew be sech a call fer these here bricky-brac lamps that I guess I 'll hev tew lay in a stock of 'em. Here yeou be, Chris."

Concealing his exultation by a strong effort, the boy seized the precious lamp, handed Hallelujah his money, and turned away with a hasty good-by, while the peddler resumed his journey.

Chris's first impulse was to summon the genie and order a coach-and-four to convey him back to South Dusenbury. He was about to rub the lamp when the rattle of wheels behind him caused him to turn, and he saw approaching at a rapid rate Doctor Ingalls's buggy, drawn by old one-eyed Nancy, and containing the doctor himself.

"How are you, Chris?" cried the old gentleman, bringing the vehicle to a standstill as it reached the boy. "Been taking my advice, have you? But you 've walked too far — I told you not to overdo, you know. Jump in and ride back with me."

Chris was strongly tempted to amaze and confound Doctor Ingalls by an impromptu exhibition of his marvelous power; but he was not quite ready to make his secret public property, so he restrained the impulse and said:

"Thank you, Doctor; I *am* pretty tired."

"Of course you are!" returned the doctor, as his patient stepped into the buggy. "You must n't walk so far the next time. And you 'll be late for dinner; but not very, for Nancy can cover the ground in half an hour. G'lang!"

During the ride Doctor Ingalls made an earnest attempt to diagnose the boy's case, and asked him a large number of questions regarding his health and habits during the preceding few months; to all of which queries Chris replied with perfect good-nature, for he was too

well pleased at having recovered the wonderful lamp to be in the least annoyed.

He found his father and mother anxiously awaiting him when, after securely locking the lamp in his desk, he joined them in the dining-room.

"Have you been taking a walk, Christopher?" asked Mr. Wagstaff, in a rather constrained tone.

"Yes, sir. I walked to Newville, and rode back with Doctor Ingalls," replied Chris.

"I think I do understand them," replied his father.

"Oh, no; you don't, sir. Father, I 'd like to go to school this afternoon."

"You cannot, Christopher. Doctor Ingalls's orders must be obeyed. You must refrain from all mental and physical exertion."

"Take some nice, quiet book, Chris, one that won't excite you," advised Mrs. Wagstaff, tenderly,—"say the *Pilgrim's Progress*,—and go

"'WHAT I WANT TO SEE YOU ABOUT IS THAT OLD LAMP,' SAID CHRIS."

"Huldah tells me you went in search of that old lamp," continued his father.

"I did, sir."

"Did you find it?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Wagstaff's face flushed slightly. He was about to speak again, but desisted at a warning glance from his wife, and the meal was eaten almost in silence.

As they rose from the table, Chris said:

"Father, you don't know what to make of a good many things that have happened lately; but you 'll understand them before long — maybe this very afternoon."

out on the porch and read awhile. That 's the best thing he can do; don't you think so, Pa?"

Mr. Wagstaff, who had his full share of the average man's dislike and intolerance of sickness in the house, and who was quite as much annoyed as alarmed at Chris's sudden and singular illness, stalked out of the room without vouchsafing a reply.

"He does n't mean to be unsympathetic," said the fond mother, passing her arm around the boy's neck; "but he has two or three legal matters on hand now that worry him a good deal, and your coming down so suddenly just at this time has quite upset him."

"But I *have n't* 'come down,' mother," said Chris, a touch of impatience in his voice. "Don't you see that if — but no; of course you can't understand it. You will, though, soon; and then you and father will see that you 've done a lot of worrying for nothing."

He stepped out upon the porch,— not, however, taking the *Pilgrim's Progress* with him,— and, seating himself with his elbows on his knees and his head on his hands, began seriously considering the relative advantages and disadvantages of several plans that had suggested themselves to him for making the fact of his succession to Aladdin's power and greatness known to the world.

"'WHY, I 'M ALL RIGHT NOW,' SAID CHRIS, SITTING UP IN BED. (SEE PAGE 300.)

His mother, looking out of the window for the twentieth time nearly an hour later, saw him suddenly raise his head and heard him burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and exclaim:

"That 's the idea! I 'll do it!"

"Oh, Chris, what *is* it?" she cried, hurrying to the door.

"Don't look so worried, mother," said the boy. "It 's the best joke of the season — yes, of the century. I can't tell you what it is now, but you 'll know very soon."

He ascended to his room, obtained the lamp, carefully wrapped it in paper, and with it under his arm started at a brisk pace for Chadwick's Acre, a lonely tract of stony, unproductive ground about half a mile from the village.

His destination reached, Chris looked cautiously about him to make sure that there were no witnesses; then he unwrapped the lamp, and gave it a rub.

The next instant the genie stood before him, this time in the rôle of Pulsifer Jukes.

"Well, what is it?" he asked apprehensively. "Are you in trouble with your folks again?"

"No," replied Chris; "everything is lovely at home. There 's nothing to complain of there."

"Ah, then I suppose it is at the academy. Now see here: if it 's a thrashing, I 've got a new scheme — I want to send a substitute. I 'll guarantee him painstaking and competent, and I 'd feel awfully obliged if you 'd use him. Honest, I 'm not equal to the task to-day."

And the genie looked anxiously into his master's face.

"It is n't a thrashing," said Chris; "so you need n't worry."

"What is it, then?" the genie asked, with an ill-concealed sigh of relief.

"Well," replied the owner of the lamp, "I 'm thinking of giving the people hereabouts a surprise. I want to let them see that I amount to a little more than they think."

"Now, *that 's* the way I like to hear you talk," declared the genie, his face lighting up. "I 've been trying to instil ideas like that into your mind all along, but you would n't pay any attention to me. However, I don't hold any grudge against you on that account. Let bygones be bygones. Now, let 's have fun. You 've no idea what a sense of humor I have. Why, I 'm the most playful genie you ever met; I 'd do 'most anything for a good laugh. Say, what shall we do to astonish the natives? What do you think of a cyclone? Never had one in these parts, did you?"

"No, and we won't have if I can help it," responded Chris, testily. "I don't want to kill off the entire population. I only —"

"You need n't kill anybody," interrupted the genie. "A few bones might be broken, but even that could be avoided if you were *very* particular. Still a cyclone is a cyclone, you know, and not a zephyr; and I tell you frankly I 'd much rather not undertake to engineer it at all unless you give me *carte blanche*. I have a reputation to maintain, though you may not think it."

The genie's flushed face and high-pitched, angry voice showed that his patience was sorely tried. Observing this, and remembering his covert threat on a previous occasion, Chris thought it well to make an attempt to conciliate him.

"That 's all right," he said. "If I wanted a cyclone I 'd leave it entirely to you, and I 've no doubt you 'd manage it in first-class style. But I don't."

"You might try one, anyway," cried the genie, eagerly. "You 've no idea what fun it would be."

"Not to-day," replied Chris. "Now listen," he continued quickly, as the loquacious genie evinced an inclination to interrupt him again. "I 'm placed in a false position before every one, and I don't like it."

"It 's no one's fault but your own," said the genie, with an uncompromising shake of the head.

"My folks think I am crazy," went on the boy; "and very likely that 's what they believe at school, too."

"I should n't wonder," replied the slave of the lamp; "and can you blame them? The upshot of the business is that you have n't used your power with the least judgment. You have persisted in placing yourself and me in the most embarrassing positions, and I suppose you 'll keep right on doing so."

"No, I sha'n't," said Chris, earnestly. "I 'm going to start in on an entirely different plan. And, after all, most of the unpleasant things that have happened since I bought the lamp have n't been my fault at all; they were just hard luck."

"It is the way of the world," said the genie, "to rail at fate when we are forced to suffer the natural consequences of our own rash and wilful acts. They who tread the path of rectitude seldom have occasion to complain of hard luck."

He wagged his head solemnly, and looked so intensely virtuous that Chris was strongly reminded of the picture of the good old clergyman in the illustrated edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield* on the parlor center-table.

"You 're a nice one to talk that way!" cried the boy, indignantly. "Why, I never told such a whopper in my life as the one you made Professor Thwacker believe."

"Well, I *did n't* think that even you would be mean enough to reproach me with that," said the genie, with a look of deep disgust. "The 'whopper,' as you call it, was told at your bidding and in the strict line of my duty. It was your 'whopper' a good deal more than it was mine: I should think your conscience would tell you that. Never mind, never mind," he added, waving his hand haughtily, as Chris attempted to speak; "we won't discuss the matter; it is only *another* point upon which you and I do not agree. And now, not to waste any more time,—mine is worth something if yours is n't,—why have you summoned me?"

"I 'd have told you long ago if you had given me a chance to get in a word edgewise," returned Chris. "I 'm going to astonish the people of South Dusenbury."

"You said that before. What do you mean to do? — delegate me to take a few more floggings? Speak out; don't be bashful."

"Of course I don't mean to do anything of the sort," said Chris, in a conciliatory tone. "I only want you to give the people an exhibition of the great powers I know you to possess."

"A truce to compliments," said the genie, still brusquely, though his master could see by the softening of the lines about his mouth that he was not insensible to the delicate tribute to his ability. "Tell me exactly what you want me to do."

"Well," said Chris, a little ill at ease, "I want you to do a lot of things; but first we must have a rehearsal."

"A rehearsal? What for? I don't understand you."

"It 's so long, you see," stammered the boy, evading his companion's questioning eye, "since you have built a palace or — or anything of that sort, that you must need a little practice."

"Nonsense!" snorted the genie. "I 'm not a builder by trade, and I have n't put up so much as a woodshed in thousands of years; but I keep my eyes and ears open, and I 'm right abreast of the times. I have n't the smallest doubt that I could run you up the neatest and most commodious palace you ever saw in your life, all while you wait; and I *don't* need any practice."

"It won't do you any harm, anyhow," said Chris; "and I 'd like first-rate to see you do it."

"Anything to oblige," returned the genie, between his set teeth. "Some people would show a little more — but never mind! Issue your orders, and they shall receive prompt attention. What is it to be? — a palace?"

"Yes, and right now."

There was a sudden sound like the rushing of a mighty wind, then a blinding glare of light. Chris staggered back a few paces, and uttering a low cry of fear, covered his eyes with his hands.

THE PALACE.

Then came a strange silence, broken almost immediately by the voice of the genie:

"What 's the matter with you? Why, you 're as white as a sheet, and trembling like a leaf. Just cast your eye over this building, and tell me candidly what you think of it."

Chris removed his hands from his eyes; the next moment an exclamation of amazement burst from his lips. Chadwick's Acre was half covered by a magnificent marble edifice, many stories in height, and of an Oriental, and extremely ornate, style of architecture.

At the entrance stood the genie in full evening dress, rubbing his hands and smiling complacently.

"You seem quite broken up," he said. "Did n't think you 'd stumped me, did you? You gave me mighty short notice, but I flatter myself I 've made rather a neat job of it."

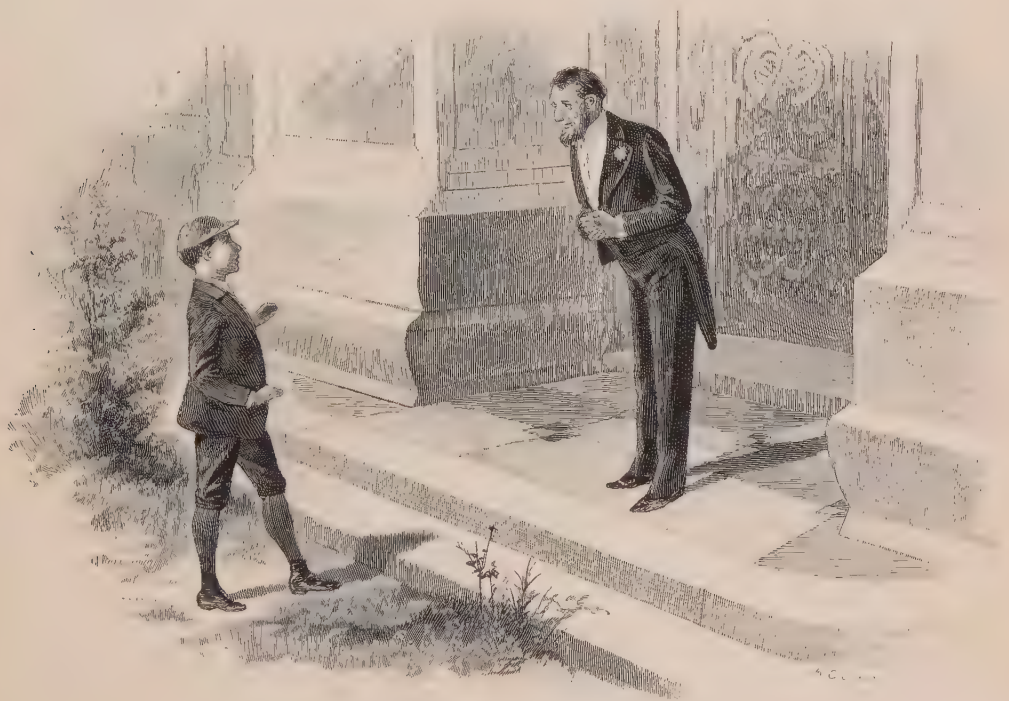
"It 's wonderful!" gasped Chris.

"Oh, it 's fair to middling," said the genie, shrugging his shoulders. "I acknowledge I have n't put my best work on it, for I don't like the location — it 's too lonely, too out of the way, for yours truly. Still, there 'll be an improvement in that respect before long. This palace is bound to raise the price of property to see how your ideas as to the furnishing and artistic decoration agree with mine."

As he finished speaking, the door was opened by a liveried attendant, who bowed obsequiously and said:

"Welcome 'ome, Mawster Chris. I 'opes has 'ow yer 'll find heverything to yer liking."

"English servants are the best in the world, to *my* way of thinking," whispered the genie in Chris's ear; "and you 'll find them all through the palace, except in the kitchen. There I have established a French *chef* who can make a soufflé that is a dream, sir — a dream! Well, shall we go up in the elevator, or would you like to walk?"



"AT THE ENTRANCE STOOD THE GENIE."

in the neighborhood at least five hundred per cent. You mark my words, there 'll be a real-estate boom right here before you and I are many days older. Tell your father if he has any surplus capital to invest, that there is now offered to him the chance of a lifetime. But come right in and inspect the interior. I want

Chris expressed a preference for the latter mode of locomotion, and they started up a grand staircase which the genie stated was an exact duplicate of that in the Grand Opera House in Paris.

"Electric lights all through, you observe," continued the genie, his face flushed with excite-

ment; "hot and cold water in all the rooms — in short, every modern improvement that suggested itself to me in the very brief time you allowed me."

"I *might* have given you five minutes or so longer if I 'd thought," said Chris, half apologetically.

"Well, I wish you 'd thought," returned the genie. "Aladdin gave me an entire night, which made the erection of his palace merely child's play. But, after all, you 've got just about as good a building. It 's entirely different, though, except in one particular."

"What is that?"

"Wait till we get to the top floor and you 'll see," replied the genie, with a mysterious smile. "There 's something up there that will interest you, and we 'll get lots of fun out of it."

Chris's curiosity was aroused, and although they were then only on the third floor, he insisted upon taking the elevator at once, and ascending to the upper story.

The journey was made in remarkably quick time: scarcely half a dozen seconds had elapsed when the elevator-boy called out:

"Twelfth and last. Straight ahead for the grand saloon."

"Now, then," said the genie, with animation, as they stepped from the car, "I suppose you remember about the grand saloon that Aladdin got me to put on the top floor of his palace?"

"Oh, yes," replied Chris, smiling at the recollection. "The walls were of gold and silver in alternate layers, and there were twenty-four windows, six on each side."

"Exactly," interrupted his companion; "and the lattices of twenty-three of those windows were enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, while the twenty-fourth was left entirely unadorned."

"I remember," said Chris. "The Sultan, Aladdin's father-in-law, tried to finish that window in the same style as the rest; but after he had used up all the jewels he could lay his hands on, he threw up the job, and then you finished it in a few seconds."

"That 's right," laughed the genie. "I don't think I ever had so much fun in my life as I did watching the old Sult. try to decorate that window. He worked like a horse,—I 'll give him full credit for that,—and even went so far as to have the jewels dug out of his crown and replaced with paste. But what was the use? He could n't compete with me, as a matter of course. Now, then, I 'm going to show you an exact reproduction of that saloon."

An ebony and pearl door before which they had been standing flew open, revealing a room of such surpassing beauty and magnificence that Chris exclaimed:

"Why, the fellow who wrote the *Arabian Nights* did n't half do this justice!"

"Just what I 've always said," rejoined the genie. "He was a bright, brainy young chap, but painfully careless and slovenly, especially in description. We must have a delegation of New York and Boston reporters on here to write up this room. I 'll pay for a special train for them, and entertain them at my own expense; I could n't say fairer than that, could I? But now I 'll tell you what I meant when I said we 'd get lots of fun out of this room. I want you and your father to get Congress to make a big appropriation to complete that twenty-fourth window. I 'll be back of you all the time, you understand; and you 'll get the appropriation — be sure of that. We 'll make it a condition that they forfeit the money if they don't succeed in making the lattice quite equal to the others, and we 'll agree to give them the building if they do. Now, as they can't possibly do it, don't you see that it 'll be a first-class speculation? And think of the fun! Why, we —"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Chris; "it 's out of the question."

"Why is it out of the question?" cried the genie, excitedly. "Why, it seems to me nothing could be simpler."

"See here," said Chris, very sharply, for he felt that it was about time they reached an understanding, "are you my slave, or am I yours?"

"If it comes to that," replied the genie, somewhat reluctantly, with a look of mingled anger and surprise, "I suppose that I am yours and the lamp's."

"Then please pay a little more attention to

what I say, and don't talk so much yourself. Did n't I tell you that I only had you put up this palace as an experiment?"

"An experiment?" almost shrieked the genie. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say," returned Chris, firmly. "I got you to build the palace just for a little practice. I thought you might be a trifle rusty, and I wanted to be sure that you could really do it. And it 's got to disappear mighty soon, too; for I don't want any one to see it."

For nearly a minute the genie gazed steadily at his master without speaking; and there was a hard look on his face that the boy did not like. At last he said with an air of icy formality: "I think I understand you now, and I will try to make you understand me. Suppose we go down to the banquet-hall? We can discuss the matter there over our glass of soda-water, which I should decidedly recommend for a lad of your tender years."

Chris nervously followed his slave to the elevator.

"Be kind enough to let us off at the second floor, Watkins," said the genie to the elevator-boy.

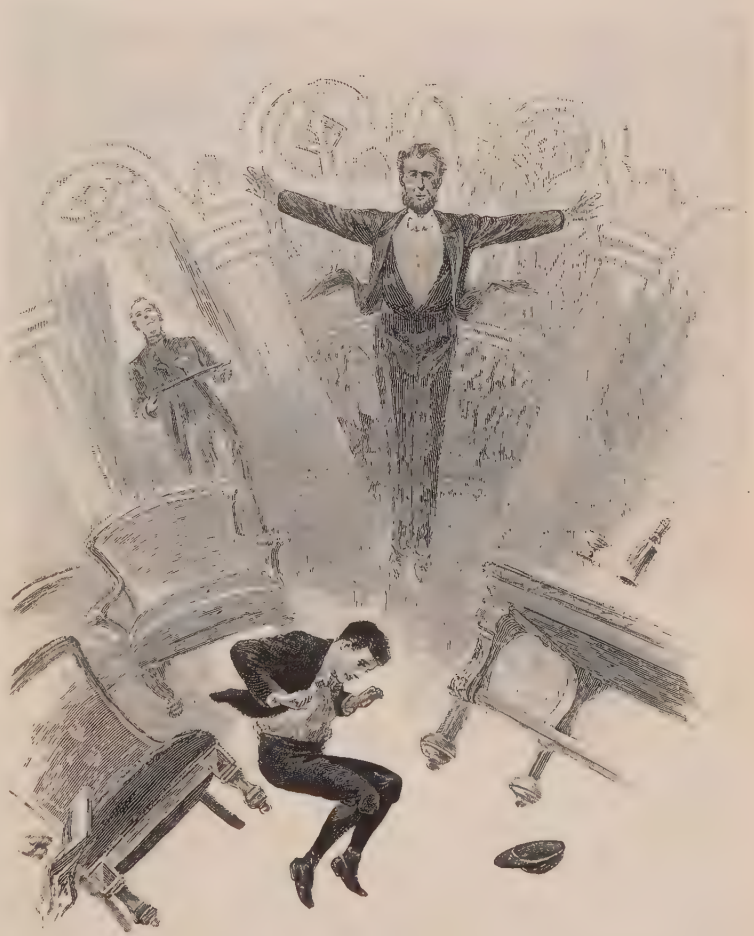
When the banquet-hall — a superb room done in ivory and gold — was reached, the evidently perturbed genie touched a bell, and ordered the servant who appeared to bring some refreshments for Chris.

Then he turned to Chris, saying:

"Now let us come to an understanding. You can't think how tired I am of —"

But while the genie was speaking, the boy, who was standing by the window, had caught sight of four of his school-fellows approaching at no very great distance, and he now interrupted his companion unceremoniously.

"I can't stop to talk now," he said. "Make this place disappear, and in double-quick time."



"HIS SURROUNDINGS VANISHED LIKE A PUFF OF SMOKE, AND HE FELT HIMSELF FALLING."

He had scarcely uttered the last word when his magnificent surroundings vanished like a puff of smoke; and a cry of dismay escaped his lips as he felt himself falling.

(To be continued.)

A TURBULENT FAMILY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER.

(SEE PAGE 350.)

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

By Howard Pyle.

[*Begun in the April number.*]

Chapter XXXII.

JACK RESOLVES.

That evening, soon after dark, the Captain went to bed again to make up the sleep that had been broken in upon in the morning. "I hope he 'll sleep hisself out of his evil humor this time," said Dred to Jack, who sat opposite to him in the fireplace.

They could hear Betty Teach stirring around in the young lady's room overhead, and now and then the sound of her voice, and now and then the sound of Miss Eleanor Parker's voice in reply.

Jack sat staring into the fire after she had gone. His mind was very full of the thought of Miss Eleanor Parker. Every now and then the things about him wove themselves into the woof of his thoughts. He heard Betty Teach walking along the passageway up-stairs. Then he heard her close the door of her own bedroom, and then the sound of her voice and Blackbeard's as they talked together. "She always has a pleasant word for me. I do believe she likes to see me. She always looks pleased to see me," Betty said.

"When she came ashore that time, she reached out and took hold of my hand," Jack thought. And then he remembered how firm and frank had been her grasp as he had helped her up to the landing; how warm and soft her hand. "She thought then that she 'd be with us only a week," he went on; "and now it 's been over a month. Why, yes; 't is nigh to two months." Dred got up and pushed the log with his foot, and it blazed up into a bright flame, lighting up his sallow face, and shining red in his narrow, black, beadlike eyes. Jack watched the kindling flame with interest.

Then it was that the thought that now seemed to him to have lurked in his mind all day took a sudden form. What if he himself should help the young lady to run away? The thought came upon him almost like a physical shock. He paused in his thinking; then he began to think again. Yes; he had tried to run away in Virginia, and his luck had been good. What if he could run away again now, and take her with him! He leaned, with his elbows on his knees, looking into the glowing coals. It could not be so difficult a thing to do; he could take one of the boats down there at the landing — the yawl-boat, perhaps. He would have to take some provisions along. He would fill a barraca* with water. Then, when all was ready, he would go to the young lady's room and would arouse her. He would take her bundle of clothes up and leave them at her door. She would dress herself and come down, and then he could guide her quietly to the landing. He would help her into the boat; and —

Dred took out his pipe and filled it, and Jack watched him. Then the pirate picked out a hot coal from the fire, and, tossing it rapidly from hand to hand in his horny palms, dropped it into the bowl of his pipe and began puffing it into a spark of fire. Then Jack went on thinking again. They would steal away in the darkness. The pirates would chase them the next day, and they two would hide in the creeks and inlets, and so would gradually make their way down to Ocracock. It would take them maybe two or three days to sail from the inlet to Virginia; but if the weather was good it would not be a hard or dangerous thing to do. What glory there would be for him if he could bring her safe back to Virginia! What a hero he would be! Colonel Parker would bring him to live at Marlborough, maybe, and would tell everybody how he, Jack, had helped Miss Eleanor to escape from Blackbeard the pirate. His thoughts assumed such big proportions that he suddenly broke the silence without thinking.

* A small Spanish barrel or cask, sometimes flattened on one side so as to lie in a boat without rolling in heavy weather.

"Dred," said he; and then the sharp sound of his own voice struck him with a shock. With a quick, keen regret, he wished that he had not spoken; but he had spoken, and Dred was looking up at him attentively, waiting for him to continue.

"What is it?" said Dred at last, breaking the silence.

"Methinks the young lady up-stairs is mightily sick, Dred. Don't you think so?" And Jack felt that his heart was beating quickly.

"Yes, I do."

"I know very well that she is n't so strong as she was when she first came here."

Dred looked steadily at him, holding the pipe loosely between his fingers. "Well," said he, "what then?"

"Well," said Jack,—and again he felt how heavily his heart was beating,—"if the young lady don't get away from here pretty soon,—if she ain't got away one way or another,—to my mind she 'll be like to die."

Still Dred looked at him steadily. "D' ye mean," said he at last, "that ye 've been thinking of helping her to get away?"

Jack did not reply. He hardly dared to look at Dred.

"I wonder if you 've really got the heart in your breast to do such a thing as that?" said Dred.

"I think I could do it if it came to the point," said Jack, almost whispering. He wondered, trembling, what Dred would say to him next.

Dred still continued to look steadily at him. "D' ye know," he said abruptly, "to my mind, what ye said is true enough. I can't say as the young mistress is really sick of anything, but she just seems to get weaker and weaker all the time." Jack wondered fleetingly whether Dred had been thinking of the same thing that had occupied his mind. "She ain't used to the life she 's living," Dred was saying; "and it be n't the kind she can live on even if she was feeling strong and well. But she ain't well; and she ain't been, since she came here. Maybe 't was the way we took her away from home sort of broke her heart like."

"D' ye mean to say that she 's going to die?" said Jack, with a keen thrill at his heart.

"No," said Dred; "I don't mean that, neither. But I do mean this: that at any moment whatsomever she might be taken sick and die afore we knew it. The way she was out in the storm was enough to fetch on a cough fit to kill a gell raised as she was raised."

"But surely," said Jack, forgetting in the direct present his vague plans of a moment or two before—"but surely it can't be so long before the Captain hears something from Virginia. Then 't will be only a matter of a week or so till she 's sent back again. You know very well the Captain 's looking for a letter from Virginia any day now."

Dred shook his head. "To my mind," he said, "—and 't is growing stronger and stronger—to my mind, there 's summat going on that we knows naught about. To my mind, there 's summat wrong about this here business; there 's summat going on that Blackbeard himself nor any on us knows naught about. To my knowledge, the Captain 's sent three letters to Virginia, and he ain't heard a word from any o' the young lady's people yet. What d' ye suppose is the reason of that? Why be n't there summat said in all this time? Here it has been two months, and not a line. What d' ye suppose is the meaning of that?" Jack shook his head. "I 'll tell you what I believe, and what I 've been believing for some time past now, Jack"; and Dred knocked the ashes out of his pipe and pocketed it. "I don't believe the young lady's uncle intends as she shall come back to Virginia at all, and that 's the very living truth.

"What makes you think that, Dred?" said Jack.

"Why," said he, "because he don't pay any attention to what the Captain says. Here he 's led the Captain into kidnapping the girl, and here she is down in North Carolina, far away from all her friends; and he pays no attention to the Captain's letters, and just lets her stay here till she gets the fever or summat and dies of it; and that she 's sartin to do soon or late—and, to my mind, 't will be soon."

Jack sat silent, looking moodily into the fire. "I wish I 'd never come here to North Carolina," said Jack.

Dred shrugged his shoulders. "If wishes was hosses," he said, "all on us would ride."

Again the two sat looking reflectively into the coals. "Well," said Jack at last, drawing a deep breath, "what 's to be done?"

"Why," said Dred, "did n't ye tell me just now that you 've got the heart to run away with her and take her back to Virginia? Did n't ye mean what ye said? Now, if ye do, I say that I won't stand in your way, that 's what I mean."

Jack stared blankly at Dred. He had not dreamed that the rambling thoughts and fancies that had carried him along all the evening could possibly assume such suddenly real form and substance.

"But, Dred," said he, "would I really dare do such a thing as that?"

"That 's for you to say," said Dred. "I tell ye what 't is: if I was a young fellow like you, and hale and strong and not crippled up with the fever, I know very well I 'd not stand by and see a pretty young lady die afore my eyes, and do naught to try and help her — no, not if all the pirates 'twixt here and Indy stood in the way."

Jack sat almost motionless looking at Dred, who, upon his part, sat looking steadily at the lad with his keen, narrow, black eyes. "And would you help me, Dred, if I went?" he said at last, in a voice dry, almost whispering, with excitement.

Dred hesitated a moment. "Yes, I would," he said, still looking steadily at Jack; "I 'd be willing to help you."

Jack got up and kicked the smoldering log into a blaze. He stood looking down into the fire. He heaved a labored sigh. "I tell you what 't is, Dred," said he: "'t would be an awful risk to run."

"There 'd be some risk," said Dred; "there 's no denying that. But I did n't ax ye to take it; I did n't ax ye to go; 't was your own notion, and not mine. Well, if you ha'n't got the courage for it, arter all, why, let it be, and don't go. I sha'n't blame ye."

Again Jack sighed heavily. It seemed to him as though he could hardly breathe. "If I go, will you go along, Dred?" said he, after a while.

"I!" said Dred; "I go! Why, no; I don't want to go. 'T were n't my notion to go at all; 't were yourn."

"Well, even if it was my notion, you thought it was a good thing to do. You might go with me."

Dred shook his head.

"You 're bold enough to advise me to go," said Jack, bitterly. "It takes no heart to advise me to go, when you run no risk yourself."

Dred shrugged his shoulders. "Well," said he, "if you have n't the heart for it, why, don't do it. I don't see what you talk about it for if you did n't mean to go."

Jack leaned against the mantel. He rested his forehead against his arm, and looked down into the flickering blaze. "I 've a mind to go, Dred," said he.

Dred did not reply.

"If you were in my place, Dred, when would you go?" said he again, presently.

"When?" said Dred. "Why, I 'd go to-night."

Jack raised himself with a jerk. "To-night!"

"Yes; to-night."

Jack stood perfectly motionless, looking at Dred fixedly for a long time. "To-night!" he repeated; "do you mean now — this minute?"

"Yes, I do."

The house was perfectly silent. Hands coughed in his sleep, and it sounded loud in the stillness. Suddenly Jack stretched out his hand to Dred. "Dred," said he, "I 'll — I 'll do it!" Dred reached out and grasped Jack's hand. Jack wrung Dred's almost convulsively; his own was chill and trembling with the tenseness of his resolve.

Chapter XXXIII.

THE ESCAPE.

"I SUPPOSE," said Jack, after a while,—"I suppose 't will be best to take the yawl-boat." He rubbed his hands together. They felt chill and numb to him.

"Why, yes," said Dred; "I do suppose it will be best. She 's rather a trifle heavy for ye to handle, maybe; but she 's more broad of beam and more weatherly than t' other ones, and ye can stow yourself more comfortable-like aboard of her, d' ye see? I 'll go and help you get it ready." And he arose.

They went out of the house together. The

black, starry vault of night brooded still and serene. Jack, intent upon one thing, thought of nothing else—felt nothing else.

They came to the wood-house. It gaped black with its open front. The two stood gazing into the darkness for a moment or two.

"We 'd better have brought a lantern with us," said Dred.

"I know where the oars and sail are," said Jack. "You wait outside here, and I 'll go in and hand 'em out to you." He went into the shed, and, feeling around, found a box which he tilted up on end to stand upon. There were some chickens roosting on the rafters, and they clucked and gurgled sleepily as he rattled the oars, drawing them down from the high beams overhead. He handed the oars down to Dred, who took them from him. Next he tried to take down the mast and sail. He struggled in the darkness for some time before he could draw them out. "You 'll have to help me with this sail," said he at last; "I can't get the teasing thing out—never mind, here it comes." He dragged it heavily.

Then the sail and the mast came down so suddenly as nearly to pitch Jack off the box. "There it comes," he said; "and a teasing enough thing it was, to be sure."

Dred helped him out with it, and they laid it beside the oars.

"Where 's the ax?" said Dred.

"I 'll find it," said Jack; "I think I know where 't is." Again he entered the shed and fumbled around in the darkness for a while. "Here 't is," said he. "What d' ye want with the ax?"

"We 've got to stave in the boats, d' ye see?" said Dred, as Jack handed it out to him.

"To stave in the boats?"

"Aye, so as the Captain and t' others won't be able to folly the yawl-boat in them, nor to send up to the town for help to man the sloop to chase ye."

"Oh, yes," said Jack; "I see."

"You 'll have to carry these here things down to the beach," said Dred; "for I hain't got the strength to do any carrying. I 'll take the ax, and that 's about all I can do."

"Very well," said Jack; "I can carry the others easy enough, if you 'll only lift them up to my shoulder."

The broad mouth of the creek stretched out dim and gray in the night. A slight mist hung in the air in the lee of the further shore, above which the tops of the trees showed dimly and obscurely in the night. The pallid, rippling surface of the water seemed to stretch away infinitely into the distance. The little waves beat with a recurrent and pulsing plash upon the shore, and the chill air was full of the damp smell of brackish water. Dred had stepped into the boat and across the thwarts. There was a barraca in the bows. He lifted it to the thwarts. "I don't reckon the water in this barraca is fit to drink," said he; and he pulled out the plug and smelled of the water. "It does n't smell bad," he added; "but I reckon 't would be better to get some fresh. You carry it up to the house, and we 'll fill it at the cistern." He tilted the barraca and held it while the water ran out guggling and gurgling.

They went back to the house together. Dred took off his shoes on the door-step outside, and Jack followed his example. Dred lit the candle from a splinter of wood at the fire, and then led the way from the kitchen into the storeroom adjoining. He and Jack took down two hams from the hooks in the ceiling, and brought out two bags of biscuit, one of them filled and the other about half empty.

By the time they had made everything ready —had filled the barraca with water and had taken it and the provisions down to the boat, and had stowed them away in the locker in the bows, and had stepped the mast, and had loosened the lashings that held the sail—the time was pretty well advanced toward midnight. "Now then," said Dred, handing Jack the ax, "we have to stave in the boats, and that 's all. Smash 'em well while 'e 's about it, lad"; and Jack jumped into the first boat and began with a will crashing and splitting the bottom boards into splinters. Then he went to the next, and the next, until he had stove in all of them. Then he and Dred pushed the yawl off from the shore, pulled her up to the wharf, and with the stern-line and the bow-line lashed her to the piles.

And now all was ready for departure.

When they again returned to the house, the fire had burned down to a heap of dull-red embers just showing through the white ashes. "I reckon ye 'd better be rousing the young Mistress now," said Dred. "So far as I see, everything else is ready. Stop a bit—tell her not to put on her shoes till she gets out of the house. D' ye understand?"

"Yes," said Jack; "I understand."

The stairway passage ascending to the floor above was as dark as pitch. Jack, carrying the bundle of clothes, felt his way along the wall up-stairs through the darkness. He could hear Blackbeard's regular snores and the deep breathing of his sleeping wife. Once a step creaked loudly under his tread, and he stopped still, listening with a thrilling heart. But no one seemed to have been disturbed, and he continued his way—still feeling along the wall—toward the young lady's room. Reaching the door, he tapped softly and cautiously. In a moment he heard a sudden stirring.

"Who 's there?" she said sharply; and Jack thrilled at the sound of her voice in the muffled silence.

"S-s-sh!" he whispered; and then, after a moment's pause, "'T is a friend who hath come to help you if you 'll only be still. Come to the door,—but make no noise."

"Who is it?" she repeated, this time whispering.

"'T is I—'t is Jack. I 'm going to help you get away home again if you choose to trust me. I 'm sorry for you and all your trouble, and so I 've come to help you. You must n't ask any questions now. I 've brought back your clothes that Betty Teach took away from you a while ago. I 'll lay 'em here just outside of the door. If you dare trust me, and will dress and come down-stairs, I 'll try to help you away home again."

Then there was dead silence.

"I don't know what you mean," she presently whispered.

"Never mind," said Jack; "I 'll tell you all about that after a while; but I can't stay here any longer now. I 'm going to take you away back home again, if you choose to have me do so; and Dred 's down-stairs to help us get away. He bade me tell you to put on what clothes you need, and to fetch the rest with you. Be as quiet as you can about it, Mistress; and be sure"—remembering Dred's injunction—"to bring your shoes in your hand with you. You may put them on outside. We 've got a boat down at the landing all ready to take you away.—Do you understand me?"

"Yes," she whispered in reply.

When Jack came down-stairs into the kitchen, he found that Dred had got together a number of additional articles. He had taken a couple of rough overcoats from the hutch. A little pile of sweet potatoes and a bottle of rum stood upon the table. He was putting the sweet potatoes into the capacious pockets of one of the overcoats. He looked up as Jack entered silently in his stocking-feet. "Is she coming?" said he.

"Why," said Jack, "she seemed kind of dazed, but I think she understood me."

Dred laid the overcoats over the back of the chair. "You bring them and her bundle of clothes," said he, "and I 'll take the young lady down to the boat."

"Very well," said Jack.

They were waiting silently for her coming. Presently Dred went to the door, opened it, and stood looking out into the night. The waning moon was about to rise, and the east was lit with a pallid light, almost like the light of the first dawning. The cool air rushed whispering through the grass, and every now and then the foliage of the cypress-trees swayed mysteriously and blackly before it against the starry night sky.

Jack heard a faint, soft sound upon the stairs. "Here she comes," he whispered.

Dred turned sharply around, and the next moment the door opened and the young lady was there. She was very pale. She carried her silk traveling-bag in one hand, and her shoes in the other. "Are you ready, Mistress?" said Dred.

She nodded her head.

"Very well, then. You take her bag, Jack, and fetch along the overcoats. You may put on your shoes out here on the steps, Mistress." Dred waited until she had slipped her feet into her shoes, and then he helped her down the

steps and out into the night. Jack followed with the overcoats and the bundle, and so they went together through the long dark grass down to the landing. "This way, Mistress," said Dred; and he led her out along the wharf to where he and Jack had lashed the yawl to the piles. Jack stepped down into the boat, and tossed the overcoats and the bundle into the stern. Then he and Dred assisted the young lady into it, and Jack seated her upon the broad, bench-like seat that ran around the stern of the boat, forming with the stern-thwart a sort of cockpit.

"That 's all now, is n't it?" said he.

"That 's all," said Dred. "Ye be all ready now."

"Well — well then, Dred," said Jack — he stood up in the boat and reached his hand to Dred, who took it and held it,— "well, then, good-by, Dred, good-by! I 'd give all I have in the world if only you were going along."

"Would ye?" said Dred, as he held Jack's hand tightly.

The young lady aroused herself. "Is n't he going too?" she said.

"He says not," said Jack.

"Why, d' ye see, Mistress," said Dred, "I have n't been well. I 've had a bad fever, and I 'm too weak and sick to be of any use."

"Oh, I thought you were going too," said she, with a tone of keen disappointment in her voice; and Jack felt a dull, uncomfortable pang that she should not be more willing to put all her trust in him.

"Do come along," said he to Dred. "You see the young lady ain't willing to trust me."

"Ye hain't got victuals enough, anyway," said Dred.

"There 's two hams and two bags of biscuit," said Jack. "Why, 't is enough for six."

Dred stood silent, looking down into the boat. Suddenly he burst out, "Well, I suppose I 'll have to go. I know I be the eternalest fool that ever stepped in shoe-leather! If I go, and your father don't look arter me, Mistress, there 'll be no such thing as thankfulness in the world."

"But my father will care for you," said she. "He 'll pay you well for bringing me back."

Dred jumped down into the boat.

"D' ye mean it?" cried Jack. "D' ye mean you 'll really go?"

"Why, you see I mean it," answered Dred, gruffly,— almost angrily,— as he began casting off the lines that held the yawl to the wharf.

"Oh, Dred!" cried Jack. He flung his arms around the pirate, hugging him close, and almost kissing him in his joy.

"Let go o' me!" said Dred. "What d' ye mean, hugging me like that?" He tried to thrust Jack away with his elbow. "What 'll the young lady think of ye? Get away, I say!" And then he burst out laughing. "Why, what a young fool ye be, Jack! I knowed ye could n't manage by yourself. But I tell ye what 't is, Mistress, I depend on what you say. If your father don't stand to me for this, there 's no such thing as thankfulness, for sure." He and Jack were pushing off the yawl. "That 's it; shove her off a bit more now with the oar," said Dred. And then the yawl drifted off from the end of the little wharf into the broad waters of the creek.

Chapter XXXIV.

THE BOAT ADRIFT.

Colonel Parker was still a very sick man, but he had so far improved that he had begun to take some steps for the recovery of his daughter. Governor Spottiswood had come up to Marlborough to see him, and had found him very much broken with what had happened. "The villains!" said the sick man; and in speaking his lips trembled. "They murdered my Ned, and now they have taken the only other one that was left me!"

There was something infinitely pathetic in the helplessness of the proud, great man, and his twitching, trembling lips. The Governor could not reply, but he pressed the hand he held. Mr. Richard Parker stood by during the Governor's visit. The Governor looked at him, and wondered that he could be so unmoved; and then he remembered that all this was an old story to Richard Parker, while it was the first time he had seen Colonel Parker since the misfortune had happened. "Have you thought of what steps had best be taken?" said the Governor.

"Why, yes, I have," said Colonel Parker; and he put his weak hand to his forehead. "My brother Richard seems to think it would be better to wait till we have word from the villains who kidnapped my Nelly." He turned his eyes toward his brother as he spoke. "But I can't wait; I must do something to find her, and I can't wait. Just as soon as I am well enough I am going to take steps to find her."

"The 'Pearl' and 'Lyme' are lying at Jamestown now," said the Governor. "I was talking t' other day about your misfortune to some of the officers who had come over to the palace. Lieutenant Maynard was there. He said he would be willing to raise volunteers, and to take command of them, if only boats were supplied to him. He is a brave and experienced officer, and hath had to do with the pirates before at Madagascar. He saith that a couple of small sloops will be all that he will want, and be better than a man-of-war for such business and in shoal, coastwise water."

"Why, then, he shall have whatever he wants," said Colonel Parker. "He shall please himself in everything. There is my schooner yonder — a good, stout boat, and fit for any enterprise. How would she do, d' ye think?" He seemed eager for and glad of anything that would distract his mind from his trouble.

"Methought that you would do whatever was needed," said the Governor, glad to encourage him. "I told Maynard so, and he hath gone ahead to secure a fine, stout sloop. That and the schooner will be all that he can need."

"I should advise to wait a little while longer," said Mr. Richard Parker, cutting into the talk. "We have waited so long as this, and it can do no harm to wait a little longer. I would rather wait to hear from them. Of course they will write to make some sort of a bargain sooner or later. 'T is now over a month since she was taken, and 't is only a matter of a little more patience."

"Patience!" broke in Colonel Parker, tremulously. "'T is easy enough for you to talk of patience, Richard; but how can I be patient who have lost all I hold most precious in the world? Oh, Nelly, Nelly!" he cried, covering his eyes with his hands, "I would give all I have in the world to have thee back again!"

Mr. Richard Parker said nothing further, but he shrugged his shoulders.

Before the Governor went, he took Mr. Richard Parker aside. "Sir," said he, "there may be truth in what you say, and I will tell Maynard what you say; but there is no doubt that 't will be better to do something to arouse your brother. He sitteth here eating his heart out, and any action is better than none. I 'll advise Maynard that he lay off near the mouth of the bay till he hears something that may determine him what to do. Do you approve of that?"

Again Mr. Richard Parker shrugged his shoulders.

Two boats were fitted out — the schooner and a large sloop. It took maybe two weeks to arm the boats and victual and man them. Very unexpectedly, and at the last moment, Colonel Parker himself took a berth in the schooner. Mr. Richard Parker advised him vehemently not to go, and Madam Parker besought him with tears to remain at home. The doctor assured him that it was at the risk of his life that he went. "Sir," said the great man to the doctor, "I have been a soldier. Shall I then stay at home when my own daughter is in danger, and let others do the fighting for me? You shall go along, if you please, to look after my poor body; but go I shall."

They sailed first to Norfolk, and then out into the mouth of the bay. Colonel Parker's wish was to sail directly to Ocracock, where the pirates at that time were most apt to take shelter. But Lieutenant Maynard was very firm in the opinion that they should beat about in the bay until they heard some news that might direct their further action.

One morning, about ten o'clock, the lookout in the foretop of the schooner sighted an open boat under sail beating up into the bay. They signaled to the sloop, which was about four miles distant, to join them, and then ran down toward the boat they had sighted, upon the chance of gathering some news. As they came near they could see that the boat was very heavily loaded, and the lieutenant could make out with the glass that there were some twenty men and, apparently, two women aboard of

her. They could see the men in the boat waving their hats, and presently they could hear them cheer. The men were unshorn, dishevelled, weather-beaten. The two women looked weak and bedraggled.

Colonel Parker was not well that day, and had remained in the cabin. Lieutenant Maynard stood at the open gangway as the boat and the schooner drifted nearer and nearer together.

"Hullo!" Lieutenant Maynard called out. "What boat is that?"

A man whose chin was bristling with a week's growth of beard stood up in the stern. "The jolly-boat of the bark 'Duchess Mary,' from Southampton, bound for Charleston in South Carolina," he called in answer, making a trumpet of his hands.

The rowers in the boat, alternately dipping and raising their oars, drew her, rising and falling upon the lumpy sea, nearer and nearer to the schooner. The poor wretches were all looking up at the larger vessel, their rough, hairy faces crowded together and turned upward in the sunlight. "How d' ye come here?" said Lieutenant Maynard. "Who 's in command?"

"I 'm in command," answered the man in the stern of the boat,—"Edward Billings, first mate. We was fired into by pirates, and sunk, nine days ago. The two other boats, under command of the captain and second mate, was parted from us day afore yesterday."

As soon as the mate of the lost bark came aboard, the lieutenant led him into the cabin, Colonel Parker was lying upon the seat, his head upon a pillow, and a blanket spread over him. He raised his head as the two entered.

"This man is the first mate of a boat that hath been attacked and sunk by the pirates," said the lieutenant. "I thought you would like to hear what he hath to say from his own mouth."

"Why, then, indeed I would," said Colonel Parker. He arose, and looked the shipwrecked mate over. The man was very weather-beaten. "Here, Cato!" called Colonel Parker; and then, as the negro appeared, "Fetch in a bottle of Madeira and some biscuit. You 'll have some refreshment, won't you, sir?"

"Thank ye kindly, sir," said the shipwrecked first mate, scraping a bow, and touching his forehead with his finger.

"Now, then," said Lieutenant Maynard, "let us hear about it."

The negro came in with the wine and biscuit. The man poured himself out a glass of Madeira, as he began telling his story. They had, he said, nine days ago fallen in with two vessels, both sloops, some hundred or hundred and twenty miles off Cape Hatteras. The vessels looked suspiciously like pirates, and they had crowded on all sail to run from them; but after two days' chase the pirates had come up with them. The smaller of the two sloops had overhauled them first, and the other being more than a league away, they had made a smart running fight with her, hoping to overpower her before the other could come to her aid. But they had not been able to do so, and in the mean time the other had come up, and they were forced to surrender. They had cut up one of the sloops pretty badly; so, perhaps out of revenge, after the pirates had taken a lot of cloth goods, some bales of silk and linen, and several casks of Madeira from the Duchess Mary, they had fired a broadside into her, in spite of her having surrendered. The broadside had struck them heavily astern, betwixt wind and water. There was a heavy sea running at the time, and in spite of all they could do they found the vessel was taking in more water than they could pump away. At last, finding that she was sinking, they had gone off from her about sundown, and she had gone down a half-hour later. Since then they had been adrift. He said that they had had ample provisions and water aboard, and that they had not endured any especial hardships, except from the weather,—a three days' blow from the north having caused them a good deal of trouble. He said that the captain's and the second mate's boat had got parted from them two nights before. The pirate Captain, he said, was a terrible-looking spectacle. He had a long, black beard plaited into three plaits; and he had lighted slow-matches stuck under his hat brim. "He looked," said the mate, "like a raging fury, rather than like a Christian creature."

"Why, then," said Lieutenant Maynard, "if

GOVERNOR SPOTTISWOOD VISITS COLONEL PARKER.
(SEE PAGE 319.)

that be so, I believe I know who 't was, and that 't was the famous Blackbeard. For so he nearly always goes into a fight, sir, as this worthy man describes him, with lighted slow-matches stuck around his hat. I think, sir, we should put back to Norfolk, and get those poor wretches ashore. The authorities should be informed of this."

As the lieutenant and the mate of the Duchess Mary came out of the roundhouse together, a little man with a lean, dark face, a stringy black beard covering his cheeks, and dressed in a sort of nondescript costume, came straight up to Mr. Maynard. He was one of those of the rescued boat. Maynard looked the little man over as he approached. "Well, my man," said he, "and what can I do for you?"

"Sir," said the little man, "I ask for nothing but justice."

"You go forward where you belong, Burton," said the mate of the rescued boat.

"Not till the gentleman hears me," cried the little man.

"What do you want?" said the lieutenant. "What is the trouble?"

"Sir, I have been foully dealt with," said the little man. "I am a lawyer; my name is Roger Burton. I am a man of repute, and held in respect by all who know me. Sir, I was struck upon the head and nearly killed; and while I lay unconscious I was kidnapped, and came to myself only to find myself aboard of a vessel bound for the Americas."

"He was one of a lot of redemption servants brought aboard at Southampton," said the mate.

"Well, I am sorry for you, my man, if what you say is true," said the lieutenant; "but 't is all none of my business. Many men are brought hither to America, as you say you have been, and your case is not any worse than theirs."

"What, sir!" said the little man; "and is that all the satisfaction I am to have? Is that all you have to say to me? I hold the position of a gentleman, sir, in the eyes of the law. I have the right to sign myself 'Esquire,' as you, sir, have the right to sign yourself 'Lieutenant,' and to go under a gentleman's title. Am I, then, to be put off when I ask for justice?"

"I am not a magistrate," said the lieutenant. "I am an officer in the navy. You are a lawyer, you say. Well, then, you can plead your own case when you get ashore."

"Come now, Burton; you go forward where you belong," said the mate.

"And will you, then, not listen to me?" cried the little man.

"You heard what your commanding officer said," said the lieutenant; "did you not? I have told you all that I have to say. He told you to go forward. I tell you that I am not a magistrate, and cannot help you." Then the little attorney walked away, dolefully.

"How many of those poor people had you aboard?" asked the lieutenant.

"We had twenty-five in all. I had eleven with me in the boat—nine men and two women."

(*To be continued.*)

TO-MORROW.

By Harriet F. Blodgett.

Beyond the gate of twilight lands,
Across the fields of night,
The fair To-morrow waiting stands
To greet the morning light.
So close your eyes, my sweetest sweet,
And close your eyes, my dear,
And when you wake, for your sweet sake
To-morrow will be here.

And when you see her, hold her fast,
Lest she should slip away,
For some folk say she will not last,
But fades into to-day.
Yet—close your eyes, my sweetest sweet,
And close your eyes, my dear,
And when you wake, for your sweet sake
To-morrow will be here.

How the Cabin Boy Saved the Fleet : 1666.

By Emma E. Brown.

It was on one August morning,
Just between the dusk and dawning,
When the Dutch came down the bay
Where the English vessels lay;
And their hissing shot and shell
On the British flag-ship fell
Till two masts were shot away.

Then brave Narborough, discerning
How the battle-tide was turning,
Strove in vain to signal aid
'Midst the blinding cannonade,
Till he called in accents loud:

"Is there one among this crowd
Who will risk his life for all?"
Swift in answer to his call
Came a lad with eager face—
"Take and use me, sir!" he said.
"You can spare me from my place,
And death I do not dread."
So the cabin-boy that day,
'Midst the thunder and the flame,
Swam across the seething bay—
Far across,—a floating speck,—
Till, at last, unharmed he came
Where the waiting allies lay.

"'T is a miracle!" they said;
And, as one raised from the dead,
So they drew him up on deck.

Thus it was when hope had fled
From the British ranks that day,
And the fleet with sore dismay

And they scattered far and wide
All the enemy that night.

Then, amidst the shouts of joy,
Narborough called the dauntless boy
Who had turned the tide of war,
"Honor unto whom 't is due,

"SWIFT IN ANSWER TO HIS CALL CAME A LAD WITH EAGER FACE."

Saw their wounded and their dead
Falling fast on every side,
Suddenly there came in sight,
Bearing down upon the right,
With fresh guns, fresh men, fresh nerve,
All the longed-for, grand "reserve";

And we owe it all to you,
Cloudesley Shovel, brave and true!"
Said the Admiral, who foresaw
Even then a grand career
For this boy so void of fear;
And while cheer rose after cheer

"THEY DREW HIM UP ON DECK."

For the hero of the hour,
"May I live," old Narborough cried,
"Till I see you, lad, in power—
Till one day I see you stand
On the ship that you command!"

Years passed on—his wish came true;
For the Admiral lived to see
Cloudesley Shovel admiral too!
Well we know his history:
How he bravely faced the foe
At La Hogue and Malago—
Barcelona, Bantry Bay.

Victory after victory
Crowned the cabin-boy's career;
And Westminster's nave to-day,
'Mong her knights that knew no fear,
Holds his name enshrined alway!

THREE FRESHMEN: RUTH, FRAN, AND NATHALIE.

By Jessie M. Anderson.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter IV.

RECEIVED BY THE SOPHOMORES.

That old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors,— doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries. —*Ruskin.*

"You blessed old Ruth," exclaimed Fran, "we shall not be fairly in college till we have been received by the dear things to-night. And what do *you* propose to wear, Johnny Rokesmith?"

"Oh, Ma Boffin," answered Nathalie, "if crying were not a lost art in the Bower, I should lay me down right here and howl, for I have n't a *thing* I can wear! Here it is only a month since we came, and I feel like — I mean *as if* — I were squeezed half to death in that pale-yellow gown."

Hereupon Fran, toning down her merry face and voice to an unearthly somberness, seized Nathalie, and forcing her into the "short-side" step which they had just learned in "gym.," began to chant:

"Stout — er
Than — I
U — used to — o *be!*
Still — more
Corp — u —
Lent — gro — ow *I!*
There — will —
Be — too
Much — of — me
In — the — *coming* — *by* — and *by!*"

Nathalie laughed, and breaking away, sank breathless into a chair; but Fran, studiously scanning her face, cried, "There is still a tear threatening the left side of your nose. You need some more light-hearted exercise. Don't you remember what the Prex said about the mental cheer to be gained from muscular exertion? Come!" And dragging up the reluctant Nathalie, she began again — this time the "long-side":

"One — two — three — four!
Gen-tle *Jane*-was-as *good*-as *gold!*
She always did as she was told.
She never spoke when her mouth was full;
Nor caught bluebottles, their legs to pull;
Nor spilt plum-jam on her best new frock;
Nor put white mice in the eight-day clock;
Nor vivisected her last new doll;
Nor fostered a passion for alcohol;
And when she grew up, she was given in marriage
To a first-class earl, who kept his carriage."

By the time they reached this climax in Jane's history, they had upset two chairs, nearly knocked over the tea-table, and sent Ruth into fits of laughter in a helpless heap on the lounge.

"There!" said Fran. "Now you are both of you in a more reasonable state of mind! We are now ready to proceed to the weightier matter of a gown. Nathalie, that yellow gown of yours *must* be received by the sophomores; it 's far too fetching to be left out. I think there are still some ducats in the Boffin bank,— yes! We will go without lump-sugar in our tea for a day or two, and get you some yellow chrysanthemums to fill out the gap in the belt,— for if you *will* come to college you *must* breathe!"

"That is the most ingenious idea of yours!" said Ruth, admiringly. "Now, 'Odysseus, fertile in resources,' if you will only help me about the neck of this thing!"

"Why should n't the Ma of the family?" responded Fran in a matter-of-fact way, taking the needle from Ruth's fingers, and deftly gathering up tiny knots of blue ribbon to surround the slender throat.

Not only Ma of the Boffins, but president of the freshman class, was Fran; and Pa and Our Mutual Friend looked proudly on when they saw her ushered in and officially presented to the president and vice-president of the sophomores.

The scene had a pleasant background. In

the wide gymnasium hall, the three walls with their chest-weights and other apparatus, and the balcony and platform on the fourth side, were covered with pine-branches and pine-cones set in big clusters,— the class colors of the sophomores — brown and green. Just behind the receiving party was a ladder of four rounds, set among the pine-branches, with the class motto over it in Greek letters, *Phosde*. On the second round had been placed a figure in sophomore brown and green, leaning over to help a figure in pure white just stepping up to the first round.

"The neophyte as the unsophisticated freshman is most appropriately in white," said the vice-president of the class, Miss Raymond, as she and Fran joined the promenaders, having been officially decorated with the freshman "favors" — tiny brown bags with a green ribbon tied around the fat neck of each, and neatly labeled *Salt*.

"Oh, it only means that we wear the college color till we choose something for our own," answered Fran, absently. "For my part, it seems as if class colors, like novel-plots, are exhausted in these days of overdoing things.

"'YOU NEED SOME MORE LIGHT-HEARTED EXERCISE,' SAID FRAN."

But we must call a class meeting next week and talk it over."

"Just gaze at Ruth!" whispered Nathalie, passing on the arm of a silent, grim-looking sophomore in a stiff black silk and gold-rimmed spectacles. "Do you see her yonder, in the corner, hobnobbing with the Greek professor?"

"MOUNTAIN DAY"—OFF TO THE HILLS.

"I mean to find out what they are talking about," answered Fran, as the grim sophomore marched Nathalie down the line, while Fran slipped away from Miss Raymond, and caught Ruth just leaving her professor.

"What do you mean by monopolizing one fifth of the men in the room? Can't you leave him to the ladies, Pa Boffin? And why do you look so very solemn?" said Fran to Ruth.

"He was just speaking of the *Phosde*, 'Lightward,'" said Ruth thoughtfully. "He made it all seem very real and earnest, the ladder and—"

"And when you get to the top, you have reached the mantelpiece candles, not the sun," said Fran impatiently, with a backward glance at the ladder. "Really, I do think, Ruth, this is the *tamest* frolic *I* ever saw. It only shows what a lot of girls with a few of the oldest 'profs'—for the young ones stay away—can do. The next reception they have, I mean to have my Amherst cousin over. He is a freckled country boy,—I have always called him the 'Spring Chicken,' and when you see him, you 'll know exactly why. But he is livelier than four hundred and fifty girls. I don't know the twenty-seven I 've met to-night from any other twenty-seven,—is n't it a farce!"

"Fran, dear, you are in a very bad humor," said Ruth. "I think it is one of the most interesting entertainments I ever heard of, myself. The Sophomore Glee Club will sing now in a minute: they say they sing very well; and there is a mandolin club. Have you a program?"

Near the piano the buzz of talk stopped, and the quiet gradually spread to the back of the room, as the singing began: first to the tune of "Where, oh where, are the Hebrew Children?"

Where, oh where, is our dear Prexie?
Where, oh where, is our dear Prexie?
Where, oh where, is our dear Prexie?
'Way over in the Promised Land!

He went up with the Minor Prophets,
He went up with the Minor Prophets,
He went up with the Minor Prophets,
'Way over in the Promised Land!

His last words were, "Two walks a day!"
His last words were, "Two walks a day!"
His last words were, "Take *two* walks a day!"
'Way over in the Promised Land!

This song, with accompaniment of banjos and much clapping, went through the names of the faculty in a naïve, unreserved fashion.

Two or three more of the familiar college songs, in the intervals of promenade and fresh introduction, and then the inevitable "Good night, Ladies!" and the freshmen were "fairly in college," for the reception was over.

Chapter V.

"Pa" and "Ma Boffin" have a domestic chat.

No receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.
—*Bacon*, "Of Friendship."

When Ma Boffin got home from the sophomore reception, she found Ruth already in bed, with the gas turned low. There is scarcely any state of affairs more conducive to crossness on both sides.

The irritation that Ruth felt at being kept awake, she carefully covered with the remark: "You would better turn up the light, dear; you can't undress in the dark;" to which Frances replied with responsive self-control: "Oh, yes, I can! You go to sleep; you must be tired, working on that committee!"

A silence followed, broken in about five minutes by a half-audible groan from Frances, as she felt about on the floor for a dropped scarf-pin.

Ruth sighed effectively; then let out fifteen minutes' worth of irritation in querulousness of tone. "I fail to see, myself, why your being a popular girl, and all that, obliges you to stop to talk to every girl in the college before you come home. You 're a born politician! But you 'll pay for it with a headache to-morrow, if you don't get to bed pretty soon."

Frances turned out the light altogether, and crossing the room, kneeled down by Ruth's bed and said softly:

"Ruth dear, I know I 'm a very trying girl to room with, and I 'm cross to-night. But now, truly, *did* you like that reception? And *do* you like walking and eating and reciting and playing tennis and generally chumming, with such quantities of *girls?* Don't you ever think it is pleasanter in the real world, with men and women,—just a trifle more of spice?"

"What do you mean?" said Ruth, gently,—greatly pleased with Fran's unusual affectionateness, but quite in the dark as to what she was talking about.

"Oh, Ruth, have n't you felt so? Then there 's no use of talking about it. But I gaze around at those rows of girls in the dining-room, and I think: Was it ever meant that a girl should be taken away for four years from her life as daughter and sister at home, with all the training there is in that life for the future home-making that comes to most women in some shape, and be set down here, where she is just a bachelor student? Here we work our heads over books or in the laboratories, and expend our social instincts on making groups of girls laugh over our own little college jokes. The trouble is that we don't go home in the afternoon, and apply our geometry to planning the location of the parlor rugs, or our brightnesses to cheering papa at dinner. We skip that for *four years*, and it 's too *long*."

"No, no, no!" said Ruth warmly. "You are wrong, Ma Boffin! How can you talk so? It seems to me that you are disloyal to the whole life here, and to the whole question of the Higher Education of Women. You can't mean it. Don't you remember what the college catalogue says, that 'the training here is to fit us to do better our work in life, whatever that work may be'? Does knowing Greek unfit a girl for making biscuit?"

"Ideally, never! Practically it may unfit her for home duties nine times out of ten."

"Don't you believe that every woman, in this age and country, should be fitted to make her own way? Come, Fran, you say I 'm a hopeless idealist; but that is practical enough! You know what an advantage college training gives a woman there."

Ruth, being fond of reasoning, would have gone on for hours, analyzing and meeting objections. But Frances, having stated her beliefs, acquired quite as much by intuition and observation as by logic, was tired of the argument, and leaving the shaft she had sent to do its own work, said with her usual directness:

"It 's high time we were asleep."

"Nathalie looked lovely to-night, did n't she?" Ruth remarked, to break what she felt was an awkward silence, as Fran bent to kiss her good night.

"There 's more grit in that soft-voiced little bit of humanity than appears in her naïve smile," Fran replied, with decision. "Of course she is a mere child,—years younger, practically, than either of us, Ruth. But she has a store of resolution. She has been used, all her life, to having one darky bring her hot water in the morning, and another one turn out her light at night; and now do you see how plucky she is about doing things for herself here? *Pauvre petite!* she 's homesick almost every evening; but when she feels like crying, she marches over to the Music Building and works 'like a nigger,' as *she* would say, at her voice. And it is very hard, up-hill work, that vocal practice. Professor Letowski takes her for a mere afternoon-tea singer; and she does not look like a serious worker, and her training has been very amateurish. But she is determined to make him change his mind about her. The other night I went over to Music Hall, and found the child singing away for dear life, on the stupidest of exercises, with a tear rolling down each side of that dear little nose and balancing on the tilt of it!"

Fran's picture was so vividly droll, that Ruth laughed as heartily as Fran herself had laughed on the real occasion. Then both yawned, and then laughed again. And as the college clock struck one, Fran crept to her own little bed.

"You 've admitted that college life is doing something for Nathalie," was Ruth's parting thrust.

"Oh, yes; it is stiffening her spinal column," Fran answered amicably.

Meanwhile Nathalie lay sound asleep in number twenty-eight.

Chapter VI.

MOUNTAIN DAY.

For beauty, truth, and goodness are not obsolete; they are as indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany or the Isles of Greece. —*Emerson*, "Art."

Our older New England universities set a worthy example before the younger generation of colleges, in sending out their students, for one whole day in golden October, to live among the everlasting hills.

On other days their young men and women may geologize over rock-strata, and botanize among flower-petals. But for this once they must lay aside hammer and glass and dissecting-needle, to breathe into their lungs the clear air of the hilltops, and into their hearts the beauty of autumn sky and frost-painted foliage.

And so Ruth found herself keeping Mountain Day at Smith College, as her father had kept it, thirty years before, at Williams.

Great plans were on foot; and parties—big and jolly, or select and intimate—were packing luncheons, and folding shawls, and donning gloves and hats, while horses of all sorts and conditions, from all the neighboring livery-stables, were pulling up before the houses vehicles of the oddest shapes and sizes.

The Boffin party was unique. Ruth, naturally a philanthropist, and trained to city missionary work at home, had taken charge of a class of young women in one of the town Sunday-schools. Most of this class were mill-hands. Alternately laughed at and sympathized with by Fran and Nathalie, she had begged of the mill-manager that she might have the ten girls for this one day.

Having gained her point, and her invitation being most eagerly accepted by all ten, she had, about a week beforehand, consulted with the other Boffins about ways and means. Fran was, as usual, the only one who had any "ducats"

beyond enough to keep her in postage-stamps, and the problem began to look rather serious.

"It is just like me!" said Ruth, dolefully. "I *am* a theorist, as you 've always said, Fran dear! I never thought of the money! But if we take them to The Orient, or Mount Tom, or even to Sugarloaf, we shall need a big buck-board and four horses, and that will be fifteen dollars!"

"There is only one way to manage it!" said Fran, with all businesslike severity. "We must earn the money. And it can be done — easily enough. There!" and fishing out of the waste-basket a huge piece of brown wrapping-paper, she smoothed the creases and printed on it, in clear, large letters:

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED

Are prepared to serve the public in the following particulars, for one week, beginning October the twentieth:

Tennis-courts marked out, with superb quality of whitewash, warranted right angles at the corners, per court	$0.75
Beds made, each	.10
Shoe-buttons sewed on, each	.05
Stocking-holes darned, per square inch	.15
Walnut or date-creams, home-made, per lb.	.60
Hot waffles, each	.10
Notes on lectures copied with gold pen, per page	.10
" " " with "stylo," per page	.05

THE BOFFINS.

"*Voilà!* If we don't make fifteen dollars out of that, I 'm an Irishman!"

The notice was pinned up at the end of the corridor; and within a few days seventeen dollars and eighty-five cents in silver and copper jingled merrily in the Boffins' bank.

The result was now seen in the shape of a long wagon with two seats along the sides,— known thereabouts as a "barge,"— filled with Ruth's mill-girls, while the Boffins and Mother Hubbard, whom they had captured for the scheme, were ingeniously sprinkled about as entertaining committee.

Ruth, pleased with her plan's success, threw herself conscientiously into the work of talking to the two girls beside her. Fran, entering into the affair with the more human notion of the fun to be had out of the occasion, managed to distribute her enjoyment as far as her voice and laugh could reach. And Nathalie sat next to Mother Hubbard, smiling at Fran's jokes, and trying to be unconscious of the very admiring stare of the girl opposite, who had an eye for delicate beauty and no shyness in enjoying it.

Through the country they drove for four hours of a perfect October forenoon. Now and then a long farm-house stretched beside the road its length of kitchen and wood-house and barns, and was flanked by fields of yellow pumpkins gathered into piles or lying in rows at the foot of deserted bean-poles.

Ahead, Mount Holyoke and her "sister peak, Mount Tom" (so called by an Amherst freshman in one of his compositions) lifted their heads and looked across at each other, like old friends wondering how the rift had come between them.

Very hungry the girls were when, at noon, they drew up in front of a big inn at the foot of Sugarloaf, where they had planned to add hot coffee to their luncheon.

Refreshed by biscuit and chicken, they started afoot up the hill, along a road too steep and woody for the horses, and were rewarded by a view, somewhat shut in, but mellowed and harmonized by the warm haze almost like that of an Indian summer.

Back again at the inn, seated around on the floor before a log fire, they suggested that some one should tell a story during the time they had to spare before starting for home. Fran urged Ruth to lead off, but Mother Hubbard said: "We have just about time for one short story, and I move that we draw lots for the teller." The lot, decided by drawing slips of paper from Fran's sailor-hat, fell to Nathalie. So, after much urging by Pa and Ma, she began:

"We have an old negress on our plantation at home, my old Mammy, who is very fond of hearing her 'young Miss' sing. There was one song she just loved to hear. Fran, if you 'll get my guitar, I 'll sing it for them."

Surprised at the shy Nathalie's forwardness, Fran encouraged it with a bright smile and a pat on the shoulder, as she handed her the guitar, and whispered: "That 's fine, John Rokesmith!"

Nathalie took it, and sang — less and less consciously as she went on:

"Ask nothing more of me, Sweet!
All I can give you, I give!
Heart of my heart, were it more,
More should be laid at your feet!
Love that should — help you to — live!
Song that should spur you to soar!
Ask nothing more of me, Sweet —
Ask nothing more, nothing more!"

Everybody was quiet as Nathalie ended — very simply, with a pathetic little twang in the last line, as if tired out with the fervor of the words and music. Then she laughed, a little nervously, and went on:

"You see, old Mammy had stopped her dusting so often to hear me sing that, she pretty nearly knew it by heart. And one day Mama and I were walking up the terraces from the river, about four o'clock in the evening, and we heard Mammy's voice a-quaverin' away, and we stopped and listened. And there was old Jake, the gardener, a-sitting on the kitchen step, looking up at Mammy in the most love-sick way, — and she a-singing:

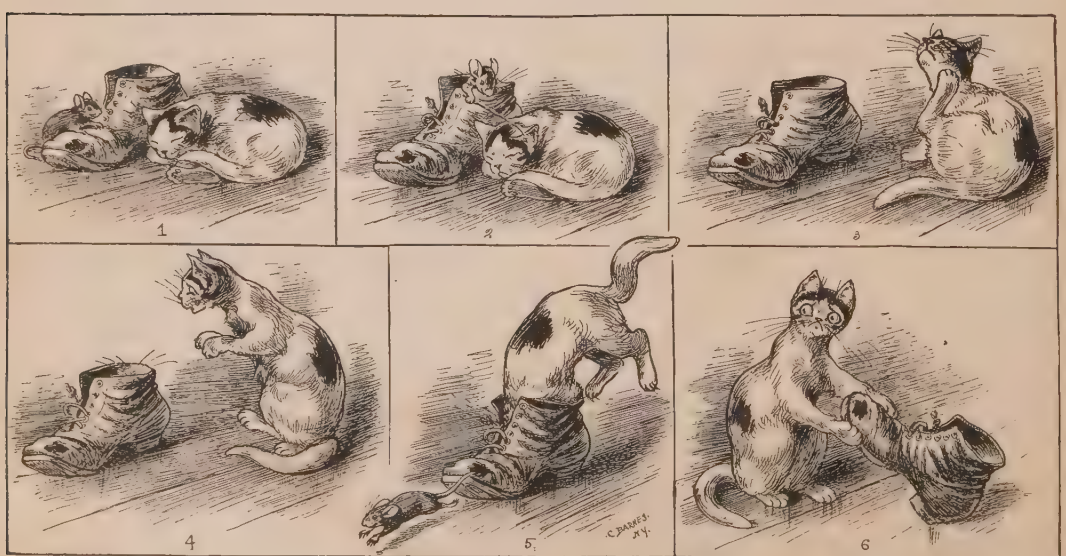
(Here Nathalie again took up the guitar.)

"Ask nuffin moh ob me, Honey!
All I can gib, I gib yoh.
Haht ob my haht, was it *moah*,
Moh should be laid at yoh feet!
Lub dat should help yoh to lib,
Song dat should make yoh *soah*, Honey!
Ask nuffin moh ob me, Honey!
Don' yoh be askin' no moah!"

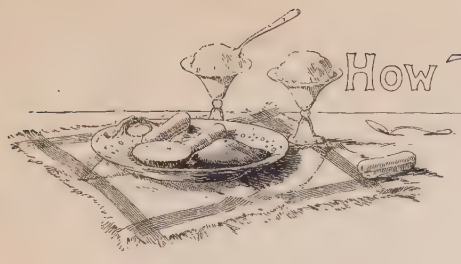
Nathalie positively refused a very persistent encore to the dramatic little tale, and took modestly, but with a blush of pleasure, the applause accorded to her amusing story with its guitar accompaniment.

The drive home was even gayer than in the morning, as the guests had lost their shyness. The mill-girls' thoughts were lingering over the day's pleasure, or sobering to the remembered work of the morrow, with its endless clattering of heartless iron spindles. Ruth could not keep her head from puzzling over certain mysteries of wealth and poverty.

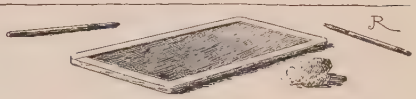
(To be continued.)



THE MISCHIEVOUS MOUSE AND THE ANGRY CAT.



How Ted Was Entertained.



By Mary V. Worstell.

He was out of sorts, was Theodore Hays. He felt that he was ill used, and perhaps you know what that is. It makes a body feel as if he were better than the rest of the world, and — oh, bitter thought! — as if the rest of the world was indifferent to the fact.

The real state of the case was this. Theodore had been sick with the measles, and now he was in a state of convalescence that made him as cross as a little bear. Besides, the whole family were going to "Barnum's." They had delayed this annual dissipation till the very last night possible, and even then the doctor had forbidden Theodore to go. From this you will see that if ever a boy had a right to be cross, that boy was Theodore Hays.

Because Theodore was really a capital fellow, I will not describe at length the scene that greeted his Aunt Alma when she stepped in, that particular evening, to read him a few stories from a certain magazine.

"Oh, bother! I *hate* stories — I hate everything and everybody — and I hate the circus, too! But — oh, dear!" he inconsistently wailed, "I *did* just want to go like sixty!"

"There — there! Teddie boy," said his mother; "don't make us all unhappy. Here is Aunt Alma, who has come to spend the evening with you. And I have told Annie to bring you something nice at exactly nine o'clock. So have just as good a time as you can, and then we all will have a pleasanter evening."

There certainly was something rather inviting in the prospect, after all. Aunt Alma was always good company, and — what was Annie to bring him at nine o'clock? Was it to be oranges, or grape-fruit, or wine-jelly?

Well, the front door closed at length, and before any more troublesome thoughts could intrude, Aunt Alma said brightly:

"What shall it be to-night, Ted? Shall I read you a story, or shall we play a few games?"

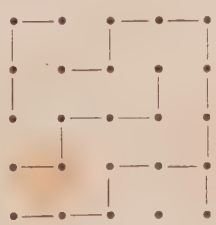
By this time Theodore had bravely resolved to allow his Aunt Alma to entertain him without making a too desperate resistance, so he said, almost amiably:

"Do you know any nice *new* games, Aunt Alma?"

"I know two 'slate-games' that are so old they will be quite new to *you*, Ted."

Ted's slate was close at hand, and the first game they played was called "Patchwork." First of all, Aunt Alma put ever so many dots on the slate in a square form, like this:

Aunt Alma and Ted began drawing lines from one dot to another, in turn. Soon the slate looked like this:

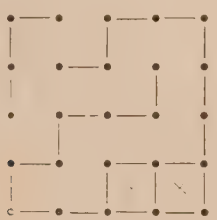


The game required each player to make a line in turn, and each player tried to make the

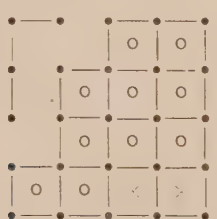
line without enabling the opponent to complete a square. As often as a player completed a square he earned the right to make another line at once.

Before he knew it, Ted was completely absorbed. It was really exciting: for, as has been stated, when a player added a *fourth* side to a square he had the privilege not only of adding another line just as often as he completed a square, but he could put his own mark inside the square. Ted used an ×, and Aunt Alma an O.

At length Aunt Alma was forced to add a third side to a square, and she prudently drew it on the lowest line at the right hand. Ted saw his chance, triumphantly completed one square—two squares! and put an × in them,—thus:



He was so elated with his success that his next line was drawn without caution, and this enabled his opponent to make a fine showing; for when he drew an upright line at the extreme left between the lowest two dots, as shown in the diagram just above, he lost not only one, but ten squares; for she could complete all marked with an O, as shown here.

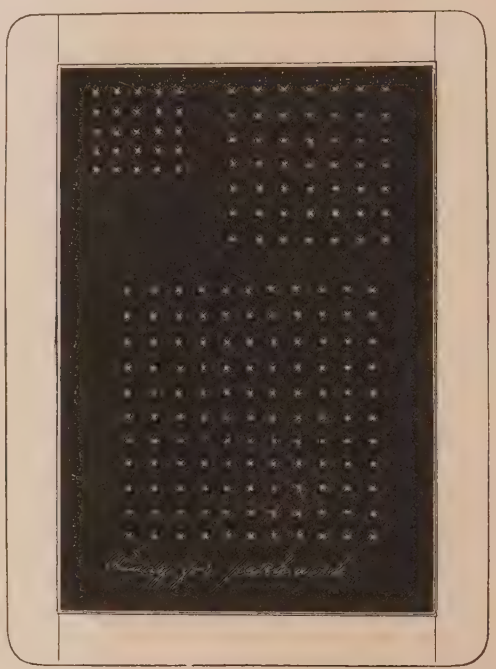


Then Aunt Alma filled in another line, and Ted had the pleasure of making a large × in each of the four remaining squares.

You see that Ted gained only six squares, while Aunt Alma made ten.

"Not a very good showing," said Ted. "But I warn you, Aunt Alma, that I see through it now, and in the next game I 'll beat you badly. Please make another diagram, only make it a great deal bigger; for I 'm going to scoop in squares by the dozen."

So Aunt Alma made one diagram after another, each diagram having more dots in the



beginning than the one that went before. Ted was so interested that he forgot all else; and when a square containing one hundred dots at the beginning had been made into "patchwork," Ted counted in it three more squares to his credit than there were to his aunt's.

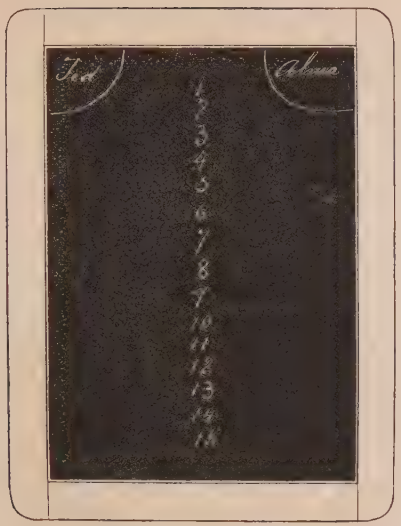
"There, Aunt Alma! How do you like being beaten at your own game?"

"I like it so little," said Aunt Alma, pretending to be very much dejected, "that I propose another game called 'Touch-me-not.'"

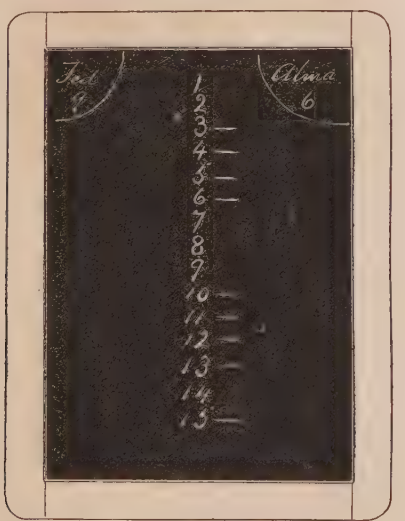
"All right," assented Ted.

It was very easy to learn; and I think Ted liked it better than "Patchwork," which, he confided to his aunt, "sounded more like a girl's game than a boy's."

This is the way the slate looked before the game began:



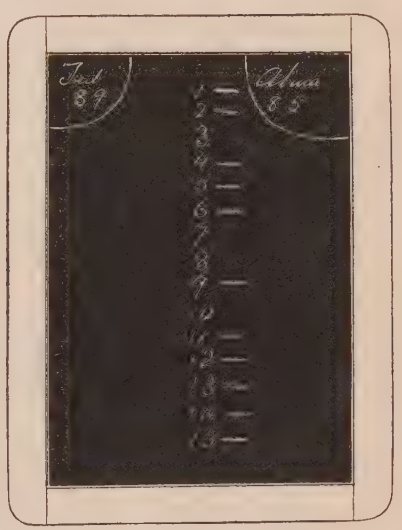
Aunt Alma, without letting Ted know which one she chose, wrote one of the fifteen numbers on the back of the slate; and Ted tried to mark other numbers than the one she had chosen, but at last he checked off 15.



Now 15 was the number written on the back of the slate, and therefore Ted counted all the numbers beside which he had drawn lines; so his corner of the slate had a large 9 placed in it, and Aunt Alma, who could only count the unchecked numbers as her share, had a modest 6 placed to her account.

Then Ted wrote a number on the back of the slate, and Aunt Alma checked off the numbers. Whoever first made 50 (or any number previously agreed upon), won the game.

Never mind who gained the first victory. I will show you how the slate looked when they were finishing their fourth game of "Touch-me-not." In this game they made the number to be reached 100 instead of 50.



Ted gave a long, low whistle as he checked off his eleventh number and won the game.

Just then the clock struck nine, and Annie rapped gently at the door.

"Come in," said Aunt Alma.

Annie bore a tray, and on it was some ice-cream, pistache and strawberry, Ted's favorite flavors, in the prettiest mold you ever saw. There were lady-fingers, too.

All games were suspended for the evening, and Ted, who had entirely recovered his good nature, said graciously half an hour later, as his aunt was getting ready to go home:

"You 're a brick, Aunt Alma! This has been *almost* as good as 'Barnum's.'"

THE DOINGS OF A MOLE.

(Eleventh paper of the series, "Quadrupeds of North America.")

By W. T. Hornaday.

A large number of St. Nicholas boys should know a great deal about moles by personal observation. In very many regions of the United States moles are plentiful and cheap, and are easily investigated. In a clay country they are not so abundant as elsewhere, because wherever clay soil predominates it bakes so hard on the surface that it interferes seriously with the mole's business. Buffalo clay, for instance, is forever safe from his attacks; for, powerful as he is, I don't believe he will be able to drive any tunnels under its flinty surface until nature provides him with a rock-drill, and electric power to run it.

Wherever you find loose or sandy soil, with sufficient annual rainfall to support earthworms, look for moles, and you will be likely to find them. Sandy Florida is a great place for these animals, but the fact that the soil is mostly clear sand is a drawback to tunneling. The tunnels fill up so quickly it is rather discouraging. I was once much surprised to find where a mole had left the shelter of the saw-palmettos, and tunneled down beneath the naked ocean beach for a hundred feet or more. It looked on the surface as if he had started for the briny deep to get a drink, but when I caught him he assured me he was hunting for a tiny little crustacean called the sand-flea, that burrows in the sand.

Central Indiana is a perfect mole's paradise, —his "happy hunting-ground," in which digging is easy, all his improvements are permanent, worms and garden vegetables are plentiful, and escape is easy. Not long ago, I invaded that particular portion of his domain, and during a brief halt improved the shining hour by interviewing some of the inhabitants of the underground world. We found the Common Mole at home; and although it was the middle of April, and gloriously warm at that, he was still to be found in his winter-quarters — the bottom of a snug potato-hole in the garden, where, in a very comfortable nest, were two young ones two and a half inches long.

COMMON MOLE.
(Sca'lops a-quat'i-cus.)

The mole was invented expressly for digging and tunneling in the earth, just as particularly as a bird was made to fly, and a fish to swim! Catch the first one you can, tie a long string to one of his hind legs, and then devote an hour to studying him. Even though you never before thought of such a thing as studying the form of a small quadruped, you will surely find the mole interesting.

And what a curious little beast he is, to be sure! In appearance he is merely a flattened, oblong ball of very fine and soft, shimmering gray fur, pointed and footed at both ends. From the end of his nose to the insertion of his tail, he measures six and a quarter inches, and his naked little pinky-white tail looks like an angle-worm one and three quarter inches long. His nose projects half an inch beyond his mouth, and it feels as hard as if it had a bone in it. It terminates in a broad, flattened point, shaped for all the world like a rock-drill — and the way in which it can bore through the earth is astonishing.

But his fore feet! They are three quarters of an inch wide, but less than an inch in length, including the claws, the longest of which measures nearly half an inch. Each foot is a miniature spade, armed with very sharp and powerful claws, formed like chisels, for cutting earth. The fore legs have no length whatever, the feet being set on to the body *edgewise*, close beside the jaws, with the soles outward. The ends of the claws point as far forward as the end of the nose.

Now place the wriggling and restive little creature upon the ground, on a spot where the ground is not unreasonably hard, so that he

may have a fair chance for disappearing, and see what he will do.

The instant he touches the earth, down goes his nose, feeling nervously here and there for a place to start his drill. In about one second he has found a suitable spot. His nose sinks into the soil as if it were a brad-awl, with a half boring and half pushing motion, and in an instant half your mole's head is buried from view. Now watch sharply, or he will be out of sight before you see how he does it. Up comes his powerful right foot, sliding close along the side of his head, straight forward, edgewise, to the end of his nose. His five-pointed chisel cuts the earth vertically until it reaches as far forward as his short reach will let it go; then, with a quick motion, he pries the earth sidewise from his nose, and so makes quite an opening. Instantly the left foot does the same thing on the other side, and meanwhile the gimlet-pointed nose has gone right on boring. In *five seconds*, by the watch, his body is entirely out of sight, and only his funny little tail can be seen. In three minutes he will tunnel a foot, if he is at all in a hurry to get on in the world.

Now, suppose you kill him, for the fact is that he is a nuisance, and sit down in the shade to skin him, slowly and carefully, with your pocket-knife. You will undoubtedly be surprised at the remarkable form of the creature's fore legs. The arm and forearm is a big, hard bundle of tough muscles and powerful tendons, giving the skinned fore leg a shape like an Indian club, and of enormous size in proportion to the creature's body. A 160-pound man built in the same proportion would have a biceps as large around as a peck measure, and strength enough in it to dig like a steam-shovel.

With the animal's skin off, you will see how curiously the wedge-like head lies between the club-like fore legs, and their living spades. Externally there is no eye visible; but if you look just right you can distinguish, *under the skin*, a tiny dark speck where the eye ought to be, and probably is. In skinning the head, you find that the eye is completely covered by the skin, and can be useful only to distinguish daylight from darkness. The eye-ball is about the size of a small pin-head, quite without a bony orbit, and is found floating on a tiny stem between the flesh of the head and the skin.

The skeleton is curiously constructed, especially that portion of it which constitutes the digging apparatus. The stomach contains the remains of earthworms and insects, but so finely pulverized by the teeth that no portion of the contents is recognizable any further.

Desiring to learn just how much tunneling a mole can do in a known number of hours, we caught a good large specimen, and immediately turned it loose in the middle of a five-acre field of clover. The grass was so thin and winter-killed that the ground was practically bare, but not loose like the soil of a cultivated field. Five seconds after the mole received its freedom, it had burrowed out of sight. This may seem past belief, but the fact is vouched for by the official timekeeper. Sticking a stake at the starting-point, we retired and left the digger hard at work.

The start was made at 11 A. M., and the direction taken was eastward. By 6 P. M. the mole had dug 23 feet in a zigzag line, but keeping the same general direction all the time, and without digging any side-galleries. By 11 A. M. of the following day the tunnel had been driven 31 feet farther, with numerous side-galleries, and 4 feet had been added at the end next to the starting-point. In another hour 10 feet had been added at the extremity, making 68 feet of main line and 36½ feet of branches, or a total of 104½ feet of tunnels, dug in 25 hours. The bottom of the tunnels ran very evenly about 4 inches below the surface. Sometimes the hole was elliptical in shape, measuring 1½ inches in width by 2 inches in height, and sometimes it was triangular, measuring 2 inches each way. The surface of the ground was usually cracked, and raised about an inch along the course of the tunnel. I made a careful map of the doings of this mole, drawn to scale along a base-line, and it is reproduced on the following page.

When the time came to catch our mole again, it proved to be no easy matter. Starting in at one end, we laid bare the entire system of tunnels without finding their maker, and finally gave up the search; but a renewed effort presently revealed his hiding-place at the point indicated on the map. He was found at the

bottom of a steep hole, about eighteen inches below the surface.

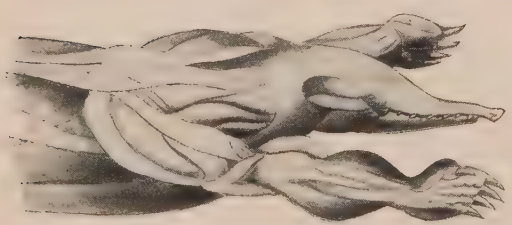
One thing is very evident from a single

AMERICAN SHREW-MOLE. (SEE PAGE 340.)

glance at the map: though perpetually blind, and working underground in total darkness, the mole has a sense of direction which enables him to run a tunnel in a given direction for a long distance. To be sure, his magnetic needle varies a good deal now and then, as it does in the compass of the mariner; but each time he manages to correct his bearings, and get back to his true course in a way which, in a blind animal working underground, strikes me as really wonderful.

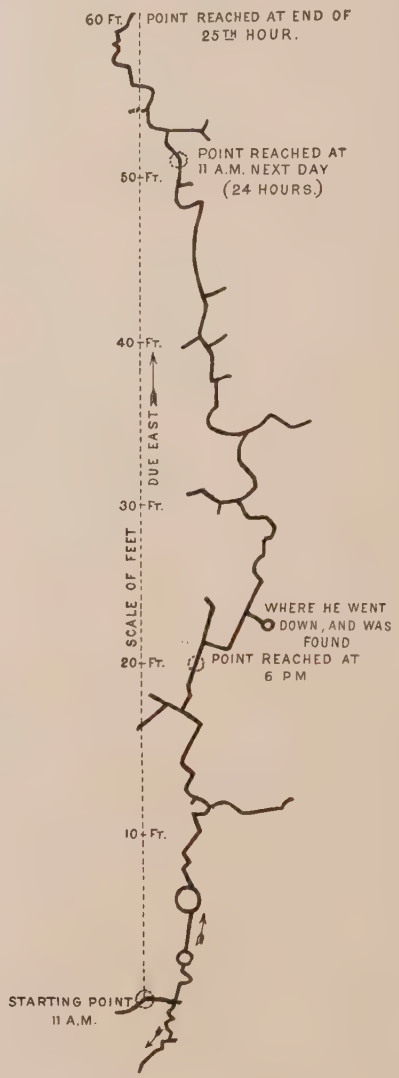
While the favorite food of the mole consists of worms and burrowing insects of all sorts, he

FORE PART OF A MOLE'S BODY.



MUSCLES OF THE FORE PART.

is said to delight in such garden vegetables as sweet potatoes, beets, carrots, white potatoes, and, in fact, almost any root that is soft enough to eat. In the corn-fields, the Indiana boys say the moles play havoc with the seed-corn when it is soft and sprouting in May, and that often a mole will follow up a corn-row for a rod or two, and eat every grain as he goes, until he has had enough.



MAP OF A MOLE'S BURROW.

I called up some of the farmers' boys of mole-land, and inquired of them who could tell me from personal observation about the home ranch of the mole. A bright young lad named Lawrence Miller responded with a full description of a mole's home that he had once

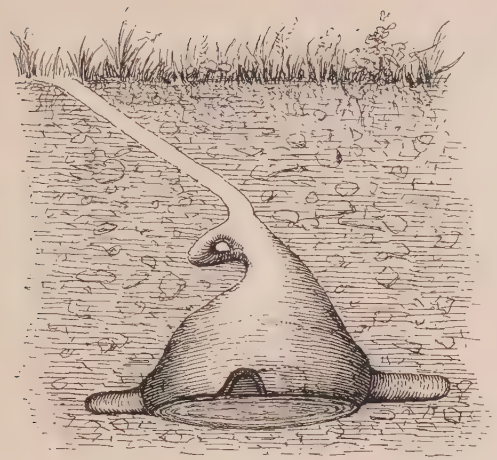


DIAGRAM OF THE MOLE'S HOME.

dug out, and he also made for me a diagram of it, which is reproduced on this page. He described it as a dome-shaped hole in the earth near the edge of a bank, about two feet below the surface, and reached from above by a hole that ran down slanting into its top. The burrow was about a foot wide at the bottom, where three small side galleries ran off about six inches in different directions. Near the top of the chamber was a sort of shelf, made by digging a pocket into the wall, on which was a handful of soft material, and which was evidently a bed whereon the young had lain. It was occupied by a mole at the very moment the interior of the burrow was exposed to view.

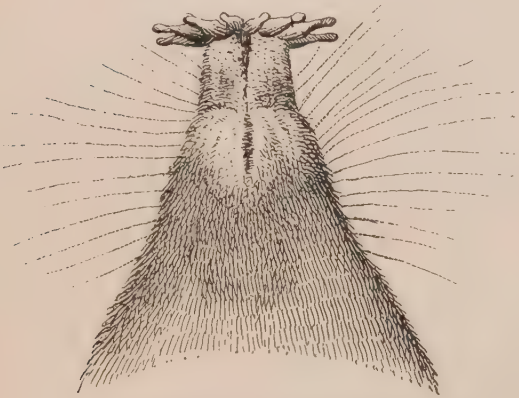
This burrow is much more simple in construction than the elaborate, many storied and many roomed "fortress" of the European Mole described by Mr. Bell, the mechanical construction of which must be truly wonderful.

Besides the COMMON MOLE, which inhabits the eastern United States generally, we have the PRAIRIE or SILVER MOLE of the prairie regions of the Mississippi Valley; the HAIRY-TAILED MOLE of the eastern United States; Townsend's OREGON MOLE of the Pacific Slope; and the STAR-NOSED MOLE of the northeastern United States and Canada. The last-named species has a remarkable star-like appendage on the end of its nose. One other species and two sub-species complete the list.

STAR-NOSED MOLE.

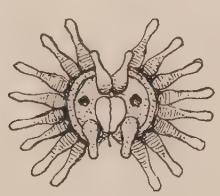
After the moles comes another family of insect-eaters, called the SHREWS. There are now

twenty-seven recognized species and sub-species belonging to North America, and it is quite probable that a good many new species remain to be discovered. These are all tiny creatures, no larger than mice, and very mouse-like in form, the principal external differences being found in their long, slender noses, the absence of long external ears, and the diminutive size of the eyes. The differences that distinguish the various species are very slight, and it is out of the question to define them here.



TOP OF HEAD OF STAR-NOSED MOLE.

SOLE OF FOOT, STAR-NOSED MOLE.



FRONT VIEW OF NOSE.

The shrews have small, mouse-like fore feet, not at all fitted for digging, and they do not burrow in the earth as does the mole. They prefer to live in quiet woodlands, where ready-made holes are plentiful, under logs, tree-roots, and stones, where insects are abundant, and it is safe to go about. Strangely enough, some species are quite aquatic in their habits, and make their homes in the brushwood that lines the banks of quiet streams or ponds, where aquatic insects thrive.

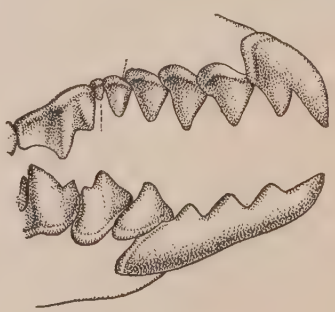
SHORT-TAILED SHREW.
(*Bla-ri'na bre-vi-cau'da.*)

I am best acquainted with the SHORT-TAILED SHREW, or SHREW-MOLE as it is sometimes called. While I cannot say for certain that it is as water-loving in its habits as the WATER-SHREW and some other species, I can vouch for the fact that it has water-tight external ears of wonderful construction. There is a large, movable lobe which serves to close the ear-opening as tightly as if a piece of rubber were glued over it, and the greater the pressure of water upon it, the tighter it will close. In diving, the ear closes instantly. The Short-Tailed Shrew is the largest of all American shrews, sometimes attaining four inches in length of head and body, with one inch of tail.

WATER-SHREW.
(*Ne-o-so'rex nav'i-ga-tor.*)

AMERICAN WATER-SHREW.

The shrews are distributed very generally throughout North America, from Central Alaska to Costa Rica, and from one side of our big continent to the other. They inhabit all kinds of country, from the swamps to mountain-tops, hot and cold, wet and dry. But notwithstanding the considerable number of species, and their wide distribution, they are so seldom seen, either abroad in the daytime, or at home, that very little is known of their habits, and much remains to be found out.



TEETH OF SHREW.

GRANDMOTHER'S SONG.

GRANDMOTHER'S voice was always mild,
And at every-day troubles she always smiled;
For she used to say
Frowns did n't pay,
As she had learned when the merest child.
And whenever we cried for a fancied wrong,
Grandmother used to sing this song:

"To-day, to-day,
Let 's all be gay;
To-morrow
We may sorrow.
My dear, don't fret
For what 's not yet;
For you make a trouble double
when you borrow."

Ah me! 't is many a lonesome year
Since grandmother's song has reached my ear;
And I sigh my sigh
For the days gone by,
For *you* went with them, grandmother dear.
But I still have left your quaint old song,
And that I shall sing and pass along:

"To-day, to-day,
Let 's all be gay;
To-morrow
We may sorrow.
My dear, don't fret
For what 's not yet;
For you make a trouble double
when you borrow."

J. Edmund V. Cooke.

"TAUGHT AT HOME."

RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By Garrett Newkirk.

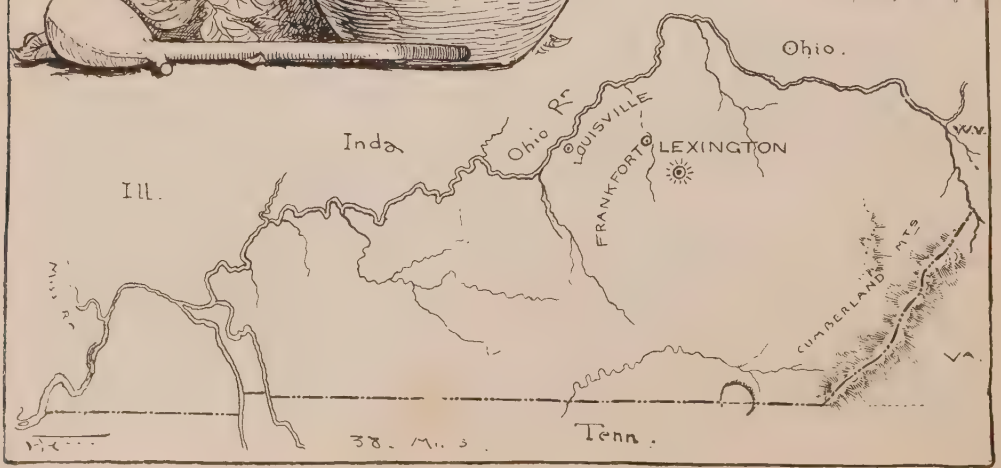
KENTUCKY.

A mighty hunter — Daniel Boone —
There never was one bolder —
Went to Kentucky, all alone,
With his rifle on his shoulder.

Then he returned and brought his friends
To help him take possession:
Strong, hardy people, too, they were,
Of courage and discretion.

"The blue-grass region" of the State
Saw many a bloody battle:
'T is famous for tobacco farms,
Fine horses, sheep, and cattle.

Kentucky has the Mammoth Cave,—
A palace under ground,—
And there the Echo River flows,
Where eyeless fish are found.

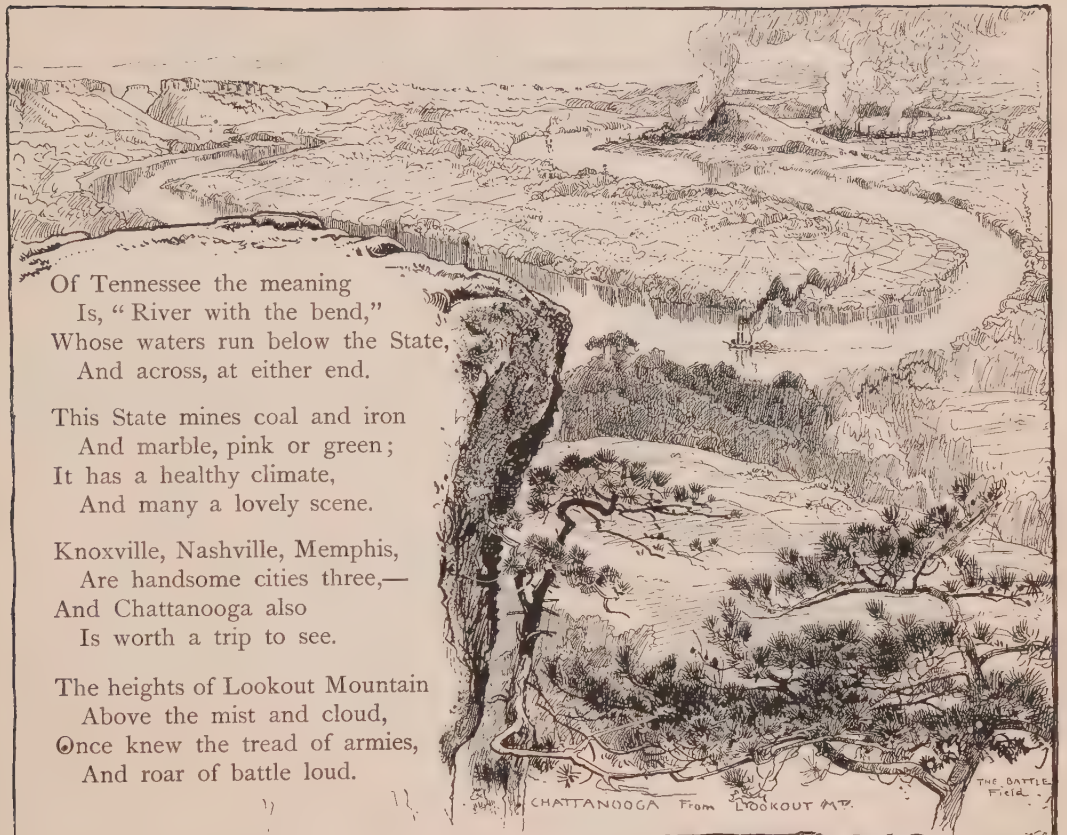


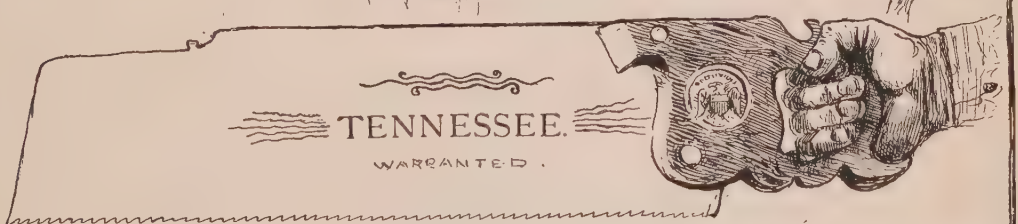
Of Tennessee the meaning
Is, "River with the bend,"
Whose waters run below the State,
And across, at either end.

This State mines coal and iron
And marble, pink or green;
It has a healthy climate,
And many a lovely scene.

Knoxville, Nashville, Memphis,
Are handsome cities three,—
And Chattanooga also
Is worth a trip to see.

The heights of Lookout Mountain
Above the mist and cloud,
Once knew the tread of armies,
And roar of battle loud.





The Conceited Mouse

By Ella Foster Case.

Once upon a time there was a very small mouse with a very, very large opinion of himself. What he did n't know his own grandmother could n't tell him.

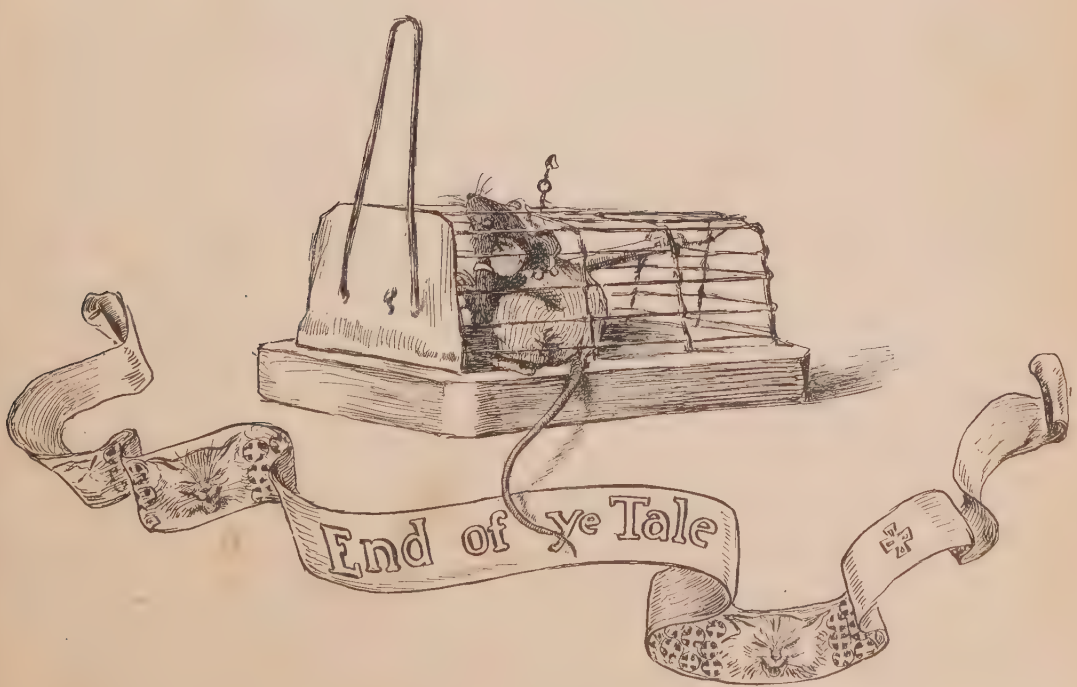
"You 'd better keep a bright eye in your head, these days," said she, one chilly afternoon. "Your gran'ther has smelled a trap."

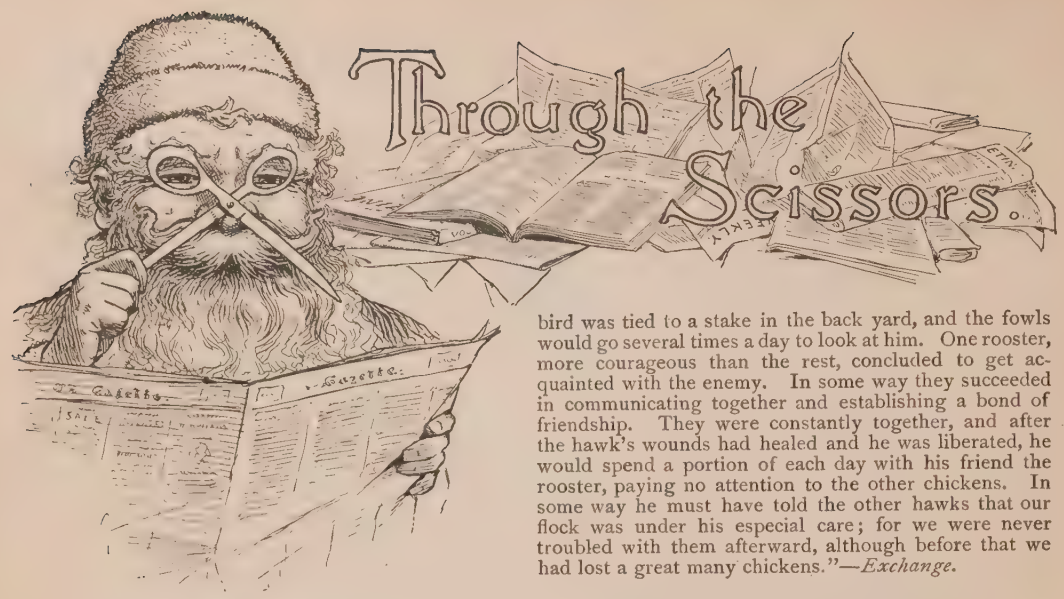
"Scat!" answered the small mouse;—"'s if I don't know a trap when I see it!" And that was all the thanks she got for her good advice.

"Go your own way, for you will go no other," the wise old mouse said to herself; and she scratched her nose slowly and sadly as she watched her grandson scamper up the cellar stairs.

"Ah!" sniffed he, poking his whiskers into a crack of the dining-room cupboard, "cheese—as I 'm alive!" Scuttle—scuttle. "I 'll be squizzled, if it is n't in that cunning little house; I know what that is—a cheese-house, of

course. What a very snug hall! That 's the way with cheese-houses. I know, 'cause I 've heard the dairymaid talk about 'em. It must be rather inconvenient, though, to carry milk up that step and through an iron door. I know why it 's so open — to let in fresh air. I tell you, that cheese is good! Kind of a reception-room in there — guess I know a reception-room from a hole in the wall. No trouble at all about getting in, either. Would n't grandmother open her eyes to see me here! Guess I 'll take another nibble at that cheese, and go out. What 's that noise? What in squeaks is the matter with the door? This is a cheese-house, I know it is, — but what if it should turn out to be a — O-o-o-eeee!" And that 's just what it did turn out to be.





THE LITTLE DOG'S CHAMPION.

THE following amusing story of how a big dog championed the cause of a little one was told by William Fitzgerald of Boston:

"I knew a farmer, who lived a few miles from Boston, who used to come to the city every day to sell produce. This man had two dogs — one a big powerful mastiff, which used to guard the premises while the farmer was away; and the other a bright little terrier that always rode to market on the seat with his master.

"One day, when the farmer stopped at a house on the way to deliver some vegetables, a large dog rushed out of the yard, seized the little terrier by the neck, and would have killed him but for the timely interference of his master. The next day, when a mile or so on his way to market, the man discovered that the big dog was following the wagon. He ordered him back, but the dog would not obey; he cut him with his whip, but still the dog remained resolute. Finally the farmer gave it up, and continued on his way.

"When they came to the scene of the conflict of the previous day, the same large dog flew out again to attack the little one. Whereupon the big dog, who had concealed himself under the wagon to await developments, fell upon the enemy with such fury that it was with difficulty he could be restrained from making an end of him altogether. All this time the little terrier was perched upon the seat almost barking his heart out for joy. After the dogs were separated, the big one evidently regarded his mission as fulfilled, as he at once trotted home by himself."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A PECULIAR FRIENDSHIP.

"THE most peculiar friendship I ever saw formed was one between a hawk and a rooster," said a traveler recently. "One day, when living on a farm in western Pennsylvania, I shot and wounded a hawk. When I picked up the bird I found that its wings were broken, but otherwise it was uninjured. My sister begged that the creature's life be spared, and the request was granted. Within a few days the hawk had become quite tame, and would come to us for its food when we called it. The chickens were greatly frightened at its presence, and kept up considerable fuss. This soon wore off, and in a short time its presence was taken as a matter of course. The bird was tied to a stake in the back yard, and the fowls would go several times a day to look at him. One rooster, more courageous than the rest, concluded to get acquainted with the enemy. In some way they succeeded in communicating together and establishing a bond of friendship. They were constantly together, and after the hawk's wounds had healed and he was liberated, he would spend a portion of each day with his friend the rooster, paying no attention to the other chickens. In some way he must have told the other hawks that our flock was under his especial care; for we were never troubled with them afterward, although before that we had lost a great many chickens."—*Exchange.*

JOHNNY FRESH, ON EASY WRITING.

BY ANNA C. MURPHY.

I DON'T believe 't was hard to do,
When Homer wrote of Troy;
There were no rules for him to watch,
No grammars to annoy.
He had no slang to guard against,
He spelt the easiest way;
The subjects were not threadbare then,
Because he had first say.

And Dante had it easy, too,
In Florence when he wrote;
He made each phrase as he went on;
There were no words to quote.
The common talk of every day
Was good enough to use;
"Too trite" was something never heard;
There were no terms to choose.

Old Chaucer had no task at all;
He wrote what came along;
He put down just what people said,
And could n't spell words wrong.
You see no one had tried before
To write this brand-new speech,
So Chaucer fixed it his own way
For all the schools to teach.

It was n't bad when Shakspere lived;
The right no one could tell;
There were no dictionaries then —
No wonder he wrote well.
Now it gets harder all the time;
Each word must mean just so;
The very turn you 'd like the best
Is one that will not go.

—*Journal of Education.*

FOOT-BALL A ROUGH GAME THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FOOT-BALL kickers and kickers against foot-ball may both find it interesting that in England nearly 300 years ago, King James I., by decree, "did debarre all rough and

violent exercises, as the football, meeter for laming than making able the users thereof." Waller, the English poet, says of the game that the players "salute so rudely breast to breast, their encounter seems too rough for jest." The game was not in favor at court three centuries before King James; for Edward III. is on record as preferring archery to foot-ball, as the more useful and warlike game. But neither of the two kings named ever saw a really scientific game, such as they might see if they were privileged to sit on the bleaching boards at Manhattan Field these days.—*Exchange.*

THE PROFESSOR'S OBJECT-LESSON.

A PUPIL of the late Professor Billroth, in a communication to the *Kleine Zeitung*, says that the great surgeon used to tell his young hearers in the lecture-room that the two main faults of surgeons were a neglect of the gift of observation, and a self-satisfied delusion that they practised it. He had a favorite experiment with which he used sometimes to test the presence or absence of this gift in new pupils. "Now, gentlemen," he would say, "look at me, and do exactly what I do." He would then thrust one of his fingers into a basin of dirty water, raise his hand to his mouth, and stick one of his fingers between his lips. All his hearers, as they imagined, thereupon imitated him. "Ah, gentlemen," Billroth would then say, "what a defect of observation! You have not observed that I put my forefinger into the dirty water, and placed my second finger into my mouth. You have all placed the same finger in your mouth which you had thrust into the dirty water."—*Evening Post, N. Y.*

HEAVY COST OF SALVAGE AT SEA.

ENORMOUS sums have to be paid as salvage money to the rescuers of ocean steamships when they are disabled at sea, and probably this is a more fruitful source of expense to the large companies than any other. On her first voyage the "City of New York" (as she was then called) ran ashore off Sandy Hook, and it cost the company $100,000 to float her off. In 1890 her sister ship, the "City of Paris," broke her engines off the Irish coast, and was towed into port at an expense of $30,000 as salvage money.

The "City of Boston" broke her shaft in 1882, and it cost the company $46,500 to get her into port; and the "Venezuela" of the Red D Line stuck on the Brigantine Shoals off New Jersey in 1889, so that the company had to spend $40,000 to get her off. The "City of Richmond" was towed into Halifax harbor in 1882 at an expense of $35,000. The list could be largely extended, showing that the amount of salvage money paid for rendering services to disabled steamers at sea is so enormous that it almost equals the loss entailed by injuries to our wooden vessels. The loss of life is less. It is quite rare that an ocean steamer is submerged beneath the waves so that the crew and passengers are lost, but when such an accident does happen the destruction is appalling.—*Home and Country.*

THE OLDEST WAR-SHIP IN AMERICA.

IS IT NOT THE FRIGATE "CONSTELLATION," BUILT IN 1796, AND STILL IN SERVICE?

NEW LONDON, CONN.—After reading the story in the *Sun* concerning America's oldest ship, which was supposed to be the frigate "Constitution," built in 1797, a member of Jibboom Club No. 1, began search among the archives of the club for an older craft.

New London's Jibboom Club contains more marine authorities and ship captains than any similar organization outside of New York or Boston.

The member finally antedated the disabled old Constitution's age by one year, after a prolonged search. He found that the United States frigate "Constellation," now in service, was built at Gosport, Va. in 1796, and rebuilt in 1854.

The Constellation is intimately associated with New London history. About seventy years ago, while cruising in the Pacific Ocean, she rescued from drowning the late Captain "Nat" Richards and his crew of whalemen from this port. Captain Richards was one of New London's luckiest and most adventurous whalers. About four years ago, or just before his death, the Constellation visited this harbor, and Captain Richards visited the gallant old ship, and was received with especial honors. —*N. Y. Sun.*

A DOG WITH EYE-GLASSES.

PEDESTRIANS on Market street this morning jostled each other to see a novel sight. A huge dog, with a sleek drab skin and generally contented look, plodded along the thoroughfare wearing spectacles of large size astride his shapely nose. The dog was not at all inconvenienced, seemingly; and apparently was not aware that he was doing anything out of the ordinary, as he critically surveyed the public through the spectacle-glasses. The spectacles were much too large for any human being, and probably were made with glasses without magnifying power, at the order of some waggish owner.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

FIGHT BETWEEN A LION AND HIS TRAINER.

A VICIOUS lion on exhibition at Wilkesbarre, Penn., attacked his trainer, who, after a desperate fight, managed to escape with his life. The lion, a black-maned African named "Wallicker," is vicious and surly. "Professor" Veno, his trainer, has twice been attacked before. This time he went into the cage and tried to make the lion go through some of his exercises; but when the "Professor" whipped him, the lion bit at the man's legs. The teeth just scratched the skin, and the "Professor" got out of the cage.

An hour later he once more tried to get the animal to perform. The "Professor" used the whip, and the lion, aroused to fury, sprang upon him and buried his teeth in his thigh. Veno had no weapons, but dashed the small shield in his hand into the lion's face until the beast opened his jaws. Attendants had by this time partly driven the lion into a corner with poles and iron bars, and Veno tried to rise and escape, but the animal again sprang on him. Veno put up his arm to guard his throat, and the lion caught the hand in his mouth.

Then followed a terrible struggle, man and beast rolling over on the floor of the cage from one end to the other, while the attendants were unable to use their poles for fear of hitting Veno. At last the "Professor" managed to shake himself loose, and rolled to the door, while the lion was held in one corner by iron bars thrust through the cage. Attendants dragged the "Professor" through the door just as he fainted. Physicians were summoned, and his wounds were dressed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

REPORT CONCERNING THE "BLACK BEAR HUNT."

IN the July number of ST. NICHOLAS, page 836, three prizes were offered for answers to the question, "What parts of North America have been inhabited by the black bear during the last fifteen years?" The first prize was $15 and an autograph copy of Mr. Hornaday's "Two Years in the Jungle"; the second prize, the same author's work on "Taxidermy" and $10; and the third prize was $5. The awards were to be made in the Christmas number, but it was found best to defer the examination of the competing lists until later. Here is Mr. Hornaday's report:

THE ST. NICHOLAS BEAR HUNT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have before me the results of the great midsummer hunt for American black bears, undertaken by some of your bright boys and girls in competition for the prizes offered in the July number.

The lists of localities inhabited by this animal, and the accompanying correspondence, have all been carefully tabulated, like election returns, weighed, sifted, and boiled down, regardless of the awful expenditure of midnight oil. I think we have done exact justice to all. Many times we have been obliged to "put in our best licks," in order to find some of the places mentioned, and to make a clear tabulation of results; but in the presence of such evidences of industry as these lists afford, I would be ashamed to be lazy.

To me the result of this experimental excursion into the great field of nature has been a great and very agreeable surprise. I had no expectation of seeing such thorough and even scholarly work done, in an entirely new field of study, by young people under seventeen years of age. The list of localities submitted by the winner of the first prize would do credit to a college professor, and that the second prize should be won fairly and squarely by a little girl of *twelve*, whose list of 86 localities locates the black bear in 28 States and provinces, is simply admirable.

The lists submitted show earnest, persevering, and intelligent work. I think the published results will be as great a surprise to our professional naturalists as it has been to me; for I am sure the black bear has never before been thus thoroughly and systematically hunted down. If I can find the time in which to do it, I will prepare and send to the great Sportsmen's Exposition to be held in New York next spring, a large map showing the combined result of our great bear hunt.

The following statement, and the subjoined map of Edwin I. Haines's results, may be regarded as "official." In the preparation of the map it has been found quite impossible to indicate on a map of this size more than about one fourth of the localities given. W. T. HORNADAY.

BUFFALO, Dec. 1, 1894.

THE HOME OF THE AMERICAN BLACK BEAR.

PRIZE-WINNERS' RECORD.

Awards: First prize, Edwin I. Haines, New Rochelle, N. Y., age 16.

Second prize, Margaret Jean Hutchings, Detroit, Mich., age 12.

Third prize, Harold S. Conant, Gloucester, Mass.

Highly commended, Alice C. Robinson, Denver, Colorado.

Highly commended, Arthur J. Huey, Newark, N. J.

Highly commended, Mabel C. Macomber, W. Roxbury, Mass., age 13.

Highly commended, Jesse Clapp, Syracuse, N. Y.

Highly commended, H. F. Scribner, Melrose, Mass.

Good lists were also received from Winifred Miller, Eugene City, Oregon; Sarah Pratt, Fredonia, N. Y.; and Marguerite Smith, W. 159th st., New York. Clair Livingston, of Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, contributes a very well written and interesting essay on the black bear; and Alice Streator, of Garrettsville, Ohio, sends a short list with the plucky declaration, "I at least tried!"

Tabulation of Prize-Winners' Lists.

(Only one mention of a given county is allowed to count.)

States and Provinces inhabited by the Black Bear during the last 15 years.	*Edwin I. Haines.*	*Margaret J. Hutchings.*	*Harold S. Conant.*	*States and Provinces—continued.*	*Edwin I. Haines.*	*Margaret J. Hutchings.*	*Harold S. Conant.*
Alabama	1			New Hampshire.	3	2	1
Alaska	3	2	2	New Mexico	5	3	1
Arizona	3	1		New York	13	6	3
Arkansas	7	1	1	North Carolina	8		1
California	9	3	1	Ohio	1		
Colorado	10	3		Oregon	5	3	
North Dakota	1			Pennsylvania	7	6	1
South Dakota	1	1		South Carolina	2	1	
Florida	5		2	Tennessee	2		
Georgia	1			Texas	4	1	
Idaho	6	3		Utah	2	1	
Illinois	1			Vermont	4		1
Indiana	1			Virginia	8	2	2
Indian Territory.	2			Washington	13	4	2
Iowa	1			West Virginia	2	1	2
Kansas	2			Wisconsin	5	2	1
Kentucky	1		1	Wyoming	6	1	2
Louisiana	3			Nova Scotia	1		1
Maine	20	9	6	New Brunswick.	9	1	3
Maryland	1			Labrador			1
Massachusetts	2		1	Quebec	4		
Michigan	6	14		Ontario	2	4	1
Minnesota	8	3	2	Alberta	4		
Mississippi	10			Br. Columbia	3	3	2
Missouri	3			Assiniboia	1		
Montana	7	2	1	N. W. Territory.	1		1
Nebraska	1			Mexico	2	3	
Nevada	1						
				Total Localities	234	86	43
				Total States and Provinces	54	28	26

MAP SHOWING THE RANGE OF THE AMERICAN BLACK BEAR (URSUS AMERICANUS) BETWEEN THE YEARS 1878 AND 1894. COMPILED FROM FACTS FURNISHED ST. NICHOLAS BY EDWIN IRVING HAINES, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

ADDITIONAL LOCATIONS GIVEN. MACKENZIE RIVER BASIN, N. W. TERRITORY; STEAMER BAY, ALASKA; NULATO, ALASKA; AUDRAENOFSKI, ALASKA.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the "Rhymes of the States" the rhyme on Georgia describes Savannah as "the largest city in the State." As many of our readers know, Atlanta, with a population of more than 65,500, is entitled to that distinction, since Savannah's population is but 43,000. Savannah is the largest *seaport*, and that word should be read instead of the word *city*. The mistake was not due to the author of the lines.

The engraving on page 312 of this number of ST. NICHOLAS was made for this magazine from a copy of a painting by Madame Ronner, a Dutch artist especially celebrated for her studies of the life and character of cats. This, with others of her pictures, appears also in the beautiful volume entitled, "Henriette Ronner," published by Cassell & Co. in England, and by The Century Co. in this country.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about all that I have seen this last summer. We first went to Guernsey, and from there to the New Forest; we took nice long drives through it to King Rufus's Stone and Beaulieu, which is very interesting, with its old clock-tower, ruined abbey, and tiny little church which has a stone pulpit in the wall, with steps leading up to it.

In the Isle of Wight we went to Carisbrooke Castle, and saw the window of the room where Charles the First was imprisoned, and also the room where the Princess Elizabeth, Charles the First's daughter, died in 1650.

We saw Corfe Castle, in the Isle of Purbeck, later on. After that we went to Christchurch, where there was a very little Leper's Window.

Salisbury and Wells cathedrals we also saw. Salisbury had very old gateways that led into the pretty close, in the middle of which was the lovely cathedral. At Wells there was a funny old clock in the cathedral, with the sun, moon, and stars; and every hour some knights in armor went round in opposite directions riding, and a man kicked with his feet a bell.

Your loving reader, EDITH DE LISLE Q——.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for nearly fourteen years. I was born in Washington twelve years ago, but we have lived here about nine years. Asheville is a small but growing city of ten thousand inhabitants.

Mr. George Vanderbilt's famous mansion is about five miles from where we live. I have been there a great many times. It is a treat to go out there. You can spend the day "looking," and go back the next day and see something new, everything is on such a large scale.

Mr. Vanderbilt was here not long ago, but he does not stay long. He has a private car called "Swanannoa," after one of the rivers here. We were up on Mitchell's Peak this summer; we were 'way up above ST. NICHOLAS then. It is very cold up there. Yours truly,

GEO. A. R——.

LAS OVÉJAS, NUEVA AUSTRALIA COLONIA, PARAGUAY, SOUTH AMERICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father, mother, two sisters, and a brother-in-law came here from South Australia. Two of our brothers had come before. We left a beautiful home in New Glenelg. I wrote to you once from there, about my cat. We have taken you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, for many years, and I am twelve, although I can't write well. I want you to thank Palmer Cox for his Brownie stories, please. My father and mother used to read them to me when I was a little girl; also thank Mrs. Jamison for that lovely tale "Toinette's Philip"; it is as beautiful as "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I have a doll just like Ceddie. This is a lovely place, lots of lovely trees, flowers, butterflies, birds, fireflies, and firegrubs. The railway-grub has a red light at one end, green at the other, and rows of white lights down each side. I don't think you will have had a letter from New Australia before; but all the children here will soon know you, for I take you to school. You are going to be sent to me from South Australia. My brother teaches the school, and he has known you since he was a very, very little boy. Once a year I used to be taken to the children's hospital, and I left you with them. Peter Newell's pictures I enjoy very much. I never get tired of showing them to my friends. I left my lovely cat at home; he would not leave the house. I had his likeness taken before I left.

We have a beautiful band here, and nearly all the children learn to sing. From WYN. E. N. B——.

MOKELUMNE HILL, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Formerly we lived in Portland, Oregon, and left this last year just before the flood, which covered the streets nearest the river.

We first went to Oakland, where we stayed ten days, during which time we visited the Midwinter Fair. The Japanese village interested me most.

There are but two children in our family. I am the oldest, eleven; and my brother's age is four.

Then we went to a ranch and mine combined, where we stayed a few months. I went down a shaft two hundred feet deep in a great iron bucket.

Then we came here. We brought two cats and a dog with us. There are burros running loose all around here, and if you want a ride you can go and catch one, which is easier said than done, for they often present their heels.

As we have been moving about for quite a while, I have not received my magazines for six months; but I look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall get my bound volume.

From a devoted reader, who hopes you will prosper.

MARGARET W——.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Laura P., Marie O. A., Katherine J. H., Ruby B. H., L. E. R., Annie W. W., Hazel van W., Lottie S., May de B., Louise P., Mary H., Alice L., Gussie F., Grace B. and Marie G., Bessie C., S. E. R., Walter S. P., Suzanne C. G., Robert K., Anna W. J., Etta O. E., Margaret B. G., Walter C., Mary B. W., E. C. Stone, W. L. L., M. A. L. S., Alberta E. B., Juliette P. C., Helen B., Katharine J. H., Park J. J., Ethel A. W., Harry W., Helen Cecil L., Amelia W., Poppy and Sheila S. T., Clarence C. D., Bessie F., Ida Q., Harry L. A., Winifred P. K., Leonard B. M., Esther MacM., Etelka S., Wilbur van H., Milton S. G., Leroy W. P., Estelle S., Harriet D. B. McK., Carrie E., Christine S., Lila L., Mollita B. D., Philip N. W., George H. R., Bronson C., Laura A. W., Mildred H. G., Frank A. C., Gem S., Edna W., Julia G. E., Minnie L. S., Edward W. H., Florence McC.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Wagner. Cross-words: 1. Wings. 2. Armor. 3. Globe. 4. Nests. 5. Easel. 6. Roses.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Rudyard Kipling. Cross-words: 1. Rock. 2. Ulai. 3. Drop. 4. Yawl. 5. Anti. 6. Rein. 7. Drag.

ANAGRAMS. Amos Bronson Alcott and Louisa May Alcott.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Acerb. 2. Cupel. 3. Epode. 4. Redan. 5. Blend. II. 1. Dwarf. 2. Wager. 3. Agree. 4. Reels. 5. Fresh.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Oh merry midnight bells, ring blithely, ring,
Wake with your breathless peal the startled night,
High in your belfry in mad frolic swing.

ZIGZAG. "Sage of Monticello." Cross-words: 1. Stun. 2. Kale. 3. Huge. 4. Jute. 5. Hoot. 6. Afar. 7. Mote. 8. Coot. 9. Lank. 10. Twit. 11. Brim. 12. Acid. 13. Epic. 14. Also. 15. Dolt. 16. Polo.

BEHEADINGS. Burgoyne. 1. B-allot. 2. U-sage. 3. R-elate. 4. G-round. 5. O-pinion. 6. Y-arrow. 7. N-ode. 8. E-land.

DIAMOND. 1. B. 2. Cat. 3. Baked. 4. Ten. 5. D.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Sheridan. Cross-words: 1. Clutches. 2. Twilight. 3. Nineteen. 4. Shamrock. 5. Praising. 6. Roderick. 7. Canonize. 8. Navigate.

CHARADE. Spar-row.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. C. 2. Ire. 3. Crypt. 4. Ephod. 5. Toged. 6. Debar. 7. Darer. 8. Rebec. 9. Refer. 10. Cedar. 11. Racer. 12. Rebel. 13. Regal. 14. Lapel. 15. Levee. 16. Leman. 17. Eaves. 18. Neb. 19. S.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from M. McG. — A. M. J. — Paul Reese — "Bunny-boy" — G. B. Dyer — Josephine Sherwood — Pearl F. Stevens — W. L. — "Highmount Girls" — "The Spencers" — Mama, Isabel, and Jamie — L. O. E. — "Hilltop Farm" — "Midwood" — Hubert L. Bingay — Louise Ingham Adams — Jack and George A. — Addison Neil Clark — Jo and I — Two Little Brothers — H. Katharine Brainerd and Cora Ellen Smith — J. L. and R. L. — "Philemon and Baucis" — Marjory Gane — Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher — "Tod and Yam" — "Tip-cat."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from V. Westcott, 1 — Bertha G. Martin, 1 — "Very Smart Girl," 7 — Katharine D. Hull, 1 — Don B. Sebastian, 1 — Arethusa Ross, 1 — "Lynne C. D'Oyle," 7 — Virginia Schaefer, 1 — Leila McGowin, 1 — Royal D. Thomas, 1 — Mary L. Austin, 1 — E. B. "Y. M. C. A.," 1 — Mama and Sadie, 8 — Ralph B. Mason, 1 — Clara A. Anthony, 8 — Anna Herrick, 3 — "Crocus," 1 — Bertha G. Martin, 1 — Eloise Bassett, 3 — Margaret and Mary Bright, 1 — Joseph Nelson Carter, 4 — Jessie B. Adams, 1 — "The Butterflies," 8 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — Blanche and Fred, 8 — "Muriel and Papa," 6 — "Will O. Tree," 7 — E. Padelford Taft, 1 — Albert Smith Taught, 7 — Helen R., 6 — Leila Alden, 2 — Helen A. Sturdy, 7 — Norman and Alice McGay, 5 — "Brownie Band," 8 — R. O. B., 4 — F. W. Patterson, 2 — H. V. J., 1 — "Merry and Co.," 8 — Jeoffrey Parsons, 7 — Harry and Helene, 7 — Augusta Walsh, 1.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

ALTHOUGH he writes of 12-13-7-9-5, his tales are never 3-5-6-8.
He 's just as open as the 7-5-4, as merry as a 11-5-6-8;
Though lions 10-11-5-4 in jungles, and tigers 11-2-1-8 in shade,
And 14-6-5-4 wolves 14-1-9-13 2-13-8-12-13-7-11-4 no 1-2-3-7-4 child 's afraid,
Though elephant, and jackal, and ape, that missing 11-9-13-8,
Come in the 11-2-6-12-3 moonlight, down to the 1-9-11-11 to 7-1-12-13-8.
Long may his jolly poems 6-9-13-14, his 14-5-4 pen 3-2-11-4 10-11-4,
For of story-tellers he is 8-12-13-14, may his 9-13-8 never 6-2-13 3-1-4.

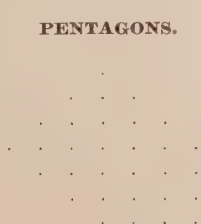
L. E. JOHNSON.

HOUR-GLASS.

THE central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a distinguished American journalist who was born in February, 1811.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Fabulous animals, generally regarded as very powerful and ferocious. 2. To roll or sway suddenly to one side. 3. To ask earnestly for. 4. In elegant. 5. A measure for cloth. 6. To mislead. 7. Earnest requests or entreaties.

PENTAGONS.



I. 1. A LETTER. 2. To disfigure. 3. Pertaining to a wall. 4. A large artery. 5. Somewhat. 6. Loyal. 7. The nest of a squirrel.

II. 1. A letter. 2. To consume. 3. The thin air which is supposed to pervade all space. 4. The Arabian prophet. 5. A place of worship. 6. To loosen. 7. A passage of Scripture.

GEORGE S. S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1 * * * 9
2 * * * 10
3 * * * 11
4 * * * 12
5 * * * 13
6 * * * 14
7 * * * 15
8 * * * 16

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fish. 2. Additional. 3. Assisted. 4. Worn out. 5. The little wheel of a spur. 6. The tribe over which Boadicea reigned. 7. A certain coin. 8. To invest.

From 1 to 4, to surpass; from 5 to 8, a vegetable; from 1 to 8, a feminine name. From 9 to 12, artificially produced; from 13 to 16, to cover the inner surface of; from 9 to 16, a feminine name.

L. W.

A RIDDLE.

MY power is great, though small I be;
A doctor's charges I make free;
Of an evil spirit I make a friend;
I can tear apart, though I 've but one end;
Of all that is bad I make a tack;
And a path I easily make of a tack;
With a bit of glass I can make good bread;
Yet I make but a scrap of a common shed;
An aged woman I make of a cone;
And a lazy creature when all is done;
To a shepherd's staff I transform a cook;
And any volume I change to a brook;
If for help you call, I make raid on you;
Though, if it were mine, I would pull you through.

ALICE I. HAZELTINE.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

When the five objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names (each containing the same number of letters) written one below the other, the initial letters will spell the name of a State which was annexed to the Union fifty years ago.

ANAGRAM.

A famous American:

OLD MEN LOVE SHEER WILL.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

Each of the following groups of letters may be transposed so as to form one word. When they have been rightly transposed, and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell a word meaning at one side; the central letters, a word meaning disposition; and the final letters, a word meaning delicate.

1. Tenbalk.
2. Canheen.
3. Existen.
4. Druesin.
5. Reviped.
6. Operrem.

H. W. E.

DIAMOND.

1. In laconic. 2. Wicked. 3. Whipped. 4. A title. 5. Ecclesiastical. 6. An inhabitant. 7. A Latin number. 8. Sunburn. 9. In laconic.

J. A. S.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

The letters of one word may be transposed to answer the four following questions:

1. A god much admired,
   Though oft causing pain.
2. A queen in one portion
   Of Nature's domain.
3. A troublesome ailment
   That checks all our mirth.
4. I am brought, with great labor,
   From the heart of the earth.

E. C. H.

ZIGZAG.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous musician born in February, 1810.

Cross-words: 1. A large river of Germany. 2. Another river of Germany. 3. Penetrating. 4. A crustacean. 5. An amphibious animal. 6. To boast. 7. A number. 8. The bill of a bird. 9. A beautiful Italian lake. 10. A town of Germany, and the scene of one of Napoleon's victories. 11. A group of laborers under one foreman. 12. In a little while. 13. A benefaction. 14. The surname of a great French author. 15. To be silently sullen. 16. To wind spirally.

L. W.

AN ENIGMA.

If rightly you place two A's and a Y,
An L, two N's and an S,
Two E's and a V, T, D, and an I,
'T will give you much pleasure, I guess.

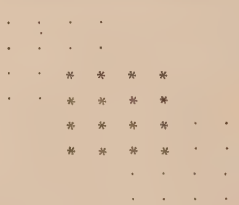
A. C. BANNING.

HIDDEN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1. He raises wheat, rye, oats, corn, etc.
2. This is sauce for either goose or gander.
3. He has a strap; I, an old piece of rope.
4. A Turk wears a turban, John says.
5. Whisky and rum ruin many men.
6. I do dislike to see a rich man doling out his pennies.
7. This is certainly real amethyst.
8. I put the wasp in netting and watched its motions.
9. Yes, Inez, it heralds the brighter day.
10. Sir, I will walk in the path or near it.

ALICE I. H.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. Upper Square: 1. A pronoun. 2. Healthy. 3. Other. 4. Suitable.

II. Middle Square: 1. A chair. 2. To engrave on metal. 3. A dull pain. 4. A pronoun.

III. Lower Square: 1. In this place. 2. Watches intently. 3. To gather a harvest. 4. To catch sight of.

H. W. E.

PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES.

Make the following changes by prefixing and suffixing the same letter. Examples: Change a sound to rocks. Answer, s-tone-s. Change a feminine name to a title. Answer, m-ada-m.

1. Change a tree to thorns. 2. Change a kind of pastry to detectives. 3. Change a kind of meat to pretenses. 4. Change a pronoun to an exclamation of surprise. 5. Change the evening before a holiday to flat. 6. Change rended to supplies. 7. Change to hock to meditation.

ALICE I. H.

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PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE BOYS' WAR.

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

THERE had been war between the East-siders and the West-siders as long as any one could remember. If an East-side boy crossed the river, he knew that he was in hostile territory; and he took his chances of a thrashing from the natives. A West-side boy fared no better if he ventured to reconnoiter unattended beyond the boundaries of his own tribe. It was a matter of honor with each faction to allow no invasions on the part of the enemy, and to take prompt revenge if a foray was made.

It was a fortunate thing that the river which separated the two hostile tribes ran with a swift and strong current so that it was not always an easy thing to pilot a boat through its whirling pools and eddies. Very narrowly did Viggo Hoök, the West-side general, and Halvor Reitan, the East-side chieftain, escape drowning when they and their tribesmen fought the famous "Battle of the Rafts," April 11, 1884. In fact, it was only the magnanimous behavior of Viggo and the heroism of his unappreciated friend, the "Muskrat," which saved half a dozen boys from being hurled over the cataract into the seething caldron below. You might have supposed that one such experience would have sufficed, and that the boys, having once had so serious a warning of peril, would have settled their differences and concluded henceforth to live peaceably. But, I am sorry to say, that idea did not occur to any of them. The Muskrat, whose real name was Marcus Henning (the son of a country huckster), was promoted, for bravery on the field, to a lieutenancy, and he was assigned to duty as adjutant to General Viggo, whose fine looks and superb demeanor never ceased to excite the wonder and admiration of the modest Muskrat. A six months' truce was negotiated, during which both parties pledged themselves to keep the peace. But otherwise the situation remained unchanged.

It was on the very day of the expiration of the truce (October 12, 1884) that Viggo, who was a valiant trapper, found all the snares robbed; and, instead of thrush and ptarmigan, a dead mouse was suspended by the neck in every one of them. That was a wanton insult which cried aloud for vengeance. He knew, of course, perfectly, that it was Halvor Reitan who had instigated his minions to give notice in this contemptible way that there was an end now to the piping times of peace. It was just

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like him to choose such a mean and underhand method, instead of coming boldly forward with an open declaration of war. Halvor, Viggo affirmed, had not the feelings of a gentleman; being peasant-born, he could scarcely be expected to have them. But Viggo himself, whose father was a colonel in the regular army, and a stickler for military honor, was proudly conscious of his family distinction, and took pains both to feel and to act as behooved a gentleman. At the council of war which assembled in the Colonel's woodshed on the day after the outrage, Anton Mikkelson, the sheriff's son, proposed that they should cross the river in the night, and, in return for the insult, let his great tomcat, "Mons," into Halvor Reitan's pigeon-cote. But this suggestion Viggo most disdainfully repelled, and so withering was his scorn that poor Anton felt uncomfortable, and did not dare open his mouth again during the session of the council. The plan which was finally agreed upon was to blow a bugle-blast from the hill overlooking the river, as a challenge to the enemy, and a warning to him to be on his guard. Then, if the ice lasted till morning, the whole West-side army was to cross over into the hostile territory and fight a fair battle in the open field.

"AGAIN AND AGAIN THEY WERE DRIVEN BACK."
(SEE PAGE 357.)

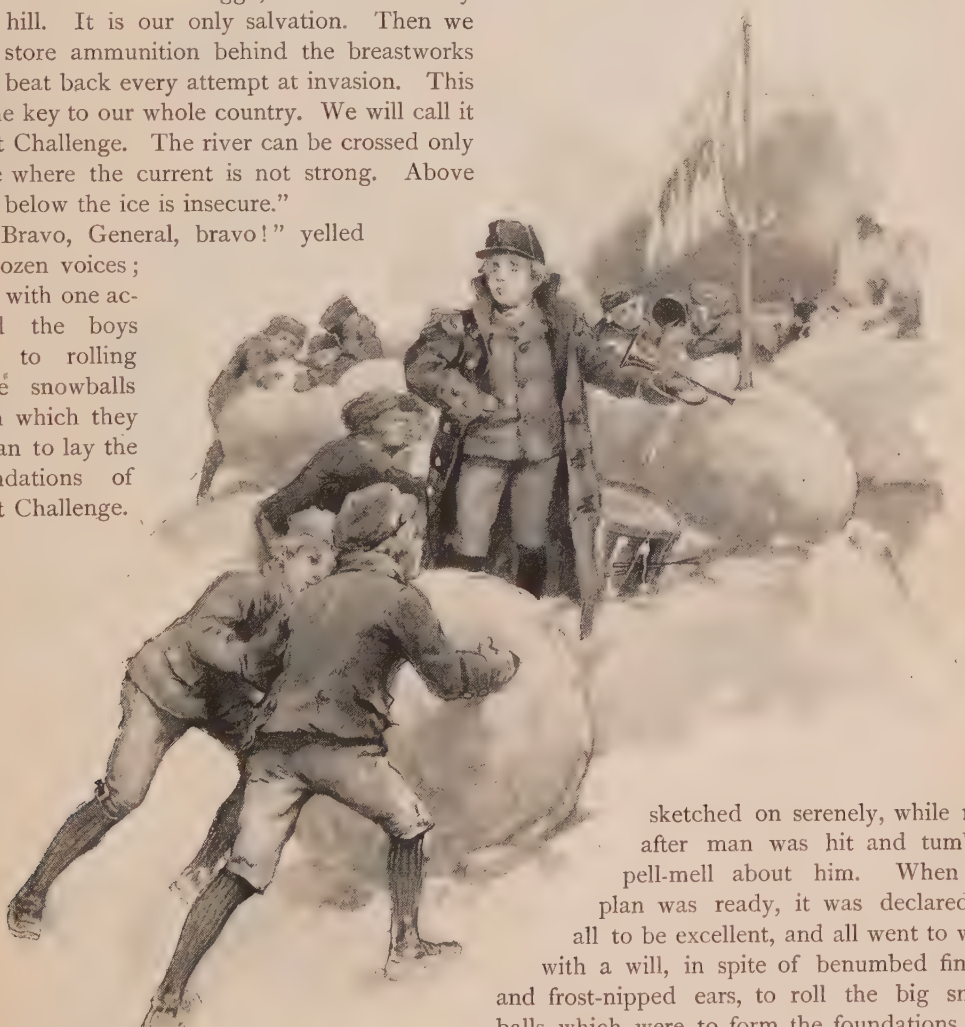
There was, indeed, considerable grumbling among the soldiers at what they styled the stupidity of such a proceeding, and there was even some talk of mutiny. Everybody knew that the Reitan tribe was stronger and bigger than theirs, and that it would be the height of folly to walk over in broad daylight and take the thrashing which surely was in store for them. In war, they said, all things were fair, and all stratagems were proper. What they loved was to go prowling about in the underbrush, like red Indians, with a delicious sense of danger, and, with a wild howl, pounce upon the first unwary East-sider that fell into their clutches. If the General had to blow his bugle, he would simply spoil the fun. It was idiotic to give the enemy notice that you meant to attack him. The General, therefore, had to agree that they should go at night to the place where Halvor had his snares, and, merely as a just retaliation, pull them down and destroy them.

Truth to tell, the chivalrous Viggo did not like this plan; but there was a certain plausibility in the proposition to return tit for tat; and, after a long argument, he gave his consent. But, as ill luck would have it, in the afternoon the first snow of the year fell; and there was a moral certainty that, whatever they did, their tracks would betray them. Secondly, the bugle-

blast had put the Reitan tribe on their guard, and, when they attempted to cross the river, Halvor, with a score of followers, met them from the other side and began throwing snowballs. Again and again the valiant West-siders advanced under Viggo's command to the middle of the ice; and again and again they were driven back by the stronger East-siders, who even pursued them half-way up the hillside on their own territory.

"Soldiers!" cried Viggo, "we must fortify this hill. It is our only salvation. Then we can store ammunition behind the breastworks and beat back every attempt at invasion. This is the key to our whole country. We will call it Fort Challenge. The river can be crossed only here where the current is not strong. Above and below the ice is insecure."

"Bravo, General, bravo!" yelled a dozen voices; and with one accord the boys fell to rolling huge snowballs with which they began to lay the foundations of Fort Challenge.



"FOR A WHOLE WEEK THE BOYS LABORED."

"Wait a minute," Viggo demanded, "till I can trace the ground plan. It is of importance that we should present only slanting surfaces to the foe. Then the shot will not penetrate our walls."

Amid great enthusiasm, the young commander sat down to trace the ground plan in pencil in his copy-book, while the boys crowded about him,—some, I have to admit, offering irrelevant, and some disrespectful suggestions. The enemy's balls whizzed about his head while he worked; but, like Napoleon at Austerlitz, he did not allow himself to be disturbed, but sketched on serenely, while man after man was hit and tumbled pell-mell about him. When the plan was ready, it was declared by all to be excellent, and all went to work with a will, in spite of benumbed fingers and frost-nipped ears, to roll the big snowballs which were to form the foundations. It began to snow even while they were yet toiling and planning; the enemy's missiles ceased to annoy them, and soon the storm, as it swept up the valley, blotted out the whole landscape and hid the foe from sight. The

bugle was blown again; but as no response came, it was taken for granted that the East-siders had fallen back upon their provision-train, and would not reappear that night. And, truth to tell, the West-siders were also becoming conscious of great hunger, and, therefore, had no scruple in following their enemies' example.

II.

How great was the dismay of General Viggo and his men when, on returning to the spot the next afternoon,— for in the morning they went to school,— they found that the enemy had utterly destroyed the foundations of Fort Challenge. And, lo and behold! on the hill opposite, on the eastern side of the river, a half-finished fortress, the exact copy of their own, was looming against the wintry sky. So filled were they with wrath that they instantly formed a flying column, and, crossing the river, dashed up the hillside to wreak prompt vengeance. But they reckoned without their host when they supposed that the hostile fort was unguarded. A terrific volley of snowballs hailed down upon them, and, with a wild yell, the defenders leaped up on the breastworks and continued to pour upon them a rattling fire which compelled them to fall back to the river-front.

There was evidently nothing to be done until they could rebuild Fort Challenge; and Viggo had this time an idea which was greeted with immense applause.

"Friends and fellow-soldiers," said he, "in order to prevent the destruction of our fort, I propose that we pour water upon our walls as fast as we finish them. Then they will freeze hard, and no one will be able to do much damage in the time that will be at his command."

For a whole week the boys labored unweariedly, and Fort Challenge grew into a large, two-storied structure, with proud ramparts, parapets, and cannon-gates. But right across the river, almost beyond snowball range, a similar structure rose; and every day the hostile armies jeered and yelled at each other, and exchanged random shots. But any real engagement did not take place; for both generals thought that it would be for their interest not to molest each other until each had finished his fortifications. Therefore, the white flag of truce (which was a pillow-case) fluttered in the breeze; and General Viggo with his own hands had painted on it in big, lamp-black letters, "Fort Challenge." But great indeed was his astonishment when, on the following day, he saw a similar flag fluttering from the enemy's ramparts, bearing in sprawling letters the inscription, "Fort Defiance."

Marcus, the Muskrat, had been sent out daily as a spy, to report the enemy's movements, and he was generally very successful. But the third time, when, under cover of a blinding snow-storm, he had ventured too close under the walls of Fort Defiance, he was captured, court-martialed, and sentenced to be shot. It was a blood-curdling thing to watch him as he was led out, calm and pale, and then to see him fall prostrate in the snow, hit square in the chest by six hard balls. But that did not prevent him, when his executioners had turned their backs, from jumping up and running as fast as his feet could carry him, across the ice to Fort Challenge.

There was no denying that the East-siders were frightfully jealous of the West-siders, on many accounts. First, there were the drum and the bugle which were beaten and blown in Fort Challenge on every possible occasion; while Fort Defiance could boast nothing but a tin bucket, which made an ear-splitting but extremely unmelodious racket. Then again, General Viggo's real sword and military cap and buttons (which he had found among the discarded wardrobe of his father) aroused the blackest envy of the Reitan army, who had no bit of glittering finery to distinguish their uniforms from their ordinary clothes. And when, on the fifth day, to cap the climax, a real Norwegian flag was unfurled from the topmost rampart of Fort Challenge, the East-siders set up a yell of wrath, determined on the instant to capture it.

That was the real cause of the great and famous battle which was fought between the East-siders and the West-siders, October 21, 1884, the renown of which will last as long as there are boys in Norway.

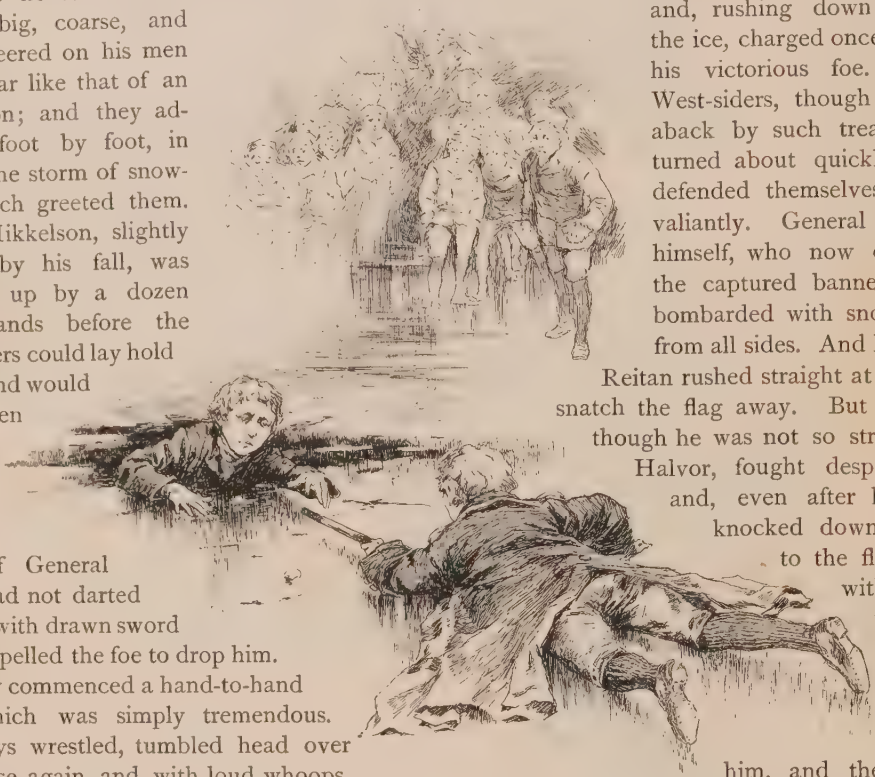
At about two o'clock in the afternoon the

East-siders struck their flag of truce, and beat the tin bucket as a signal for battle. The West-siders immediately responded by the beating of the drum and the blare of the trumpet. General Viggo mounted the topmost rampart and shouted a scornful challenge (as did the Norse heroes of old) to his foe; and Halvor Reitan, standing on the parapet of Fort Defiance, yelled back until his face was as red as a boiled lobster.

"THEY STORMED THE WALLS OF FORT DEFIANCE."

Then the bombardment began. A whole arsenal of ammunition had been stored behind the walls of each fortress, and the balls flew thick and fast, picking off man after man, now in the one fortress and now in the other. There were at least thirty boys on each side, and so great was their martial fury that they rose up again after they had been wounded, and laughed at black eyes and bleeding noses. The first serious accident occurred when plucky Anton Mikkelson, losing his balance, tumbled over the wall, and, falling on the outside, rolled right down on the frozen river. The East-siders, seeing a chance of making him a prisoner of war, sent out a flying column; and the West-siders, in order to rescue him, made a sortie in force. Leading his gallant army, General Viggo advanced

upon the ice, while the snowballs whizzed past his ears, and poor Marcus, the adjutant, received a tremendous hit right in his forehead which raised a huge lump in an instant. But, though he lost his balance, he was soon upon his feet again, and ran forward to shield his beloved commander from the missiles that flew about his head. Halvor Reitan, big, coarse, and burly, cheered on his men with a roar like that of an angry lion; and they advanced, foot by foot, in spite of the storm of snowballs which greeted them. Anton Mikkelson, slightly stunned by his fall, was snatched up by a dozen eager hands before the West-siders could lay hold of him, and would have been carried triumphantly to Fort Defiance, if General Viggo had not darted forward with drawn sword and compelled the foe to drop him. And now commenced a hand-to-hand fight which was simply tremendous. The boys wrestled, tumbled head over heels, rose again, and, with loud whoops, charged the ranks of their antagonists. No one minded bumps or scratches; nay, the boys scarcely felt them, so filled were they with hot zeal, so absorbed in the great game of war.



"VIGGO PUSHED THE POLE BEFORE HIM."

For twenty minutes the battle raged. Then the East-side army gave way. Many fell down, half exhausted, in the snow. The rest suddenly broke and ran, in spite of their general's wrathful yells and calls. General Viggo, at the head of his noble band, pursued them up the slope, and, with a wild cheer, stormed the walls of Fort Defiance. Marcus Henning was the first to scale the rampart and snatch the flag. He waved it thrice over his head, and then carried it away in triumph. General Viggo promptly demanded the unconditional surrender of the fortress, and General Reitan, seeing that his colors were struck, had to accept the terms that were offered him. But when he saw the West-siders march away with his banner, he suddenly forgot his surrender; and, beside himself with anger, he summoned the remnant of his men, and, rushing down upon the ice, charged once more his victorious foe. The West-siders, though taken aback by such treachery, turned about quickly and defended themselves right valiantly. General Viggo himself, who now carried the captured banner, was bombarded with snowballs from all sides. And Halvor Reitan rushed straight at him to snatch the flag away. But Viggo, though he was not so strong as Halvor, fought desperately, and, even after he was knocked down, clung to the flag-pole with all his might. All the enemy strove about him, and the East-siders were hurrying to the assistance of their commander, when suddenly a tremendous crackling sound was heard, and the two armies scurried away, panic-stricken, toward the river-banks. Did I say both armies? Yes, but not the two commanders. In the middle of the river Halvor Reitan's wet, tousled head was seen bobbing up, and a pair of outstretched hands were trying desperately to clutch at something on the smooth ice. Viggo, who had already turned to run with the rest, heard his piercing shrieks, and, forgetting all enmity, he paused and looked back. There was his treacherous foe, pressed against the edge of the ice, struggling in the fierce stream which might the

next moment pull him under. Viggo's heart beat wildly. He saw the long cracks in the ice which were slowly widening from the force of the current. But, summoning all his courage, he plunged forward and, flinging himself flat on the ice, he pushed the flag-pole before him until it was within reach of the drowning boy.

"Hold on tight!" cried Viggo; "don't let go."

And, to be sure, Halvor held on tight enough. But the great question was for Viggo to get a safe footing, so as to brace himself for a mighty pull. The boys on shore stood staring with bated breath; for a moment not a single one moved. Then, quick as a flash, Marcus, the Muskrat, darted out on the river.

He had spiked soles on his boots, and, though the ice seemed to be adrift under his feet, he advanced fearlessly.

"Now, General," he shouted, seizing Viggo by both legs, and boring his heels into the ice, "now give a pull, and a big one! One, two, three!"

That was a wrench that nearly tore Viggo's arms out of their sockets. He felt numb all over, and there was a film before his eyes. When his sight cleared, he saw Halvor Reitan crawling toward him, still fearing to let go the end of the flag-pole. Cautiously he pushed himself forward until he was at Viggo's side Then the valiant Muskrat grabbed them both by the feet and quickly dragged them ashore.

That was the end of the siege. And it was the end, too, of the war between the West-siders and the East-siders. Halvor, dripping wet as he was, and shivering to the marrow of his bones, grasped his rescuer's hand, and, wringing it, "I won't fight you any more," he said, with quivering lips; "you are a much better fellow than I am. But—but—if you should ever get—into a scrape—and—and—want the fists of a friend—you know where to find them."

So saying, he rejoined his fellows; and, at his beck, they all doffed their caps and gave three hearty cheers for their friends the enemy.

A MARCH BIRD.

By Robert F. Roden.

Though blasts of March are roaring high,
And clouds run races through the sky,
And weathercocks are vexed to know
Which way to point the winds that blow,
And in the snowdrifts on the hill
Winter lies hid in ambush still—
Thou, little bird, with faithful wing
Hast staked thy life upon the Spring—
Hast come, so full of life possessed
Winds ruffle but thine outer breast.
Perched on the garden's tallest pear,
Because last year thy nest was there,
Thy song is of a quiet tune
Unto the halcyon days of June.

THE KING'S ANKUS.

By Rudyard Kipling.

Ere Mor the peacock flutters, ere the Monkey-people cry,
Ere Chil the kite swoops down a furlong sheer,
Through the jungle very softly flits a shadow and a sigh—
He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!
Very softly down the glade runs a waiting, watching shade,
And the whisper spreads and widens far and near;
And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even now—
He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!

Ere the moon has climbed the mountain, ere the rocks
are ribbed with light,
When the downward-dipping trails are dank and drear,
Comes a breathing hard behind thee, *snuffle-snuffle*
through the night—
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!
On thy knees and draw the bow; bid the thrilling
arrow go;
In the empty, mocking thicket plunge the spear;
But thy hands are loosed and weak, and the blood has left
thy cheek—
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!

When the heat-cloud sucks the tempest, when the sliv-
ered pine-trees fall,
When the lightning shows each littlest leaf-rib clear,
Through the trumpets of the thunder rings a voice more
loud than all—
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!
Now the spates are banked and deep; now the footless
boulders leap;
Now the blinding, lashing rain-squalls shift and veer;
But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart against
thy side
Hammers: Fear, O Little Hunter—this is Fear!

—*Song of the Little Hunter.*

These jungle tales are told the same way that Baloo left the Bee-rocks—any end first; and you must take them as they come—just as the frog took the white ants after the rains.

Kaa, the big rock-python, had changed his skin for exactly the hundredth time since his birth; and Mowgli, who never forgot that he owed his life to Kaa for a night's work at Cold Lairs, which you may perhaps remember, went to congratulate him. Skin-changing always makes a snake moody and depressed till the new skin begins to shine and look beautiful. Kaa never made fun of Mowgli any more, but accepted him, as the other Jungle-people did, for the Master of the Jungle, and brought him all the news that a python of his size would naturally hear. What Kaa did not know about the Middle Jungle, as they call it,—the life that runs close to the earth or under it, the boulder, burrow, and the tree-bole life,—might have been written upon the smallest of his scales.

That afternoon Mowgli was sitting in the circle of Kaa's great coils, fingering the flaked and broken old skin that lay all looped and twisted among the rocks just as Kaa had left it. Kaa had very courteously packed himself under Mowgli's broad, bare shoulders, so that the boy was really resting in a living arm-chair.

"Even to the scales of the eyes it is perfect," said Mowgli, under his breath, playing with the old skin. "Strange to see the covering of one's own head at one's own feet."

"Aye, but I lack feet," said Kaa; "and since this is the custom of all my people, I do not find it strange. Does thy skin never feel old and harsh?"

"Then go I and wash, Flathead; but, it is true, in the great heats I have wished I could slough my skin without pain, and run skinless."

"I wash, and *also* I take off my skin. How looks the new coat?"

Mowgli ran his hand down the diagonal checkerings of the immense back. "The turtle is harder-backed, but not so gay," he said judgmatically. "The frog, my name-bearer, is more gay, but not so hard. It is very beautiful to see — like the mottling in the mouth of a lily."

MOWGLI AND KAA IN THE POOL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"It needs water. A new skin never comes to full color before the first bath. Let us go bathe."

"I will carry thee," said Mowgli; and he stooped down, laughing, to lift the middle section of Kaa's great body, just where the barrel was thickest. A man might just as well have tried to heave up a two-foot water-main; and Kaa lay still, puffing with quiet amusement. Then the regular evening game began — the boy in the flush of his great strength, and the python in his sumptuously painted new skin, standing up one against the other for a wrestling-match — a trial of eye and strength. Of course Kaa could have crushed a dozen Mowglis if he had let himself go; but he played carefully, and never loosed one tenth of his power. Ever since Mowgli was strong enough to endure a little rough handling, Kaa had taught him this game, and it suppled his limbs as nothing else could. Sometimes Mowgli would stand lapped almost to his throat in Kaa's shifting coils, striving to get one arm free and catch him by the throat. Then Kaa would give way limply, and Mowgli with both quick-moving feet would try to cramp the purchase of that huge tail as it flung backward feeling for a rock or a stump. They would rock to and fro, head to head, each waiting for his chance, till the beautiful, statue-like group melted in a whirl of black-and-yellow coils and struggling legs and arms, to rise up again and again. "Now! Now! Now!" said Kaa, making feints with his head that even Mowgli's quick hand could not turn aside. "Look! I touch thee here, Little Brother! Here, and here! Are thy hands numb? Here again!"

The game always ended one way — with a straight, driving blow of the head that knocked the boy over and over. Mowgli could never learn the guard for that lightning lunge, and, as Kaa said, it was not the least use trying.

"Good hunting!" Kaa grunted at last; and Mowgli, as usual, was shot away half a dozen yards, gasping and laughing. He rose with his fingers full of grass, and followed Kaa to the wise old snake's pet bathing-place — a deep, pitchy-black pool surrounded with rocks and made interesting by sunken tree-stumps. The boy slipped in, jungle-fashion, without a sound, and dived across; rose, too, without a sound, and turned on his back, his arms behind his head, watching the moon rising above the rocks, and breaking up her reflection in the water with his toes. Kaa's diamond-shaped head cut the pool like a razor, and came out to rest on Mowgli's shoulder. They lay still, soaking luxuriously in the cool water.

"It is *very* good," said Mowgli at last, sleepily. "Now in the Man-pack, at this hour, as I remember, they laid them down upon hard pieces of wood in the inside of a mud-trap, and, having carefully shut out all the clean winds, drew foul cloth over their heavy heads, and made evil songs through their noses. It is better in the jungle."

A hurrying cobra slipped down over a rock and drank, gave them "Good hunting!" and went away.

"Sssh!" said Kaa, as though he had suddenly remembered something. "So the jungle gives thee all that thou hast ever desired, Little Brother?"

"Not all," said Mowgli, laughing; "else there would be a new and strong Shere Khan to kill once a moon. Now I could kill with my own hands, asking no help of buffaloes. And also I have wished the sun to shine in the middle of the rains, and the rains to cover the sun in the deep of summer; and also I have never gone empty but I wished that I had killed a goat; and also I have never killed a goat but I wished it had been buck; nor buck but I wished it had been nilghai. But thus do we feel, all of us."

"Thou hast no other desires?" the big snake demanded.

"What more can I wish? I have the jungle, and the love of the jungle? Is there more anywhere between sunrise and sunset?"

"Now the cobra said —" Kaa began.

"What cobra? He that went away just now said nothing. He was hunting."

"It was another."

"Hast thou many dealings with the Poison-people? I give them their own path. They carry death in the fore-tooth, and that is not good — for they are so small. But what hood is this thou hast spoken with?"

Kaa rolled slowly in the water like a steamer in a beam sea. "Three or four moons since," said he, "I hunted in Cold Lairs, which place thou hast not forgotten. And the thing I

hunted fled shrieking past the tanks and to that house whose side I once broke, and ran into the ground."

"But the people of Cold Lairs do not live in burrows." Mowgli knew that Kaa was talking of the *Bandar-log* (the Monkey-people).

"We will look," said Mowgli. "I now remember that I was once a man."

"Slowly—slowly. It was haste killed the Yellow Snake that ate the sun. We two spoke together under the earth, and I spoke of thee, naming thee as a man. Said the White Hood,

"COLD LAIRS STOOD EMPTY AND SILENT IN THE MOONLIGHT."

"This thing was not living, but seeking to live," Kaa replied, with a quiver of his tongue. "He ran into a burrow that led very far. I followed, and having killed I slept. When I waked I went forward."

"Under the earth?"

"Even so, coming at last upon a White Hood [a white cobra], who spoke of things beyond my knowledge, and showed me many things I had never before seen."

"New game? Was it good hunting?" Mowgli turned quickly on his side.

"It was no game, and would have broken all my teeth; but the White Hood said that a man—he spoke as one that knew the breed—that a man would give the breath under his ribs for only the sight of those things."

and he is indeed as old as the jungle: 'It is long since I have seen a man. Let him come, and he shall see all these things, for the least of which very many men would die.'"

"That *must* be new game. And yet the Poison-people do not tell us when game is afoot. They are an unfriendly folk."

"It is *not* game. It is—it is—I cannot say what it is."

"We will go there. I have never seen a White Hood, and I wish to see the other things. Did he kill them?"

"They are all dead things. He says he is the keeper of them all."

"Ah! As a wolf stands above meat he has taken to his own lair. Let us go."

Mowgli swam to the bank, rolled in the grass

to dry himself, and the two set off for Cold Lairs, the deserted city of which you have heard. Mowgli was not the least afraid of the Monkey-people in those days, but the Monkey-people had the liveliest horror of Mowgli. Their tribes, however, were raiding in the jungle, and so Cold Lairs stood empty and silent in the moonlight. Kaa led up to the ruins of the queen's pavilion that stood on the terrace, slipped over the rubbish, and dived down the half-choked staircase that went underground from the center of the pavilion. Mowgli gave the snake-call,—"We be of one blood, ye and I,"—and followed on his hands and knees. They crawled a long distance down a sloping passage that turned and twisted several times, and at last came to where the root of some great tree growing thirty feet overhead had forced out a solid stone in the wall. They crept through the gap, and found themselves in a large vault whose domed roof had been also broken away by tree-roots so that a few streaks of light dropped down into the darkness.

"A safe lair," said Mowgli, rising to his firm feet, "but over far to come daily. And now what do we see?"

"Am I nothing?" said a voice in the middle of the vault; and Mowgli saw something white move till, little by little, there stood up the hugest cobra he had ever set eyes on—a creature nearly eight feet long, and bleached by being in darkness to an old ivory white. Even the spectacle-marks of his spread hood had faded to faint yellow. His eyes were as red as rubies, and altogether he was a most wonderful creature to see.

"Good hunting!" said Mowgli, who carried his manners with his knife, and that never left him.

"What of the city?" said the White Cobra, without answering the greeting. "What of the great, the walled city—the city of a hundred elephants and twenty thousand horses, and cattle past counting—the city of the king of twenty kings? I grow deaf here, and it is long since I heard their war-gongs."

"The jungle is above our heads," said Mowgli. "I know only Hathi and his sons among elephants. Bagheera has slain all the horses in one village, and—what is a king?"

"I told thee," said Kaa softly to the cobra,—"I told thee, four moons ago, that thy city was not."

"The city—the great city of the forest whose gates are guarded by the king's towers—can never pass. They builded it before my father's father came from the egg, and it shall endure when my son's sons are as white as I. Salomdhi, son of Chandrabija, son of Viyeja, son of Yegasuri, made it in the days of Bappa Rawal. Whose cattle are *ye?*"

"It is a lost trail," said Mowgli, turning to Kaa. "I know not his talk."

"Nor I. He is very old. Father of Cobras, there is only the jungle here, as it has been since the beginning."

"Then who is *he*," said the White Cobra, "sitting down before me, unafraid, knowing not the name of the king, talking our tongue through a man's lips? Who is he with the knife and the snake's tongue?"

"Mowgli they call me," was the answer. "I am of the jungle. The wolves are my people, and Kaa here is my brother. Father of Cobras, who art thou?"

"I am the Warden of the king's treasure. Kurrun Raja builded the stone above me, in the days when my skin was dark, that I might teach death to those who came to steal. Then they let down the treasure through the stone, and I heard the song of the Brahmins my masters."

"Umm!" said Mowgli to himself. "I have dealt with one Brahmin already, in the Man-pack, and—I know what I know. Evil is coming here in a little time."

"Five times since I came here has the stone been lifted, but always to let down more, and never to take away. There are no riches like these riches—the treasures of a hundred kings. But it is long and long since the stone was last moved, and I think that my city has forgotten."

"There is no city. Look up. Yonder are the roots of the great trees tearing the stones apart. Trees and men do not grow together," Kaa insisted.

"Twice and thrice have men found their way here," the White Cobra answered savagely; "but they never spoke till I came upon them groping in the dark, and then they cried only

a little time. But *ye* come with lies, man and snake both, and would have me believe the city is not, and that my wardenship ends. Little do men change in the years. But *I* change never. Till the stone is lifted, and the Brahmins come down singing the songs that I know, and feed me with warm milk and take me to the light again, I—I—*I*, and no other, am the Warden of the king's treasure. The city is dead, ye say, and here are the roots of the trees? Stoop down, then, and take what ye will. Earth has no treasure like this. Man with the snake's tongue, if thou canst go alive by the way that thou hast entered at, the lesser kings will be thy servants!"

"Again the trail is lost," said Mowgli, coolly. "Can any jackal have burrowed so deep and bitten this great White Hood? He is surely mad. Father of Cobras, I see nothing here to take away."

"By the Gods of the Sun and Moon, it is the madness of death upon the boy!" hissed the cobra. "Before thy eyes close I will do thee this favor. Look thou, and see what man has never seen before."

"They do not well in the jungle who speak to Mowgli of favors," said the boy, between his teeth; "but the dark changes all, as I know. I will look, if that please thee."

He stared with puckered-up eyes round the vault, and then lifted up from the floor a handful of something that glittered.

"Oho!" said he, "this is like the stuff they play with in the Man-pack, only this is yellow and the other was brown."

He let the heavy gold pieces fall, and moved forward. The floor of the vault was buried some five or six feet deep in coined gold and silver that had burst from the sacks it had been originally stored in, and, in the long years, the metal had packed and settled as sand packs at low tide. On it and in it, and rising up through it as wrecks lift through the sand, were jeweled elephant-howdahs of state, of embossed silver three fingers thick, studded with plates of hammered gold, adorned with carbuncles and turquoises. There were palanquins and litters for carrying queens, framed and braced with silver and enamel, with jade-handled poles and amber curtain-rings; there were golden candlesticks hung with pierced emeralds quivering on the branches; there were studded images, five feet high, of forgotten gods, silver with jeweled eyes; there were coats of mail, gold inlaid on steel, and fringed with rotted and blackened seed-pearls; there were helmets crested and beaded with pigeon's-blood rubies; there were shields of lacquer, of tortoise-shell and rhinoceros hide, strapped and bossed with red gold and set with emeralds at the edge; there were sheaves of diamond-hilted swords, daggers, and hunting-knives; there were golden sacrificial bowls and ladles, and portable altars of a shape that never see the light of day; there were jade cups and bracelets; there were incense-burners, combs, and pots for perfume, henna, and eye-powder, all in embossed gold; there were nose-rings, armlets, head-bands, finger-rings, and girdles past any counting; there were belts seven fingers broad, of square-cut diamonds and rubies, and wooden boxes trebly clamped with iron, from which the wood had fallen away in powder, showing the pile of uncut star-sapphires, opals, cat's-eyes, sapphires, rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and garnets within.

The White Cobra was right. No mere money would begin to pay the value of this treasure, the sifted pickings of centuries of war, plunder, trade, and taxation. The coins alone were priceless, leaving out of count all the precious stones; and the dead weight of the gold and silver alone might be two or three hundred tons. Every native ruler in India to-day, however poor, has a hoard to which he is always adding; and though once in a long while some enlightened prince may send off forty or fifty bullock-cart loads of silver to be exchanged for government securities, the bulk of them keep their treasure and the knowledge of it very closely to themselves.

But Mowgli naturally did not understand what these things meant. The knives interested him a little, but they did not balance as well as his own, and so he dropped them. At last he found something really interesting laid on the front of a howdah half buried in the coins. It was a four-foot ankus, or elephant-goad—something like a small boat-hook. The top was one round shining ruby, and eighteen

inches of the handle below it were studded with rough turquoises close together, giving a most satisfactory grip. Below them was a rim of jade with a flower-pattern running round it—only the leaves were emeralds, and the blossoms were rubies sunk in the cool, green stone. The rest of the handle was a shaft of pure ivory, and the point—the spike and hook—was gold-inlaid steel with pictures of elephant-catching; and the pictures attracted Mowgli, who saw that they had something to do with his friend Hathi the Silent.

The White Cobra had been following him closely.

"Is it not worth dying to behold?" he said. "Have I not done thee a great favor?"

"I do not understand," said Mowgli. "The things are hard and cold, and by no means good to eat. But this"—he lifted the ankus—"I desire to take away, that I may see it in the sun. Thou sayest they are all thine. Wilt thou give it to me, and I will bring thee frogs to eat?"

The White Cobra fairly shook with evil delight. "Assuredly I will give it," he said. "All that is here I will give thee—till thou goest away."

"But I go now. This place is dark and cold, and I wish to take the thorn-pointed thing to the jungle."

"Look by thy foot! What is that there?"

Mowgli picked up something white and smooth. "It is the bone of a man's head," he said quietly. "And here are two more."

"They came to take the treasure away many years ago. I spoke to them in the dark, and they lay still."

"But what do I need of this that is called treasure? If thou wilt give me the ankus to take away, it is good hunting. If not, it is good hunting none the less. I do not fight with the Poison-people, and I was also taught the Master-word for thy tribe."

"There is but one Master-word here. It is mine!"

Kaa flung himself forward with blazing eyes. "Who bade me bring the man?" he hissed.

"I surely," the old cobra lisped. "It is long since I have seen man, and this man speaks our tongue."

"But there was no talk of killing. How can I go to the jungle and say that I have led him to his death?" said Kaa.

"I never talk of killing till the time. And as to thy going or not going, there is the hole in the wall. Peace now, thou fat monkey-killer! I have but to touch thy neck, and the jungle will know thee no longer. Never man came here that went away with the breath under his ribs. I am the Warden of the treasure of the king's city!"

"But, thou white worm of the dark, I tell thee there is neither king nor city! The jungle is all about us!" cried Kaa.

"There is still the treasure. But this can be done. Wait a while, Kaa of the Rocks, and see the boy run. There is room for great sport here. Life is good. Run to and fro a while, and make sport, boy."

Mowgli put his hand on Kaa's head quietly.

"The white thing has dealt with men of the Man-pack until now. He does not know me," he whispered. "He has asked for this hunting. Let him have it." Mowgli had been standing with the ankus held point down. He flung it from him quickly, and it dropped crossways just behind the great snake's hood, pinning him to the floor. In a flash Kaa's weight was upon the writhing body, paralyzing it from hood to tail. The red eyes burned, and the six spare inches of the head struck furiously right and left.

"Kill," said Kaa, as Mowgli's hand went to his knife.

"No," he said, as he drew the blade. "I will never kill again save for food. But look you, Kaa!" He caught the snake behind the hood, forced the mouth open with the blade of the knife, and showed the terrible poison-fangs of the upper jaw lying black and withered in the gum. The White Cobra had outlived his poison, as a snake will.

"*Thuu*" ("it is dried up"),* said Mowgli; and, motioning Kaa away, he picked up the ankus, setting the White Cobra free.

"The king's treasure needs a new warden," he said gravely. "Thuu, thou hast not done well. Run to and fro and make sport, Thuu!"

"I am ashamed. Kill me!" hissed the White Cobra.

* Literally, a rotted out tree-stump.

"There has been too much talk of killing. We will go now. I take the thorn-pointed thing, Thuu, because I have fought and worsted thee."

"See then that the thing does not kill thee at last. It is death! Remember, it is death! There is enough in that thing to kill the men of all my city. Not long wilt thou hold it, jungle man, nor he who takes it from thee. They will kill and kill and kill for its sake! My strength is dried up, but the ankus will do my work. It is death! It is death! It is death!"

Mowgli crawled out through the hole into the passage again, and the last that he saw was the White Cobra striking furiously with his harmless fangs at the solid golden faces of the gods that lay on the floor, and hissing, "It is death!"

They were glad to get to the light of day once more; and when they were back in their own jungle and Mowgli made the ankus glitter in the morning light, he was almost as pleased as though he had found a bunch of new flowers to stick in his hair.

"This is brighter than Bagheera's eyes," he said delightedly, as he twirled the ruby. "I will show it to him; but what did the Thuu mean when he talked of death?"

"I cannot say. I am sorrowful to my tail's tail that he felt not thy knife. There is always evil at Cold Lairs—above ground and below. But now I am hungry. Dost thou hunt with me this dawn?" said Kaa.

"No; Bagheera must see this thing. Good hunting!" Mowgli danced off, flourishing the great ankus, and stopping from time to time to admire it, till he came to that part of the jungle Bagheera chiefly used, and found him drinking after a heavy kill. Mowgli told him all his adventures from beginning to end, and Bagheera sniffed at the ankus between whiles. When Mowgli came to the White Cobra's last words, Bagheera purred approvingly.

"Then the White Hood spoke the thing which is?" Mowgli asked quickly.

"I was born in the king's cages at Oodeypore, and it is in my stomach that I know some little of man. Very many men would kill thrice in a night for the sake of that one big red stone alone."

"But the stone makes it heavy to the hand. My little bright knife is better; and—see! the red stone is not good to eat."

"They would not kill because it is sharp, or because it is good to eat."

"Then *why* would they kill?"

"Mowgli, go thou and sleep. Thou hast lived among men, and—"

"I remember. Men kill because they are not hunting;—for idleness and pleasure. Wake again, Bagheera. For what use was this thorn-pointed thing made?"

Bagheera half opened his eyes—he was very sleepy—with a malicious twinkle.

"It was made by men to thrust into the head of the sons of Hathi, so that the blood should pour out. I have seen the like in the street of Oodeypore, before our cages. That thing has tasted the blood of many such as Hathi."

"But why did they thrust into the heads of elephants?"

"To teach them Man's Law. Having neither claws nor teeth, men make these things—and worse."

"Always more blood when I come near, even to the things the Man-pack have made," said Mowgli, disgustedly. He was getting a little tired of the weight of the ankus. "If I had known this, I would not have taken it. First it was Messua's blood on the thongs, and now it is Hathi's. I will use it no more. Look!"

The ankus flew sparkling, and buried itself point down thirty yards away, between the trees. "So my hands are clean of death," said Mowgli, rubbing his palms on the fresh, moist earth. "The Thuu said death would follow me. He is old and white and mad."

"White or black, or death or life, *I* am going to sleep, Little Brother. I cannot hunt all night and howl all day, as do some folk."

Bagheera went off to a hunting-lair that he used, about two miles off. Mowgli made an easy way for himself up a convenient tree, knotted three or four creepers together, and in less time than it takes to tell was swinging in a hammock fifty feet above ground. Though he had no positive objection to strong daylight, Mowgli followed the custom of his friends, and used it as little as he could. When he waked among the very loud-voiced bird-peoples that live in

the trees, it was twilight once more, and he had been dreaming of the beautiful pebbles he had thrown away.

"At least I will look at the thing again," he said, and slid down a creeper to the earth: but Bagheera was before him. Mowgli could hear the panther snuffing in the half light.

"Where is the thorn-pointed thing?" cried Mowgli.

"A man has taken it. Here is his trail."

"THEY FELL INTO THE QUICK, CHOPPY TRAIL-TROT, FOLLOWING THE MARKS OF THOSE TWO BARE FEET."

"Now we shall see whether the Thuu spoke truth. If the pointed thing is death, that man will die. Let us follow."

"Kill first," said Bagheera. "An empty stomach makes a careless eye. Men go very slowly, and the jungle is wet enough to hold the lightest mark." They killed as soon as they could, but it was nearly three hours before they finished their meat and drink and buckled down to the trail. The Jungle-people know that nothing makes up for being hurried over your meals.

"Think you the pointed thing will turn in the man's hand and kill him?" Mowgli asked. "The Thuu said it was death."

"We shall see when we find," said Bagheera, trotting with his head low. "It is single-foot" (he meant that there was only one man), "and the weight of the thing has pressed his heel far into the ground."

"Hai! This is as clear as summer lightning," Mowgli answered; and they fell into the quick, choppy trail-trot in and out through the checkers of the moonlight, following the marks of those two bare feet.

"Now he runs swiftly," said Mowgli. "The toes are spread apart." They went on over some wet ground. "Now why does he turn aside here?"

"Wait!" said Bagheera, and flung himself forward with one superb bound as far as ever he could. The first thing to do when a trail

ceases to explain itself is to cast forward without leaving your own foot-marks on the ground. Bagheera turned as he landed, and faced Mowgli, crying, "Here comes another trail to meet him. It is a smaller foot, this second trail, and the toes turn inward."

Then Mowgli ran up and looked. "It is the foot of a Gond hunter," he said. "Look!" Here he dragged his bow on the grass. "That is why the first trail turned aside so quickly. Big Foot hid from Little Foot."

"That is true," said Bagheera. "Now, lest by crossing each other's tracks we foul the signs, let each take one trail. I am Big Foot, Little Brother, and thou art Little Foot the Gond."

Bagheera leaped back to the original trail, leaving Mowgli stooping above the curious narrow track of the wild little man of the woods.

"Now," said Bagheera, moving step by step along the chain of footprints, "I, Big Foot, turn aside here. Now I hide me behind a rock and stand still, not daring to shift my feet. Cry thy trail, Little Brother."

"Now I, Little Foot, come to the rock," said Mowgli, running up his trail. "Now I sit down under the rock, leaning upon my right hand, and resting my bow between my toes. I wait long, for the mark of my feet is deep here."

"I also," said Bagheera, hidden behind the rock. "I wait, resting the end of the thorn-pointed thing upon a stone. It slips, for here is a scratch upon the stone. Cry thy trail, Little Brother."

"One, two twigs and a big branch are broken here," said Mowgli, in an undertone. "Now how shall I cry that? Ah! It is plain now. I, Little Foot, go away making noises and tramplings that Big Foot may hear me." The boy moved away from the rock pace by pace among the trees, his voice rising in the distance as he approached a little cascade. "I — go — far — away — to — where — the — noise — of — falling — water — covers — my — noise; and — here — I — wait. Cry thy trail, Bagheera, Big Foot!"

The panther had been casting in every direction to see how Big Foot's trail led away from behind the rock. Then he gave tongue.

"I come from behind the rock upon my knees, dragging the thorn-pointed thing. Seeing no one, I run. I, Big Foot, run swiftly. The trail is clear. Let each follow his own. I run!"

Bagheera swept on along the clearly marked trail, and Mowgli followed the steps of the Gond. For some time there was silence in the jungle.

"Where art thou, Little Foot?" cried Bagheera. Mowgli's voice answered him not fifty yards to the right.

"Um!" said the panther, with a deep cough. "The two run side by side, drawing nearer!"

They raced on another half mile, always keeping about the same distance, till Mowgli, whose head was not so close to the ground as Bagheera's, cried: "They have met. Good hunting — look! Here stood Little Foot, with his knee on a rock — and yonder is Big Foot."

Not ten yards in front of them, stretched across a pile of broken rocks, lay the body of a villager of the district, with a long, small-feathered Gond arrow through his back and breast.

"Was the Thuu so old and so mad, Little Brother?" said Bagheera, gently. "This is one death, at least."

"Follow on. But where is the drinker of elephant's blood — the red-eyed thorn?"

"Little Foot has it — perhaps. It is single-foot again now."

The single trail of a light man who had been running quickly and bearing a burden on his left shoulder, held on round a long, low spur of dried grass, on which each footfall seemed to be marked in hot iron to the sharp eyes of the trackers.

Neither spoke till the trail ran up to the ashes of a camp-fire hidden in a ravine.

"Again!" said Bagheera, checking as though he had been turned into stone.

The body of the little wizened Gond lay with its feet in the ashes, and Bagheera looked inquiringly at Mowgli.

"That was done with a bamboo," said the boy, after one glance. "I have used such a thing among the buffaloes when I served in the Man-pack. The Father of Cobras — I am sorrowful that I made a jest of him — knew the breed well, as I might have known. Said I not that men kill for idleness?"

"Indeed, they killed for the sake of the red and blue stones," Bagheera answered. "Remember, I was in the king's cages at Oodeypore."

"One, two, three, four tracks," said Mowgli, stooping over the ashes. "Four tracks of men with shod feet. They do not go so quickly as Gonds. Now, what evil had the little woodman done to them? See, they talked together all five, standing up, before they killed him. Bagheera, let us go back. My stomach is heavy in me, and yet it goes up and down like an oriole's nest at the end of a branch."

"It is not good hunting to leave the game afoot. Follow," said the panther. "Those eight shod feet have not gone far."

No more was said for fully an hour, as they looked up the broad trail of the four men with shod feet.

It was clear, hot daylight now, and Bagheera said, "I smell smoke."

"Men are always more ready to eat than to run," Mowgli answered, trotting in and out between the low scrub bushes of the new jungle they were exploring. Bagheera, a little to his left, made an indescribable noise in his throat. "Here is one that has done with feeding," said he. A tumbled bundle of gay-colored clothes lay under a bush, and round it was some spilt flour.

"That was done by the bamboo again," said Mowgli. "See! that white dust is what men eat. They have taken the kill from this one,— he carried their food,— and given him for a kill to Chil the kite."

"BAGHEERA FLUNG HIMSELF FORWARD WITH ONE SUPERB BOUND."

"It is the third," said Bagheera.

"I will go with new, big frogs to the Father of Cobras, and feed him fat," said Mowgli to himself. "The drinker of elephants' blood is Death himself — but still I do not understand."

"Follow!" said Bagheera.

They had not gone half a mile further when they heard Ko the crow singing the death-song in the top of a tamarisk under whose shade three men were lying. A half-dead fire smoked in the center of the circle, under an iron plate which held a blackened and burned cake of unleavened bread. Close to the fire, and blaz-

ing in the sunshine, lay the ruby-and-turquoise ankus.

"The thing works quickly; all ends here," said Bagheera. "How did these die, Mowgli? There is no mark nor rub on any one."

A jungle-dweller gets to learn by experience as much as a great many doctors know of poisonous plants and berries. Mowgli sniffed the smoke that came up from the fire, broke off a morsel of the blackened bread, tasted it, and spat it out again.

"Apple of death," he coughed. "The first must have made it ready in the food for *these*, who killed him, having first killed the Gond."

"Good hunting, indeed! The kills follow close," said Bagheera.

"Apple of death" is what the Jungle call thorn-apple or dhatura, the readiest poison in all India.

"What now?" said the panther. "Shall thou and I kill each other for yonder red-eyed slayer?"

"Can it speak?" said Mowgli, in a whisper. "Did I do it a wrong when I threw it away? Between us two it can do no wrong, for we do not desire what men desire. If it be left here, it will assuredly continue to kill men one after another as fast as nuts fall in a high wind. I have no love to men, but even I would not have them die six in a night."

"What matter? They are only men. They killed one another, and were well pleased," said Bagheera. "That first little woodman hunted well."

"They are cubs none the less; and a cub will drown himself to bite the moon's light on the water. The fault was mine," said Mowgli, who spoke as though he knew all about everything. "I will never again bring into the jungle strange things—not though they be as beautiful as flowers. This"—he handled the ankus gingerly—"goes back to the Father of Cobras. But first we must sleep, and we cannot sleep near these sleepers. Also we must bury *him*, lest he run away and kill another six. Dig me a hole under that tree."

"But, Little Brother," said Bagheera, moving off to the spot, "I tell thee it is no fault of the blood-drinker. The trouble is with the men."

"All one," said Mowgli. "Dig the hole deep. When we wake I will take him up and carry him back."

* * * * * *

Two nights later, as the White Cobra sat mourning in the darkness of the vault, ashamed and robbed and alone, the turquoise ankus whirled through the hole in the wall, and clashed on the floor of golden coins.

"Father of Cobras," said Mowgli (he was careful to keep the other side of the wall), "get thee a young and ripe one of thy own people to help thee guard the king's treasure so that no man may come away alive any more."

"Ah-ha! It returns, then. I said the thing was death. How comes it that thou art still alive?" the old cobra mumbled, twining lovingly round the ankus-haft.

"By the Bull that bought me, I do not know! That thing has killed six times in a night. Let him go out no more."

THREE SHIPS.

By Harriet F. Blodgett.

Three ships there be a-sailing
  Betwixt the sea and sky:
And one is Now, and one is Then,
  And one is By and By.

The first little ship is all for you—
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
  And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing,
Nights where dreams like stars are growing.
Take them, sweet, or they 'll be going!
  For they every one have wings.

The second ship it is all for me—
A-sailing on a misty sea
  And out across the twilight gray.
What it brought of gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing—
Was too dear for my possessing,
  So it sails and sails away.

The last ship, riding fair and high
Upon the sea, is By and By.
  O Wind, be kind and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither,
When she turns, sweet, you 'll go with her—
Sailing, floating, hither, thither—
  To what port I may not know.

MARJORIE: "UPSET ME IF YOU DARE! *PLEASE* DON'T!"

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

By Howard Pyle.

[*Begun in the April number.*]

Chapter XXXV.

THE BEGINNING OF THE VOYAGE.

At first the three fugitives — the young lady, and Jack, and Dred — sailed along in silence. The wind blew swiftly, and the dark, silent shores seemed to slide away strangely and mysteriously behind them. As they ran out into the broad, misty waters of the great river, the moon was just rising from a bank of clouds in the east, and an obscure light lit up everything indistinctly. The wind was blowing fresh and cool, and, as the boat came further and further out into the wider waters, it began to pitch and dance. "About!" called Dred, and, as he put down the tiller and drew in the sheet hand over hand, the sail flapping and fluttering, Jack and the young lady crouched, and the boom came swinging over. The boat heeled over upon the other course, and then drove forward swiftly, with a white splash of loud water at the bow. The long, misty wake trailed behind, flashing every now and then with a sudden dull sparkle of pallid phosphorescence.

Neither Jack nor Dred had spoken any word to the young lady since they had left the wharf. She sat silent and motionless in the stern. Jack had gone forward to raise the peak a little higher. As he came back, stepping over the thwarts, he looked at her; her face shone faint and pallid in the moonlight, and he saw her shudder. "Why, Mistress," said he, "you are shivering — are you cold?"

"No; I 'm not cold," said she, in a hoarse, dry voice. And then, for the first time, Jack noticed the sparkle of tears upon her cheeks. Dred was looking at her, and perhaps saw the tears at the same time.

"Here," said he, suddenly, "put this overcoat on; 't will make you more comfortable." She protested feebly, but Dred and Jack persisted. Jack held the coat for her as she slipped her arms into it.

She felt in her pocket for her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. Now the boat plunged swiftly on, the waves, every now and then, clapping against the bow, sending a dash of spray astern, and the water gurgling away noisily behind. Suddenly Dred turned toward the young lady again. "You must be tired," said he; "I know very well you must be tired."

"No, I' m not very tired," said she faintly.

"Why, Mistress, I know you must be tired from the sound of your voice. Here, lad,"—to Jack,— "you take the tiller while I see if I can make her comfortable." He brought the bundle of clothes and laid it upon the wide seat. "Now, you lie down there with your head on that," said he, "and I 'll cover you over."

She obeyed him silently, and he covered her over with the second overcoat, tucking it in under her feet. "I 'll never forget what you 're doing for me, as long as I live," said she. "I—" Her lips moved, but she could say nothing more.

"That 's all very well, Mistress," said Dred, gruffly; "never you mind that now."

Jack looked long and fixedly at the young lady's face, pallid in the growing moonlight which sparkled in her dark eyes. She looked singularly beautiful in the white light. "Where be ye going?" called out Dred, suddenly. "Keep to your course!" And then Jack came back to himself and the things about him with a start, to find the yawl falling off to the wind. Then once more Dred settled himself in his place, relieving Jack of the tiller. Presently Dred took out his tobacco-pipe and filled it. He struck fire with the flint and steel, holding the tiller under his arm as he did so. Then he lit his pipe, puffing hard at it for a while.

"D' ye see," said Dred, beginning abruptly with the thoughts in his mind and without any

JACK AND DRED RESCUE ELEANOR — THE START.

preface, "according to what I calculate, they won't be able to folly us afore to-morrow arternoon. D' ye see, they have no boat to go up to the town to give the alarm; and so they 'll have to wait for somebody to come down from the town to them, or else go over to one of the plantations and borrow a boat. Then they 've got to get a crew together to man the sloop. In course, arter they do have her manned they 'll overhaul us fast enough; but if we have so much start as we 're like to have, why, 't is like we 'll keep it till we get up into the Sound." Jack listened, saying nothing. He had been up the greater part of the night before, and he had been dozing off every now and then, and again awakening with a start. Now, as Dred talked to him he felt himself drowsing with the sounds coming dimly to his ears. "D' ye see," said Dred, after puffing away at his pipe for a while in silence,—and once more Jack aroused from the doze with a start at the sound of his voice,—"d' ye see, what we 'll have to do 'll be to sail up into Albemarle Sound, past Roanoke Island, and so into Currituck Sound. The waters there be shoal; and even if the sloop should folly us, we can keep out of her way, maybe, over the shallows. Old Currituck Inlet —if it 's anything like I used to know it three year ago — is so as we can get over it at high tide in the north channel; that is, we can if the bar ain't closed it yet. The sloop can't folly through the inlet, 'cause why, she draws too much water; and if we once get there, d' ye see, we 're safe enough from them. Contrariwise, if they goes down through Ocracock, thinking we took that way — what with running so far down into the Sound and we having the gain on 'em of so much start, why, they 'd have a monstrous poor chance to overhaul us afore we gets inside of Cape Henry. D' ye understand me, lad?"

Again Jack had dropped off into a dim sleep. At the last question he awoke with a start. "What did you say, Dred?" he asked; "I did n't hear the last part of what you said."

Dred looked keenly at him for a while; then he took the pipe out of his mouth and puffed out a cloud of smoke. "Well," said he, "it don't matter, anyways. You be mortal sleepy. You 'd better lay down and go to sleep."

"No, I won't, neither," said Jack; and as he spoke, the young lady moved her hand slightly, pushing back the hair from her face. The two looked at her as she lay with her eyes now closed. They would not have known, except from the movement of her hand, that she was not asleep. Dred said nothing more, and they sailed on in silence. Presently the young lady's hand fell limp upon the seat beside her. Jack was looking at her. "She 's off," he whispered, and Dred nodded his head.

Once more Jack lay down upon the seat, resting his head upon his arm. Again he began dozing off, waking every now and then to find Dred steadily at the helm. At last he fell fairly asleep, and began dreaming. When he awoke again, he found the day had broken, although the sun had not yet risen.

They were running down about a quarter of a mile from the shore. A dark, dense fringe of pine forest grew close to the water's edge. The breeze was falling away with the coming of the day, and the boat was sailing slowly, hardly careening at all to the wind.

About half a league over the bow of the boat, Jack could see the wide mouth of a tributary inlet to the sound. He slid along the seat toward Dred. "What water is that over there?" he whispered.

"That 's the mouth of the Pungo," said Dred. "We 're going ashore at the p'int, and I hope the wind 'll hold to reach it. There 's a lookout tree there, and I want to get a sight to see if there 's any sign of a chase. I don't know as we 'll get there without oars, though," he said, "for the wind 's dying down. I tell you what 't is, lad: you 'd better whistle your best for a breeze, for just now 't is worth gold and silver to us, and the furder we get on now, the safer we 'll be. D' ye know, I was just thinking that now they 'll be stirring about at home to find we 've gone. If we have to lay all day at the p'int yonder, 't will give them a chance to man the sloop and be down on us. As like as not they 'll be getting a wind afore we do, if it comes out from the west, as 't is like to do."

Jack looked over the edge of the boat and down into the brackish water, clear but brown with juniper stain. It seemed to him that the

yawl barely crept along. "At this rate," said Dred, "we 're not making two knots an hour."

The sun rose round and red over the tops of the trees, and the breeze grew lighter and lighter. Every now and then the sail, which lay almost flat, began to flutter. Presently the boom swayed inward a little; as it did so, a level shaft of light fell across the young lady's face. She moved her hand feebly over her face; then she opened her eyes. Jack and Dred were looking at her as she did so. First there was a blank look of awakening in her eyes, then bewilderment, then a light of dawning consciousness, and then she sat up suddenly. "Where am I?" said she, looking about her, dazed and bewildered.

"You 're safe enough so far, Mistress," said Dred; "and I 'm glad you 're awake, for we 're to land here."

He laid the bow of the boat for a little cypress-tree that stood out beyond the tip of the point in the water. The shore drew foot by foot nearer and nearer, and presently they crawled slowly around the point into a little inlet or bay, sheltered by the woods that stretched out like arms on both sides. The bow of the boat grated upon the sand. "Here we be," said Dred, rising as he spoke.

Fronting upon the beach was a little sandy bluff three or four feet high, and beyond that stretched away the pine forest, the trees, their giant trunks silver-gray with resin, opening long, level vistas into the woods carpeted with a soft mat of brown needles. "We 'll all go ashore here a bit," said Dred. "You come along o' me, Jack, and we 'll go down to the p'int to the obserwation tree. Don't you be afraid if we leave you a little while, Mistress; we 'll be back afore long. Jack, lend a hand to help her young ladyship ashore." They spread out one of the overcoats upon the sand, and made her as comfortable as they could. "We 'll be back here in a half-hour," said Dred again. "Come along, Jack."

They walked down along the sandy shore for some little distance, and then cut across a little narrow neck to the river shore upon the other side. A great single pine-tree stood towering above the lower growth. There were cleats nailed to the trunk. "Here we be," said Dred; "and now for an obserwation." He laid aside his coat, and then began ascending the cleats. Jack watched him as he climbed higher and higher until he reached the roof-like spread of branches high overhead. Dred flung one leg over the topmost cleat, and, leaning his elbow on the limb, sat looking steadily out toward the westward. His shirt gleamed white among the branches against the sky. He remained there for a long time, and then Jack saw him climbing down again. He brushed his hands smartly together, and then put on his coat. "Well," said Jack, "did you see anything?"

"Why, no," said Dred, "I did n't. 'T is a trifle thick and hazy-like, d' ye see? But so far as I could make out, there ain't no chase in sight yet awhile."

The young girl, when they returned, was walking up and down the beach.

"I see naught so far, Mistress," said Dred, when they had come up to her. "So far as I see, we 're safe from chase."

"You are very good to me," said the young lady. "I was just thinking how kind you are to me." She looked from one to the other as she spoke, and her eyes filled with tears. Jack looked sheepish at the sight of her emotion; and Dred touched his forehead with his thumb, with rather an abashed salute. They stood for a moment as though not quite knowing what to say.

"Well, lad," said Dred, in a loud, almost boisterous voice, and studiously not looking at the young lady's tearful eyes, "'t is breakfast first of all, and then for you to make an ash breeze if no other don't come up to help us. Every mile we make now — d' ye see? — is worth ten furder on."

The smell of cooking ham began to fill the air, and whetted Jack's wholesome young appetite to a keen edge. "Now you can turn the ham," said Dred, "for 't is cooked on one side."

"And now," said Dred, briskly, when their breakfast was over, "'t is time we were away again. Every minute 's worth a guinea now. Come, Mistress, get aboard and we 'll push off." He helped the young lady into the boat, and then he and Jack pushed it off, Jack running through the water and then jumping aboard with a soaking splash of his wet feet.

"You 'd better let me row, Dred; you ain't fit," said Jack, after they had settled themselves in the boat.

"Well," said Dred, "you can if you choose; for, to tell the truth, I don't honestly believe I be able to handle an oar yet awhile."

"Give me the oar," said Jack, and he dropped it into the rowlock.

"I 'll lie down a bit," said Dred. "I be masterful tired, and methinks a trifle of sleep will freshen me up a deal. You may wake me when we get across to t' other side of the Pungo." He stretched himself out on the seat in the sun, rolling up an overcoat for a pillow, and spreading the other over him.

"Let me help you," said the young lady.

"Why," said Dred, "'t would never do for the like of you to wait on me." She did not answer, but tucked the overcoat around him. He lay for a while opening and shutting his bright, narrow, black eyes, in which the sunlight glinted sparkling. Finally they closed for a long time, and then, by and by, his slow, regular breathing showed that he was asleep.

"What was the matter with him?" the young lady whispered to Jack after a while, as he rested a moment upon the oars.

"Fever," answered Jack; "he 's been mortal sick with it, and he 's only just getting over it," and then he began rowing again.

She looked long and steadily at the sleeping face, sallow and colorless with illness; at the seamed and crooked scar that cut down across the cheek. "Was he really one of the pirates?" she asked presently.

Jack nodded without stopping rowing. Then he suddenly remembered that Dred was the very man who had shot and killed Miss Eleanor Parker's brother—who had shot and killed him with his own hand. He ceased rowing and sat looking at the motionless, sleeping face. Was it often in Dred's mind?

Chapter XXXVI.

A stop overnight.

The day was settling toward sundown. The breeze had sprung up again. There was a bank of haze in the west through which the sun shone fainter and fainter as it approached the horizon, and then was swallowed up and lost. The wind blew strong and full, driving the water into ridges that caught up to the yawl as it sailed free before the breeze, ran past it swiftly, and left it behind. Dred seemed almost elated. "This is the wind for luck," said he. "Why, I do suppose that, giv'n the Captain the best luck he could have, we 've got a fifteen-league start on him, and he 'll never make that up. 'T will blow stiff up from the east'rd to-morrow, like enough, and a cross sea 'll be ag'in' us beating up into the head of the Sound, but fifteen leagues of start means a deal, I can tell ye. And, beside, what the Captain 'll most likely do 'll be to sail straight for Ocracock. It be n't likely, d' ye see, that he 'd think of running up into the sounds. He 'd think that we 'd trust to our lead of distance and strike right for the open water through Ocracock, and he 'll not think we 'll try to make through the shoals out of Currituck."

Jack had no notion at all of the geography of the sounds, but he did understand that while they were going one way, Blackbeard would probably be going another.

They had been sailing along in silence for a while. The gray light grew duller and still more dull.

"Do you know," said Dred, suddenly speaking, "there 's a settlement up beyond that island yonder—or leastwise there was some houses there three or four years ago. I knowed a man named Goss then what lived there, and I 'm going to put in there, d' ye see, and find out whether he lives there yet awhile. If he do, I 'll ax him to let us stay overnight. So we 'll make a stop here if we 're able. Like enough we 'll make another in Shallowbag Bay, in Roanoke Island; arter that we 'll make a straight stretch for Currituck."

As they came nearer to the point, the waters of a little bay began to open out before them. It spread wider and wider, and at last they were clear of the jutting cape. Then Jack saw the settlement of which Dred had spoken. "Yonder 't is," said Dred, without turning his head.

There was a slight rise of cleared land, at the summit of which perched a group of four or five

huts or cabins. They were built of logs and unpainted boards beaten gray by the weather. Two of the houses showed some signs of being inhabited; the others were plainly empty and deserted and falling to ruin. Near the houses was a field of Indian corn dried brown by the autumn season. There were two or three scrubby patches of sweet potatoes, but there was no other sign of cultivation.

Dred put down the tiller and drew in the sheet, and the boat, heeling over to the wind that now caught her abeam, met the waves splashing and dashing as it drove forward upon the other course. Gradually the trees shut off the rougher sea, and then the boat sailed more smoothly and easily. Presently a dog began barking, and then two or three joined in, and Jack could see the distant hounds, dim in the twilight gray of the coming evening, running down from the houses toward the landing. At the continued noise of their barking, a man came to the door of one of the frame cabins, then two or three half-clothed children, and finally a woman. A young woman stood at the door of the other cabin with a baby in her arms, and a young man appeared. The first man turned and went into his house, the next moment coming out with a tattered hat upon his head. He came down toward the landing, one of the children following him. Two more of the children walked some distance behind him and part way down to the boat, and then stopped and stood looking. A little child remained with the woman at the door of the cabin.

The boat drove swiftly nearer and nearer to the shore. They were close to the beach, and Jack could see that the man was tall and lean and sallow, that he had a straggling beard and a mat of hair plaited behind into a queue. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and he wore a pair of baggy breeches tied at the knees. He carried a corn-cob pipe in his mouth. Dred put the tiller down hard, and the yawl came up into the wind. She drifted for a moment or two with fluttering sail, and then the bottom grated upon the sand. The man stood staring inertly at them, and the child who had come down with him stood looking out from behind his elder. The younger man was coming down toward the shore. "Hullo, Bill!" said Dred, "don't you remember me?"

"Why, in course I do," said the other; "'t is Chris Dred."

"Well, Bill," said Dred, "what I wants to know is, will ye take us in for the night?"

"I don't know," said the man. "Who 've you got aboard there, Chris?"

"Why," said Dred, "this here 's a young lady as is sick, and this lad and I be taking her back to Virginy. She 's of high quality. I 'll tell ye all about that by and by. The truth is, I 'm just getting over the fever, and this here young lady, as I said, be sick too. So I thought maybe you 'd take us in and let us lodge with you overnight."

The man seemed to ruminate stolidly upon what Dred had said. "I don't know," said he at last, dully; "we ain't got any too much room to spare, but you can come up and see the mistress if you choose. If she 's willing, I won't stand ag'in' it."

"Very well," said Dred, "so I will. You wait here, Jack, until I come back again. I 'll just go up to the house and see the old woman."

He got up and climbed out of the boat. Jack and Miss Eleanor Parker sat where they were, looking after the two as they went away, side by side, talking together. After a while Dred came out of the house and down to them. "'T is all right," said he; "they 'll let us stay here overnight. Come along, Mistress; I 'll help you out."

Miss Eleanor Parker rose, stiffened with the long sitting in the boat, supporting herself with her hand upon the rail. Dred reached out a hand and helped her out over the thwarts and to the beach, and Jack followed.

They drew the yawl up on the beach while the young lady stood waiting for them, and Dred carried the anchor and bow-line a little distance further inshore, where he drove the fluke of the anchor into the sand with his foot. The three walked up to the house together, and once more the woman and two or three children appeared at the doorway.

The house consisted of two small rooms. There was a fireplace in one of them, and near it two benches, two or three rickety chairs,

and a table. The man was standing by the fireplace with the empty pipe still in his lips. "This is the young lady," said Dred to the woman. "I dare say she 'd like to lie down in the other room while you 're getting supper. I 'll fetch up a bag of biscuit and a ham we 've got down to the boat. You 've got 'taties and fish, and 't will make a good supper enough for the lot of us. You lie down, Mistress," said Dred to Miss Eleanor Parker, "and we 'll be back again in a trifle. Come along, Jack; we 've got to trig the boat up a bit afore we can leave her; for 't is going to rain to-night, like enough."

Dred and Jack went out again and down to the shore, the man following them. The young man was still there. The two natives stood indolently by, watching Dred and Jack as they made all taut, rolling up the sail and lashing it to the mast.

Dred brought out the ham into which he had cut in the morning, and a bag of biscuit. Then the four men went back to the house together. The woman was making up a blazing fire of pine-knots, which lighted up the dirty interior with a broad red glare. Miss Eleanor Parker was resting in the other room.

"Where did you come from to-day?" said the man.

"Pungo River," said Dred.

"'T was a pretty good stretch," said the man. "'T was a good wind you had to bring you so far."

"Aye," said Dred, shortly; "it were."

Jack could see that the reaction of weakness was setting in upon Dred, now that the strain of the day was relaxed. He had borne up wonderfully so far.

After they had eaten their supper, Jack curled himself up on the bench and shut his eyes. He lay there with his eyes closed, and presently, in spite of himself, the events of the day before and the sleepless nights he had passed began to press upon him, and he drifted off into broken fragments of sleep through which he heard the men talking and laughing. At last, after a while, he opened his eyes to silence. The fire had burned low, and Dred and the men lay sleeping on the floor with their feet turned toward the blaze.

Chapter XXXVII.

THE SECOND DAY.

The woman was stirring early in the morning, and Jack woke with a start. Dred moved uneasily in his sleep with signs of near awaking. Jack went to the door. It was still hardly more than the dawn of day. It had clouded over during the night and had been raining, as Dred had predicted. The wind was now blowing swiftly from the east. The whitecaps were churning every now and then to a sudden flash of foam out across the Sound, and he thought to himself that the day's voyage was likely to prove rough. Presently Dred joined him. "'T is likely we 'll have a stiffish day of it," said he; "but we 'll have to make the most of it, let us get ever so wet. 'T is lucky I thought of fetching the overcoats." The woman of the house emerged from the out-shed carrying an armful of sticks. "Hullo, Mistress!" said Dred. "I wish you 'd wake the young lady and tell her we 've got to be going. Why, it must be well on toward six o'clock now, allowing for this thick day."

"Won't you stay and take a bite to eat first?" said she.

"Why, no, we won't," said Dred; "we 'll eat what we want aboard the boat. We 've got a good rest, and we 're beholden to ye for it." He opened his hand, and then Jack saw that he had a silver piece in it. "I want you to take this here," said Dred, "for to pay you for your trouble."

The woman stretched out her lean, bony hand, took the coin eagerly enough, and slipped it in her pocket. "I 'll tell her young ladyship that you be waiting," said she, with a sudden access of deference, and then went back into the house.

When they reëntered the dwelling, the young lady was ready to start.

The two men and the children went down to the boat with them. This time the two men helped Jack and Dred to push it off. "You 'll have a windy day outside, like enough," said Bill Goss.

"I reckon we will," said Dred.

There was a fine veil of rainlike mist drifting before the wind, and the water lapped and

splashed chilly, beating in little breakers upon the beach. "You 'd better put on this overcoat, Mistress," said Jack; and he held it for the young lady as he spoke. Then he helped her settle herself into the stern. "You 'd better put on the other overcoat, Dred," said he. "I can do very well without it."

The people on the shore stood watching them as the boat heeled over, and then, with gathering headway, swept swiftly away. There were no farewells spoken. Jack, looking behind, saw the people standing upon the shore as it rapidly fell away astern, dimming in the gray of the misty rain. "About!" called Dred, sharply; and then the boat, sweeping a curve, came around upon the other tack. Once more they came about, and then presently they were out in the open Sound again. There was a heavy sea running, and the boat began to pitch and toss, with every now and then a loud, thunderous splash of water at the bow, and a cloud of spray dashed up into the air. A wave sent a sheet of water into the boat. "I reckon we 'll have to drop the peak a trifle, Jack," said Dred; "she drives too hard."

The young lady, in the first roughness of the rolling sea, was holding tight to the rail. Jack stumbled forward across the thwarts, and lowered the peak. The water was rushing noisily past the boat. "'T is a head wind we 've got for to-day," said Dred, when Jack had come back into the stern again. "I 'm glad we 've had a bit of rest afore we started, for we 'll hardly make Roanoke afore nine or ten o'clock to-night if the wind holds as 't is."

It was after nightfall when they ran in back of Roanoke Island. The wind had ceased blowing from the east, and was rapidly falling away. The water still heaved, troubled with the blowing of the day.

The young lady had not been feeling well all day. She lay motionless upon the bench. Jack had covered her with everything obtainable, and she lay with her head upon her bundle of clothes, her face, resting upon the palm of her hand, just showing beneath the wraps that covered her. In the afternoon Dred had handed the tiller over to Jack, who still held it. Dred, wrapped in one of the overcoats, lay upon the other bench, perhaps sleeping. The night had fallen more and more, and now it was really dark. Jack had sailed the course that Dred had directed, and by and by he was more and more certain that he was near the land. At last he really did see the dim outline of the shore, and in the lulls of the wind he could presently hear the loud splashing of the water upon the beach.

"Dred," called Jack, "you 'd better come and take the helm." Dred roused himself instantly, shuddering with the chill of the night air as he did so. He looked about him, peering into the darkness.

"Aye," said he, after a while, "'t is Roanoke, and that must be Duck Island over yonder, t' other way. That 's Broad Creek yonder"; pointing off through the night. "We might run into it and maybe find some shelter, but what I wants to do is to make Shallowbag Bay. There 's an obserwation tree on the sand-hills there, and I wants to take a look out to-morrow to see if there 's anything for to be seen. D' ye see 't is Roanoke Sound we 're running into? If the sloop follys us at all, 't will run up the ship-channel Croatan way."

Jack did not at all understand what Dred meant, but he gave up the tiller to him readily enough. He went across to where the young lady lay. "How d' ye feel now, Mistress?" said he.

"Why," said she faintly, opening her eyes as she spoke, "I feel better than I did."

"Would you like to have a bite to eat now?" She shook her head, and once more Jack took his place in the stern.

"There 's another reason why I wants to make Shallowbag Bay," said Dred. "D' ye see, there 's a house there,— or leastwise there used to be,— and I thought if we could get there it might make a shelter for the young lady; for she 's had a rough day of it to-day for sartin."

"How far is it?" said Jack.

"Why," said Dred, "no more 'n a matter of eight mile, I reckon. Here, you hold the tiller, lad, while I light my pipe."

Maybe an hour or more passed, and then Dred began, every now and then, to take an observation, standing up and peering away into the darkness. The clouds had now all

blown away, and the great vault of sky sparkled all over with stars. All around them the water spread out dim, restless. They were running up free, close to the shore. Dred was standing up in the boat, looking out ahead. "We 're all right now," said he, after a long time of observation.

"I 've got my bearings now, and know where I be. The only thing now is that we sha'n't run aground; for, here and there, there 's not enough water to float a chip." As he ended speaking he put down the tiller, and the yawl ran in close around the edge of the point.

He arose and went forward. Jack followed him, and together they loosened and began reefing the sail, still wet with the rain and spray of the day's storm. The young lady did not move; perhaps she was asleep. Then Dred returned to the tiller, and Jack took to the oars.

In somewhat less than half an hour Jack had rowed the heavy boat across the open water. As he looked over his shoulder he could see a strip of beach just ahead, drawing nearer and nearer to them through the night. A minute more, and the bow of the boat ran grating upon a sandy shoal, and there stuck fast. Dred arose, and he and Jack stepped into the shallow water. The young lady stirred and roused herself as they did so. "Sit still, Mistress," said Dred, "and we 'll drag the boat up to the beach. It seems like there 's a bank made out here since I was here afore."

Jack and Dred helped the young lady out of the boat. She stood upon the damp beach, wrapped in the overcoat she had worn all day. As Jack drove the anchor down into the sandy soil, and made fast the bow-line, Dred opened the locker and brought out the biscuit and the ham. "Here," said he to Jack, "you carry these up to the house, and I 'll show the young lady the way."

Dred led the way for some distance, his feet rustling harshly through the wiry, sedgy grass; and by and by Jack made out the dim outline of the wooden hut looming blackly against the starry sky. It was quite deserted, and the doorway gaped darkly. It stood as though toppling to fall, but the roof was sound, and the floor within was tolerably dry. At any rate, it was a protection from the night. As Dred struck the flint and steel, Jack stripped some planks from the wall, breaking them into shorter pieces with his heel; and presently a good fire blazed and crackled upon the ground before the open doorway of the hut, lighting up the sedgy, sandy space of the night for some distance around.

"Like enough this is the last stop we can make betwixt here and the inlet," said Dred.

"How far is the inlet from here, d' ye suppose?" asked Jack.

"Why," said Dred, "perhaps a matter of twenty league or so. We can't expect the wind to favor us as it has done. We 've got along mightily well so far, I can tell ye. We 've got a lead far away ahead of any chase the Captain can make arter us. I do believe we be safe enough now; all the same, I 'm going over to the sand-hills to-morrow to take an observation out astern. They 're over in that direction"; and he pointed with his pipe. "There 's an obserwation tree there that we used to use three or four year ago, when we was cruising around here in the sounds."

"Do you know, Dred," said Jack, "I believe you 're the better for coming off with us. You don't seem near as sick as you did before we left Bath Town."

"Aye," said Dred; "that 's allus the way with a sick body. I hain't time for to think how sick I be."

(To be continued.)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

By Brander Matthews.

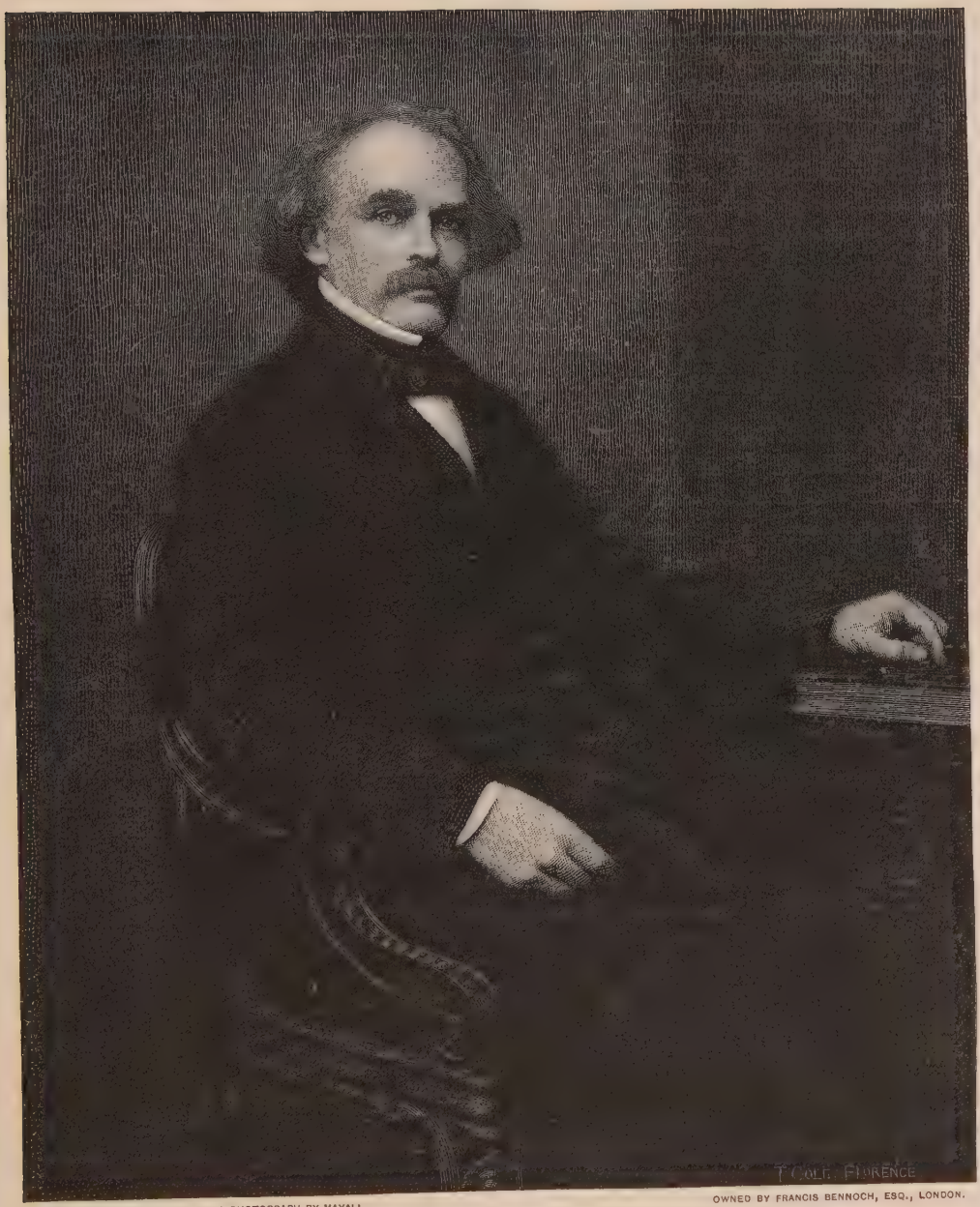
The little town of Salem in Massachusetts is memorable chiefly because of the pitiful witchcraft trials held there two hundred years ago. One of the judges most active in the task of convicting the poor creatures then accused of evil practices was John Hathorne. In Salem there lived, first and last, six generations of this family (spelling its name sometimes Hathorne and sometimes Hawthorne); and in Salem Judge Hathorne's grandson's grandson was born in 1804 on the Fourth of July — a fitting birthday for an author so intensely American as Nathaniel Hawthorne. Four years after the boy's birth, his father, a sea-captain, died at Surinam; and his mother never recovered from the blow of her husband's death, withdrawing herself wholly from society, and living for forty years the life of a recluse, even to the extent of taking her meals apart from her children.

When Nathaniel Hawthorne was eight or nine years old his mother took up her residence on the banks of Sebago Lake in Maine, where the family owned a large tract of land. Here the boy ran wild, fishing and swimming, shooting and skating — and, on the rainy days, reading. This life in the woods increased the liking for solitude which he inherited from his mother, and which in after years he was never able wholly to overcome. In time he went back to Salem to prepare for college. In 1821, being then seventeen, he entered Bowdoin, having Longfellow for a classmate, and making a close friend of Franklin Pierce, who was in the class before him.

He was graduated in 1825, and he then went back to Salem. The family was fairly well-to-do, and it was not needful for Nathaniel to hurry in choosing a profession. He had already decided that he wished to be an author, but authorship offered little chance of a livelihood. There was not then a single prosperous magazine in the United States. Yet the "Sketch-Book" and the "Spy," the pioneers of American literature, had been published not five years before; and the success of Irving and of Cooper, and the prompt appreciation with which their early writings were received both in America and in England, was encouraging to other native authors. So the year after he left college Hawthorne wrote a tale and published it at his own expense; but it made no impression on the public, and very few copies were sold.

The tale appeared without its author's name, and its failure seems to have increased Hawthorne's love of solitude. For ten years and more he lived in his mother's house almost as alone as if he were a hermit in a cave. For months together he scarcely met any one outside of his own family, seldom going out save at twilight or to take the nearest way to the desolate sea-shore. Once a year, or thereabouts (so he told a friend a long while after), he used to make an excursion of a few weeks, "in which I enjoyed as much of life as other people do in the whole year's round." Unnatural as this existence was, Hawthorne kept his health, and seldom lost his cheerfulness. He read endlessly and he wrote unceasingly. These were his 'prentice years of authorship; and in them he became a master of the craft of writing.

Most of his early attempts at fiction he burned; but in time his hand became surer, and he found that he had learned at last the difficult art of story-telling. His little tales began to be published here and there in monthlies and in annuals. Being anonymous, or under differing signatures, they did not attract attention to the author; but in the newspaper notices of the periodicals in which they appeared, they were often picked out for praise; and this finally encouraged Hawthorne to gather a score of them into a single volume published in 1837 under the apt title of "Twice-Told Tales." Although

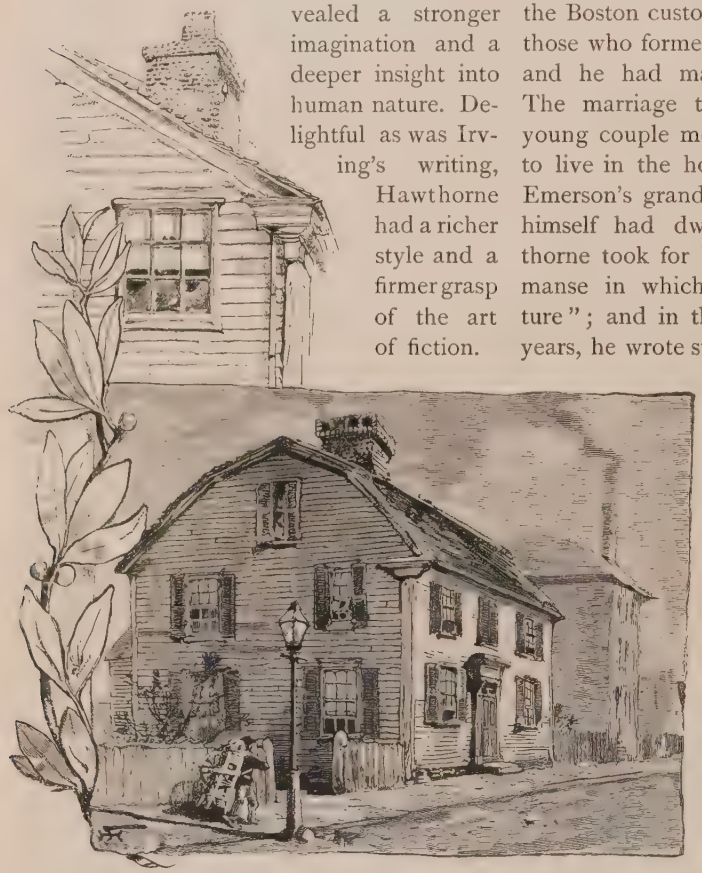


ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.

OWNED BY FRANCIS BENNOCH, ESQ., LONDON.

Keith Hawthorne

the little book had no remarkable sale, it won its way steadily; and the readers who had enjoyed Irving's pleasant sketches of New York character in "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" could not but remark that Hawthorne's pictures of New England character revealed a stronger imagination and a deeper insight into human nature. Delightful as was Irving's writing, Hawthorne had a richer style and a firmer grasp of the art of fiction.



HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE ON UNION STREET, SALEM. ABOVE IS SHOWN THE WINDOW OF THE ROOM WHERE HAWTHORNE WROTE "TWICE-TOLD TALES."

After the publication of this collection of short stories, Hawthorne ceased to be what he once called himself—"the obscurest man of letters in America." His classmate Longfellow, with whom he had not been intimate in college, reviewed the book with hearty commendation, and Hawthorne wrote him that hitherto there had "been no warmth of approbation, so that I have always written with benumbed fingers." Now at last he basked in the sunshine of public approval, and he was encouraged to go on with his writing. Yet it was five years before his next book was issued, and even then the new volume was only a second series of "Twice-Told Tales," collected from the periodicals.

But meanwhile he had come out into the world again, and mixed once more with his fellow-men. He had edited a magazine for a few months; he had held a place for two years in the Boston custom-house; he had been one of those who formed a settlement at Brook Farm; and he had married Miss Sophia Peabody. The marriage took place in 1842, and the young couple moved to Concord. They went to live in the house which had been built for Emerson's grandfather, and in which Emerson himself had dwelt ten years before. Hawthorne took for his study the room in the old manse in which Emerson had written "Nature"; and in that room, during the next few years, he wrote stories and sketches which were collected into the two volumes published in 1846 as "Mosses from an Old Manse."

These tales are like those in Hawthorne's earlier collections, but they are unlike any stories ever written anywhere else by anybody else. They are strangely interesting, all of them; they are novel, varied, and ingenious; they are full of fancy; and they have often an allegory hidden within, and a profound moral also, never obtruded, but to be found easily by all who take the trouble to seek it. Here may be the best place to note that these same qualities, ripened, perhaps, and enriched by experience, are to be found again in Hawthorne's final collection of tales made six years later, and called, after the first of them, "The Snow Image."

Hawthorne was happier in these years of manhood than he had been in his youth. It might almost be said that his marriage was the making of him; for that had brought him back into the world before it was too late — before the doors of solitude were closed behind him

forever. Yet these early years of wedded life were a time of struggle; for he had lost money, and had little to live on. Knowing his need of an assured income to bring up his young family, some of his friends in 1846 secured his appointment as surveyor of the port of Salem, the town where he had been born about forty years before. He remained in the custom-house for three years, with increasing dislike for the work; and then he was removed.

When he went home one day, earlier than usual, and told his wife that he had lost his

THE OLD MANSE, CONCORD.

place, she exclaimed: "Oh, then you can write your book!" And when he asked what they were to live on while he was writing this book, she showed him the money she had been saving up, week by week, out of their household expenses. That very afternoon he sat down and began to write the more serious work of fiction he had longed for leisure to attempt. It was really the first book he had written since the forgotten and unknown romance: the other volumes he had published were but collections of tales, while this was to be a story long enough to stand by itself. A broader experience is needed to compose a full-grown novel than to sketch a short story, and the great novelists have often essayed their first elaborate fictions when no longer young. Scott was more than forty when he published the first of the Waverley novels; Thackeray was not far from forty when "Vanity Fair" was finished; George Eliot was almost forty when "Adam Bede" appeared; and Hawthorne was forty-six when he sent forth "The Scarlet Letter" in 1850.

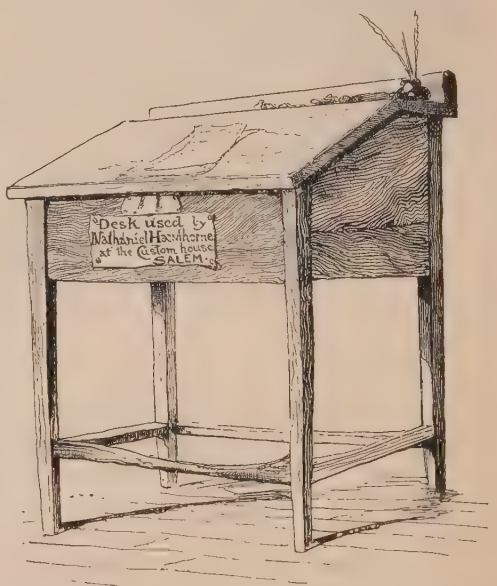
With the striking exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," no American work of fiction has had the quick and lasting popularity of "The Scarlet Letter": and while Mrs. Stowe's story owed much of its success to the public interest in the slavery question, Hawthorne's romance had no such outside aid. Hawthorne's study of the Puritan life in New England is superior to Mrs. Stowe's novel. It is a masterpiece of narrative, every incident being so aptly chosen, so skilfully prepared, so well placed, that it

seems a necessary result of the situation. Since "The Scarlet Letter" was written nearly half a century has passed, and many books highly praised when it was first published are now left unread; but Hawthorne's great story stands to-day higher than ever before in the esteem of those best fitted to judge.

HAWTHORNE'S WINDOW IN THE SALEM CUSTOM-HOUSE.

The author thought that the romance was too somber, and he relieved it with a humorous sketch of his life in the Salem custom-house. The reading public gave the book so hearty a welcome that Hawthorne was warmed out of his chilly solitude. For the first time he tasted popularity, and it did him good. He moved to Lenox, and there he wrote a second long story, less solemn than the first, brisker and brighter, and yet not without the same solid and serious merits. "The House of the Seven Gables" was published in 1851. It is rather a romance than a novel; and in it the author allowed his humor more play than had been becoming in "The Scarlet Letter." Like that, the new story was a study of the life the author best knew. How well he knew it may be judged from Lowell's declaration that "The House of the Seven Gables" is "the most valuable contribution to New England history that has yet been made."

A true historian Hawthorne might be in his understanding of the conditions of life in the old colony days, and of the feelings of the men and women who then walked the streets of Salem; but a story-teller he was above all else — a teller of tales to whom every lover of literature could not but listen eagerly. And in the next volume he made ready for the press he presented himself simply as a teller of tales. "The Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys," written in the same year as "The House of the Seven Gables," is the book which has most endeared Hawthorne to American children, who have been charmed with the ease and the grace with which he set forth anew the marvelous myths of antiquity. In "The Wonder-Book" he retold the legends of "The Gorgon's Head" and "The Three Golden Apples" and "The Chimæra"; and in "Tanglewood Tales" (which was published two or three years later, but which may be considered as a second volume of "The Wonder-Book") he described the adventures of those who went forth to seek "The Golden



Fleece," and to explore the labyrinth of "The Minotaur," and to sow "The Dragon's Teeth."

His next story for grown-up people was called "The Blithedale Romance," and it was published in 1852. It was derived more or less closely from the memory of his own experiences a few years before at Brook Farm, where a little group of reformers and men of letters, led astray for a moment by some of the notions of the time, sought to simplify their lives by doing themselves the rough work of a New England farm. The most valuable result of this experiment is perhaps Hawthorne's story; and that story is generally held to be the least interesting and the least satisfactory of all that Hawthorne wrote. Here, indeed, was the instance where he was not fortunate in his choice of a subject.

In the year "The Blithedale Romance" was published Hawthorne went back once more to Concord; and there he bought the house of Mr. Alcott, the father of the author of "Little Women." This house he called "The Wayside," and it was the home of the family until Hawthorne's death. But they did not live in it long at first. One of the candidates for the Presidency of the United States was Hawthorne's college friend, Franklin Pierce, for whom he prepared a campaign biography — just as Mr. Howells wrote the life of Hayes in 1876. When Pierce became President, the next March, he appointed Hawthorne consul to Liverpool, England, one of the best-paid offices under the government. Hawthorne lived in England four years; and then made a journey to France, Switzerland, and Italy, lingering in Rome long enough to gather materials for a new story, and returning in 1859 to England to write it.

"THE WAYSIDE."

This new story, published early in 1860, was "The Marble Faun, a Romance of Monte Beni" (known in England as "Transformation," because the British publisher chose to change the title). It was a tale of life in Italy. The

beauty of the story is felt by all readers, and its power cannot be denied. But the book abounds in shadowy suggestions; and some of its outlines are so misty that we are still a little in doubt as to what did happen to all the characters. Never before had Hawthorne been more skilfully mysterious; and never before had the magic of his manner been more charming to his readers. Perhaps the vagueness of this story was the result of its scene being laid upon a foreign soil, whereon Hawthorne did not feel himself absolutely at home; at the very time he was planning "The Marble Faun" he recorded in his note-book that "it needs the native air to give life a reality." Despite its hazily hinted plot, "The Marble Faun" is cherished by Hawthorne's admirers as second only to "The Scarlet Letter." And, as it happened, it was the last of his romances he was to live long enough to complete.

In 1860 Hawthorne returned to his native air, settling down in The Wayside at Concord. He planted trees, laid out walks, enlarged the house, and made himself at home. He had a theme for a new romance; and this he sketched out two or three times, and differently every time, but never to his own satisfaction.

Failing to get the strange subject of this proposed tale into the perfect form he sought, Hawthorne turned from it for a while. He had always kept a journal, writing in it freely when the mood was on him, setting down suggestions for stories, recording visits and conversations, and describing people and places. From this storehouse he now selected passages concerning England and the English, and these he wove into a series of delightful chapters, gathering them together at last in a book published in 1863. The title which Hawthorne gave to these collected papers was "Our Old Home"—an evidence of the kindly and fraternal feeling of Americans toward the elder branch of the race. This same gentle liking inspired the English pages of Irving's "Sketch-Book"; and it also controlled the criticism in Emerson's acute "English Traits."

After the publication of this volume of descriptive papers, Hawthorne returned to his story, and finally managed to write the earlier chapters of "The Dolliver Romance." But his health was failing fast, and he was not able to finish what he had begun. He made several little journeys in search of relief; and it was on one of these, a trip to the White Mountains with Pierce, that he died. His death took place at Plymouth, a little before midnight on May 18, 1864; and on the twenty-third he was buried at Concord in the cemetery called "Sleepy Hollow."

Emerson and Longfellow, Lowell and Whittier, were at the funeral. Longfellow wrote in his diary: "It was a lovely day; the village all sunshine and blossoms and the song of birds. You cannot imagine anything at once more sad and beautiful. He is buried on a hilltop under the pines."

And this funeral of his classmate suggested to Longfellow one of his most tender poems:

Now I look back, and meadow, manse and stream,
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hilltop hearsed with pines.

* * * * *

There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

At intervals since Hawthorne's death all the writings he left behind him have been published, one after another—his private letters, the note-books he kept irregularly in America and in Europe, and the several efforts he made to shape the story he finally left unfinished when he died. But the publication of these things never intended for the public has not interfered with his fame; though they did not add to it, they did not detract from it. They took us in some measure into his workshop, but they could not reveal the secret of his art: that died with him. They showed that his English was always pure and clear, and that his style was always simple and noble. They revealed little or nothing of real value for an estimate of the author, though they served to confirm the belief that he brooded long over his tales and his romances, shaping each to the inward moral it was to declare silently, and perfecting each slowly until it had attained in every detail the clearness and the symmetry which should satisfy his own most exacting taste.

Many have marveled that Hawthorne should have been able to write romances here in this new country of ours, which seems to lack all that others have considered needful for romance; but to a seer of his insight this was no difficult matter.

Hawthorne was able to find romance not in external trappings and picturesque fancy costumes, but deep down in the soul of man himself. Beside this power of entering into the recesses of the human heart, he had not only a vigorous imagination, not only great ingenuity in inventing incident, not only the gift of the story-telling faculty in a high degree, but also a profound respect for the art of narrative; and these qualities all combined to make him beyond all question the most accomplished and complete artist in fiction whom America has yet produced.

HER SOLILOQUY.

By Frederick B. Opper.

I love my little brother:
He 's a cunning, rosy elf;
But I wish — somehow or other —
That he could rock himself!

THREE FRESHMEN: RUTH, FRAN, AND NATHALIE.

By Jessie M. Anderson.

"FRANCES PRANCED TO AND FRO, CHANTING THE FIRST SENTENCES OF A LECTURE IN COMICAL IMITATION OF THE LATIN PROFESSOR." (SEE PAGE 396.)

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter VII.

IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

The first month, with its fullness of new experiences, had seemed long to the Boffins, as do the full years, rich in novelty, of early youth. But November, settling into routine, went very quickly, and Thanksgiving Day came on wings, bringing the first recess from work.

Cousin Will was on hand Tuesday night, ready to take Ruth home for the three days' vacation. The other Boffins were to stay at the Bower, and comfort themselves with a grand "spread" from the contents of Fran's box from home.

Tuesday evening was divided between the bowling-alley and Music Hall, where Ruth took Will to a 'cello recital from nine to ten. Upon his teasingly remarking that he could n't see anything but fun in a girls' college, Ruth said he must go into at least one recitation and see some work. Accordingly, ten o'clock of Wednesday morning found all three Boffins escorting Mr. Chittenden into "Freshman Rhetoric," which he had chosen in preference to Greek or Conic Sections.

After calling the roll very rapidly, so that the responsive "Presents!" tumbled over one another, and only a most nimble brain could have fastened them to the right names, Miss Folsom opened the recitation by saying:

"Our lesson to-day is to begin with a certain trick that we found in some poets, of leaving an incomplete verse in the middle of a stanza, for a definite rhetorical effect."

A voice from the second row: "Miss Folsom, is it fair to call it a *trick?*"

Miss Folsom, directing her keen glance toward a tall, sprightly-looking girl with a straight, uncompromising red bang, asks in turn: "What is your objection to the word, Miss Brown?"

"I think the word *trick* suggests something unworthy. The device we are talking about need not be unworthy; it may be a perfectly allowable bit of rhetoric."

"A very fair point," answers Miss Folsom, with the impersonal candor which makes her class-room a delight. "The word *trick*, connected with the Old French *tricher*, does seem to imply dishonesty of purpose; though there is the innocent meaning of it in the expression, 'a *trick* of speech, or countenance.' Shall we say, then, *design, expedient, artifice?*"

"It *is* artifice, surely."

"And what illustration of it did you find, Miss Brown?"

"A sonnet by Keats. The latter part of it reads:

"And other spirits there are standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come;
These, these will give the world another heart,
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?—
Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb."

This seems a very strong use of a pause in the measure to suggest a real pause in the action — to 'listen awhile, and be dumb.' The halt in the verse certainly calls a halt in the reader's thought."

"An excellent example,—Miss Carey!"

"I brought in an extract from Browning,—*The Pied Piper of Hamelin:*

"Rats.
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles."

Here the pause in the meter throws a whole verse-worth of emphasis on the word *Rats.* The mind unconsciously dwells on that one syllable long enough to fill out the meter."

"Yes, that is good.—Miss Townsend, your topic, I believe, was change of meter in the same poem for special effects."

"I have Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* as illustration," responded Frances; and then she repeated a number of the lines from that poem, explaining the measures.

Some discussion followed about other poems; and the latter half of the hour was given to a lecture on English imitations of old forms of verse. Then the college clock gave out eleven slow strokes, and the class was dismissed.

The next time the clock had occasion to strike eleven, Fran and Nathalie were preparing for Thanksgiving Day by slyly nibbling at various goodies just unpacked from a huge wooden box which still stood in the middle of the floor. It was the only night, except the evening of the sophomore reception, that the Bower lights had not been "extinguished by ten o'clock," in accordance with the order on a slip of paper inside the closet door.

Ruth, at home, had the same sense of retiring bells temporarily suspended while she sat in the same easy-chair where we first saw her, talking to Cousin Will after all the others had gone to bed.

"She has turned out well. That *was* a funny letter!" mused Ruth, retrospectively.

"She 's a mighty entertaining girl," was Will's hearty answer.

Chapter VIII.

"T. Q."

Ruth had promised to persuade Will Chittenden to return to Northampton with her,

prepared to stay over Monday night, and go to the "T. Q."

"And what is the 'T. Q.'?" he asked, with a fine indifference.

"Why, it is the Hubbard House Society for getting up entertainments once in two weeks,—the *Tertium Quid* in lawyer's phrase, or Third Unknown. Fran is the first freshman that has ever been chosen president of it, so you must be sure to come and give us some applause—masculine applause. She has written something original for this; she has not told even me what it is. She and two Juniors are in the secret. Fran won't act a bit, herself, but she can write the brightest little plays!"

And this was how it happened that Fran and Nathalie and Ruth and Will Chittenden sat in "Row No. 4" of chairs in the Hubbard House parlor, when the sliding doors opened and showed the "two Juniors" of whom Ruth had spoken. They were sitting on an improvised platform in the little reception-room adjoining. The audience soon learned that the little play was a parody on the "dialogues" Socrates inflicted upon the Athenians—as Plato has reported them for later generations, and as the girls read them in the Greek class.

One of the actors, called "Thrasymachus," with her "himation," or outer robe, carefully draped from her left shoulder over a beautifully embroidered "chiton," or tunic, turned to the other, who was wrapped in a tunic ill arranged and dingy, and said pompously:

"O Socrates, I have come hither to-day to confute you in a matter about which I hear that you have a wrong opinion."

And then the dialogue went on as follows:

Socr. And what is that, Thrasymachus?

Thras. The Ten O'clock Retiring Law, Socrates. I hear that you say that this law is both unjust and base.

Socr. Πάνυ μὲν οὖν! (Exactly so!)

Thras. And I do assert the very opposite of this.

Socr. In order that we may the more clearly understand this matter, Thrasymachus, let us consider the definition of a law. Is that a law, where the Many, meeting together, decide what is just and right?

Thras. Yes, most assuredly!

Socr. And is that a law which the Few, not consulting the Many, but being in power over them, do meet together and decree?

Thras. No, Socrates, that is not law, but injustice and tyranny.

Socr. Did the Many,—that is, the Students,—meeting together, decide this law to be just and right? Or did the Few,—that is, the faculty,—being for the time in power over them, decree this, not persuading but coercing the Many?

Thras. O Socrates, I believe they did not consult the Many, for I remember that the Law was written inside our closet doors when we came.

Socr. In order that I and these here may more clearly understand the matter, take the Bill and read it!

(*Much laughter from the audience, as a large pasteboard placard is lifted up, with huge letters done in shoe-blacking.*)

ALL LIGHTS TO BE EXTINGUISHED AT TEN O'CLOCK.

Socr. Let us then, Thrasymachus,—having proved this law no law, but tyranny and oppression,—let us proceed to question its *Method.* This clearly divides itself into two parts.

Thras. How so, Socrates?

Socr. Have we not the method of obeying a law, and the method of causing it to be obeyed?

Thras. Πάνυ μὲν οὖν! (Exactly so!)

Socr. First, then, as to the method of obeying this rule.

Thras. Surely, there is no difficulty here. Putting out the light is putting out the light, and going to bed is going to bed.

Socr. Then turning out the light is not turning it very low and veiling the transom with a heavy cloth? And going to bed is not putting one's hair into curl-papers, and going down the hall to say good night to one's friends?

Thras. Assuredly not!

Socr. But this method gives to the Ruler the desired darkness through which to carry her candle? And is not the dark transom the sign of the occupant of the room being in bed?

Thras. It would seem so, Socrates.

Socr. And the *sign* is proof of the condition?

Thras. Oh, yes! for we have learned that in Whately's "Elements of Logic."

Socr. Then, with regard to causing the rule to be obeyed. How are the offenders punished?

Thras. By kissing them good night. For the matron, upon seeing a bright light over any door, gently knocks upon that door, and with tender admonition imprints a kiss upon the offender's forehead, saying, "Good *night*, dear," and passing by the door of the law-abiding.

Socr. Then do you not see, Thrasymachus, that you have proved this "law" to be both contradiction and injustice; in that turning out the light is found to be not turning out the light, and going to bed is found to be not going to bed; and in that the offenders are rewarded more than the law-abiding?

Thras. It does seem so, Socrates. And yet you are always saying that which I do not believe, and compelling my assent by crafty words.

Socr. We will then test this law by its effect. Is that man a good herder of cattle, who, on their being left in his charge, makes them ugly and useless, or more beautiful and useful?

Thras. Beautiful and useful, assuredly.

Socr. And is that stylograph a good stylograph which leaves the paper and fingers neat and beautiful, or inky and ugly?

Thras. Neat and beautiful, and not inky and unbeautiful.

Socr. Is the gas more useful and beautiful when it is "extinguished," or when it is shedding light about the room?

Thras. When it is shedding light, no doubt.

Socr. And do the girls become *more* or *less* beautiful upon proceeding to comply with the Ten O'clock Rule?

Thras. Surely, less beautiful. For now I do remember that they do their front hair up in scraps of waste paper.

Socr. Then do you not see, Thrasymachus, that in coming here to confute me on a thing about which you know nothing, you have committed that worst of all errors, that of thinking yourself to be something when you are nothing?

Thras. I cannot answer you in this, Socrates; for you are skilled in making the worse appear the better reason. Yet I do still believe the Ten O'clock Rule to be, not injustice and tyranny, but justice and truth!

The folding-doors slid together again, with much laughing and clapping from the girls and such of the faculty as Fran had inveigled into being present. But the audience soon scattered,—for there was much studying for the morrow yet to be done,—and the parlor was left to the Boffins.

"That was a clever thing," said Will Chittenden to Fran, admiringly, but shyly for so self-possessed a youth.

"Oh, I often think," Fran answered, "how strictly collegiate a flavor creeps in even to our fun here. There is an irresistible humor about it to ourselves; but it is not, I should think, very entertaining to outsiders."

"I am not enough of an outsider to miss the humor," said Will, a little piqued. "It is not so many moons since I was 'doing' *The Republic* myself. 'Not so far from us does the sun yoke his steeds!'"

"Forgive me," laughed Fran. "My cousin Gerald, who was graduated from Harvard only last June, always talks as if undergraduate days lay in the dim past of childhood!"

"Oh, was Gerald Townsend your cousin? Know him well — saw him at the club last week."

Fran answered warmly: "Indeed, that makes us old friends. Gerald and his brother have been my chums at mud-pie making, and ever since that era."

A common acquaintanceship discovered always seems to form a bond quite out of proportion to its importance; and Will Chittenden was almost a Boffin by the time the clock sounded the solitary note which stood for half-past nine, and reminded them of the Injustice and Tyranny of Ten O'clock.

Will Chittenden walked reluctantly down Main street to his hotel with the steps of Shakspere's lagging school-boy; for he hated the thought of getting up early for the morning train, and, some way, he was in no hurry to go back to Boston.

Chapter IX.

EXAMINATIONS.

All 's well that ends well.

It is not much fun to go home for the holidays with a "condition" hanging over one's head; so, in spite of ten o'clock rules, supplemented by impromptu laws about not getting up before daylight, and in bold contradiction of the president's statements that only those students who had been careless through the term had to spend any unusual amount of time in preparation for examinations, a very considerable amount of hard study was done by everybody in that middle week of December preceding the close of the fall term.

Boffins' Bower was as lively as ever; but its spreads and sewing-bees were turned into what Frances named "cramming teas." Upon the door outside hung the ominous Pompeian mosaic warning, "Cave Canem!" Inside, Frances pranced to and fro, chanting the first sentences of a lecture in such comical imitation of the Latin professor that the laughing freshmen, assembled to the number of nine, remembered the very wording for years. Every one with a sense for humor knows how it aids the memory.

"The great men: of every age: are formed and developed: by the influences at work: in society at large.

"Hence, to study: any author: we must first consider: the characteristics of the age: in which he lived: as an introduction: or, more properly, a key: to what he has done.

"The peculiar characteristics: of the Augustan age: are seven: which we shall discuss: in due order: as influencing the development: of our great historian: LIVY."

"I thought you said you could n't act, Ma," said Pa Boffin, reproachfully.

"That, my dear, was because I did not wish to take part in that particular 'T. Q.'!"

"Oh, if you-all would only stop making such a racket!" wailed Nathalie. "I *must* go over this Greek! 'Up rose the much-enduring Odysseus, fertile in resources—'"

"And ate a gingersnap in order to keep the blood from settling entirely in his brain," finished Fran, cramming a whole "snap" into Nathalie's unresisting mouth.

"Now we have lost quite time enough, surely!" expostulated Ruth. "Greek exam. comes at nine on Monday, and I mean to go over the entire first book this afternoon and evening."

Fran good-humoredly assented, and everybody else agreed; and they all settled down to hard work, reading, in turn, fifty lines apiece.

The non-Hubbardites had to go home by half-past nine; but the Boffins were winding up the last lines in triumph before the stroke of ten.

(To be continued.)

A POLITE OWL.

(Jingle.)

By D. H. C. Stone.

The owl made a bow
As I passed where she sat,—
A very small owl,—
She bowed this way and that,
So I lifted my hat.

Did she just bob her head
When the sun hurt her eyes?
So my grandfather said.
But she looked very wise
For an owl of her size.

CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

By Albert Stearns.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

Chapter VII.

Four of the Academy boys — Scotty Jones, Fred Tobin, Will Bent, and Nat Marston — were approaching Chadwick's Acre on their way to Simms's pond. Suddenly Will called out, "My gracious, fellows!" and came to an abrupt standstill, his hands uplifted, his mouth wide open, an expression of the utmost amazement on his face.

"What 's the matter with you?" demanded Scotty. "Have n't forgot to bring bait, as you did last time, have you? 'Cause if you have, you 'll have to dig for 'em; for we have n't any more than we need, have we, fellows?"

"It 's — it 's gone!" gasped Will, whose face had grown strangely pale. "Did you see it?"

"See what?" cried Nat.

"Why, right over there — I saw it just as plainly as I see you — was a building," said Will.

"Where?" chorused his companions.

"Right over on Chadwick's Acre. It was made of marble, and it was as big as the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and four times as handsome. I saw lots of people moving round in it, too. And now it 's gone!"

"See here, Will Bent," said Scotty, who was inclined to be slangy when he thought the occasion demanded it, "what are you giving us?"

"It 's true, I tell you!" shouted Will, excitedly. "There 's no mistake about it. But I 'd hardly caught sight of it when it melted away, just like those dissolving views they had at the Methodist church last week, only quicker. Where were your eyes, fellows?"

The boys acknowledged that they had been looking at a dark cloud that had come up in the west, and speculating as to the probability of rain; but they — quite naturally — treated Will's story with derision.

"There 's no trick about it," said Will, with intense earnestness. "I *did* see the building right over there. And just as it disappeared I thought I saw something or somebody fall over by that big rock; it looked like a man's body."

"Jingo!" exclaimed Scotty, "there *is* somebody lying over there!"

"There 's somebody lying over here, too, I think," said the skeptical Nat; but he followed his companions, who had started at a run for the rock near the center of Chadwick's Acre.

Scotty was the first to reach the rock.

"It 's Chris!" he cried, bending over the prostrate body of his chum, and shaking it energetically. "That 'll do now," he continued, shouting in the boy's ear; "it 's no use playing possum with us."

"Let him alone," said Nat; "don't you see there 's something the matter with him? Maybe he 's had a fit. He is n't dead, is he?"

Scotty looked up, with a white face, saying: "I don't know but he is, fellows."

"No, he is n't, either," said Will, who had placed his hand over Chris's heart; "but I should n't wonder if he was badly hurt. Did n't I tell you I saw him fall?"

"What has he got in his hand?" asked Nat. "It looks like a lamp."

"It *is* a lamp," returned Scotty; "it 's the same one that Professor Thwacker took away from him yesterday. I wonder why he lugs that round with him."

"Never mind about that," said the practical Will. "What we 've got to do now is to take him home."

"That 's so," said Nat. "Scotty, you run ahead and prepare his folks. His mother is very nervous, and if she saw us bringing him home, and did n't know anything about it beforehand, she might faint."

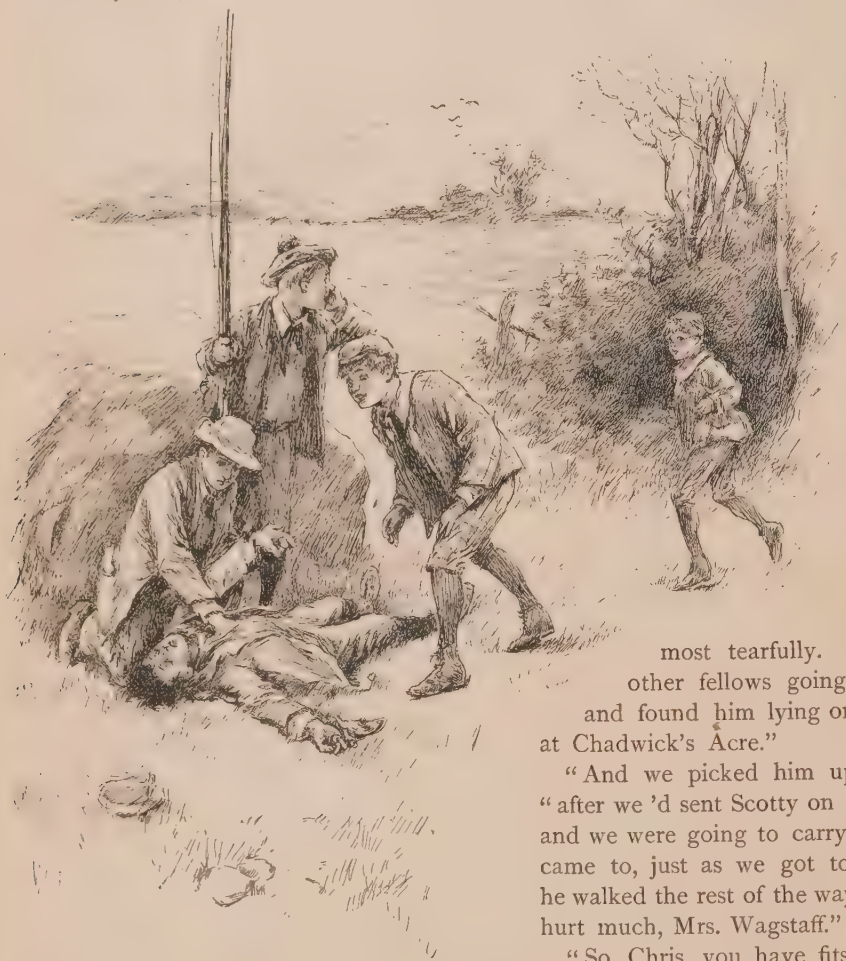
"All right," responded Scotty, and he bounded away like an antelope.

It is to be feared that he did not use a great deal of tact in breaking the news to Mrs. Wagstaff; for he had scarcely uttered a dozen words when the good lady fell to the floor, "as if"—

as Huldah put it in describing the event to Jed Beardsley that evening—"she 'd been hit with a thunderbolt."

When she recovered consciousness, Chris was bending over her, his face nearly as white as her own.

"Don't be frightened, mother," he said, kissing her tenderly; "I 'm all right. Scotty thought I was badly hurt, but I 'm not."



"'I SHOULD N'T WONDER IF HE WAS BADLY HURT,' SAID WILL."

"Oh, Chris!" cried Mrs. Wagstaff, folding him tightly in her arms, "are you sure you are n't?"

"Of course I am. Ouch! don't squeeze so hard, mother; you hurt my side."

"You *are* hurt, Chris!" cried the poor lady. "Oh, tell me how it happened!"

Here Doctor Ingalls, who had been summoned by the badly frightened Scotty, and who, assisted by that youth, had placed Mrs. Wagstaff upon the sofa, saw fit to assert himself.

"You must n't allow yourself to become excited; you really must n't, ma'am. There are no bones broken, I can assure you of that. Chris has had a fall, but has escaped very luckily, as it seems to me. Now then, young gentlemen," —turning to the four boys, who were huddled in the doorway, each one looking as if he felt himself personally responsible for the accident,— "perhaps you will explain how this thing happened."

"I always knew you would lead Chris into some trouble, with all your pranks, Scott Jones," wailed Mrs. Wagstaff.

"I did n't do it, ma'am," sputtered Scotty, almost tearfully. "I was with the other fellows going to Simms's pond, and found him lying on the ground down at Chadwick's Acre."

"And we picked him up," broke in Nat, "after we 'd sent Scotty on ahead to tell you; and we were going to carry him home, but he came to, just as we got to the sawmill, and he walked the rest of the way. I guess he is n't hurt much, Mrs. Wagstaff."

"So, Chris, you have fits of dizziness occasionally, eh?" said Doctor Ingalls.

"Never had anything of the sort in my life, doctor," replied Chris, promptly.

"Then how did you happen to fall?"

"I—I can't tell exactly, doctor," hesitated the boy, who was not ready to enter into explanations yet. "It was so—so sudden that I don't entirely understand it myself."

"Exactly; an attack of vertigo, beyond the

shadow of a doubt," said the doctor, very decidedly. "Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Wagstaff; we 'll have Chris all right in no time. This is no more than I expected. I will make an examination to ascertain the exact nature of his injuries," continued Doctor Ingalls. "Step into the next room with me, Chris."

The boy followed him. When they returned, a few minutes later, the physician's face wore a puzzled look.

"His injuries are not serious," he said; "but I cannot account for the presence of so many severe contusions on his right side and arm, except by the supposition that he fell from some considerable height."

"So he did," began Will; but he stopped abruptly at a warning glance from Chris, and added, as the doctor fixed a piercing glance upon him, "at least, that 's what I thought, too."

"I think I understand this business," said Doctor Ingalls, addressing himself to Mrs. Wagstaff. "It is merely a boyish escapade, in which, I imagine, one of Squire Davis's apple-trees figured prominently. Boys who are subject to vertigo should keep off the branches of trees. Come, now, young gentlemen," — turning to the boys,— "don't you think you 'd come a little nearer to the truth if you laid the scene of the accident not far from the squire's orchard?"

The old gentleman's face wore a good-humored smile as he put this question; he had been a boy himself once, and that period of his life did not seem so distant as it does to some old people. But he was disappointed at what he considered the utter lack of responsiveness in the youthful quartet; the four boys began to protest with great earnestness their entire innocence of the implied charge. He cut them short with:

"There, there, never mind! However the affair occurred, it 's over now, and Chris has had a lucky escape, in my opinion. Be off with you now, and try to keep out of mischief the rest of the day."

"Yes, do go," added Mrs. Wagstaff; "and as for you, Scott Jones, I wish you would never speak to Chris again."

The boys filed out, poor Scotty at their head, all looking very sheepish and crestfallen.

"Chris may as well go, too," said the doctor. "I 'd like a few words in private with you, Mrs. Wagstaff."

So Chris started after the boys, and overtook them just as they reached the road.

"Say, Will," he whispered in the ear of that youth, "I want to speak with you a moment."

Together the two boys walked slowly back toward the house, and Chris asked:

"What did you mean when you told the doctor that I fell from a height?"

"Meant just that," replied Will, laconically.

"But what did you see? Why did you think —"

"I don't know what I saw," broke in Will. "I can't understand it at all; but I *thought* I saw a big marble building standing on Chadwick's Acre. It disappeared like a flash, and then I *thought* I saw you falling."

"Did any of the other fellows see it?" asked Chris, excitedly.

"No; and they would n't believe me when I told them about it."

"Let them think you were trying to play a trick on them," said Chris; "and don't say a word about it to any one."

"But what does it all mean?" asked Will.

"I can't explain now," replied Chris, earnestly; "but you 'll know all about it very soon, — to-morrow, maybe,— and you 'll say it 's the biggest thing you ever heard of in your life. But I can't stop any longer; mother 's calling me. Now remember, not a word!"

He darted away, and Will ran on to rejoin the other boys.

Mrs. Wagstaff and Doctor Ingalls stood in the doorway when Chris reached the house, and the former said:

"Chris, the doctor says you must go out of town right away."

"What for?" asked the boy, rather blankly.

"You have been far from well of late. You need an entire change of scene, my lad, and you are going to have it," said Doctor Ingalls.

"How would you like to go and see your Cousin Robert?" asked Mrs. Wagstaff.

"I 'd just as lief stay at home," replied Chris.

"Why, only last week you begged me to let you go and spend a few days with him!" exclaimed the anxious mother.

"Yes, I know it; but you said I 'd get too far behind with my studies, and I guess I should. I think I 'd better wait till Christmas."

"There will be no school for you for the present," said the physician, very decidedly. "You have been working too hard of late."

"But—" began the boy.

"It 's no use objecting," interrupted Doctor Ingalls, smilingly. "'All work and no play'—you know the rest, Chris. You 'll have to take a vacation."

"Well, if I must go, I must," said Chris, resignedly. "When shall I start?"

"We 'll settle that when father comes home," replied Mrs. Wagstaff. "I think you ought to take the eight-o'clock train in the morning."

"There should be no more delay than is absolutely necessary," said the doctor. "Now, have a good time, Chris; and when you come back you 'll thank me for insisting upon the trip. Good-by. Don't look so troubled, Mrs. Wagstaff; there 's nothing to worry about. Good afternoon!" And he bustled away.

As soon as Chris could escape from his tearfully solicitous mother, he went to his room, locked the door, and gave the lamp an angry rub. The genie appeared with his usual promptness. For a few seconds master and slave stood facing each other in silence.

"So," said Chris at last, "you 're here, are you?"

"Don't you see I am?" returned the genie, whose face wore a hard, forbidding expression. "Any orders you may see fit to issue will receive prompt attention. What is it this time? Another palace?"

"No, it is n't," snapped Chris. "I want to know what you meant by playing such a mean trick on me."

"I am at a loss to understand you," said the genie coldly, and with a slight elevation of the eyebrows.

"You know perfectly well what I mean," rejoined Chris angrily. "I told you to make that palace disappear."

"Well, I did it, did n't I?" said the slave of the lamp. "It 's gone, is n't it? I was n't aware that any of it was left. If, however, you aver that such is the case, I shall give the matter my immediate attention."

"You know well enough what I mean," said Chris. "The palace disappeared all right, but I fell fifteen or twenty feet."

"Did you, indeed?" queried the genie.

As he spoke he pretended to brush a fly from his nose; but Chris saw plainly that he was only attempting to conceal a smile.

"Yes, I did!" cried the boy, almost fiercely. "Now see here; I did n't tell you to let me drop all that distance, did I?"

"Nor did you tell me *not* to," was the genie's quick response. "You made no personal reference whatever, if my memory serves me aright. I had my hands pretty full in getting that palace out of the way, and I had no time to think of you. Should anything of the kind occur again, it would be well for you to bear this experience in mind."

This made Chris angrier than ever; the coolness and self-possession of the genie were certainly very provoking.

"It would be well for you to bear it in mind, too," he cried. "I sha'n't stand many more such experiences."

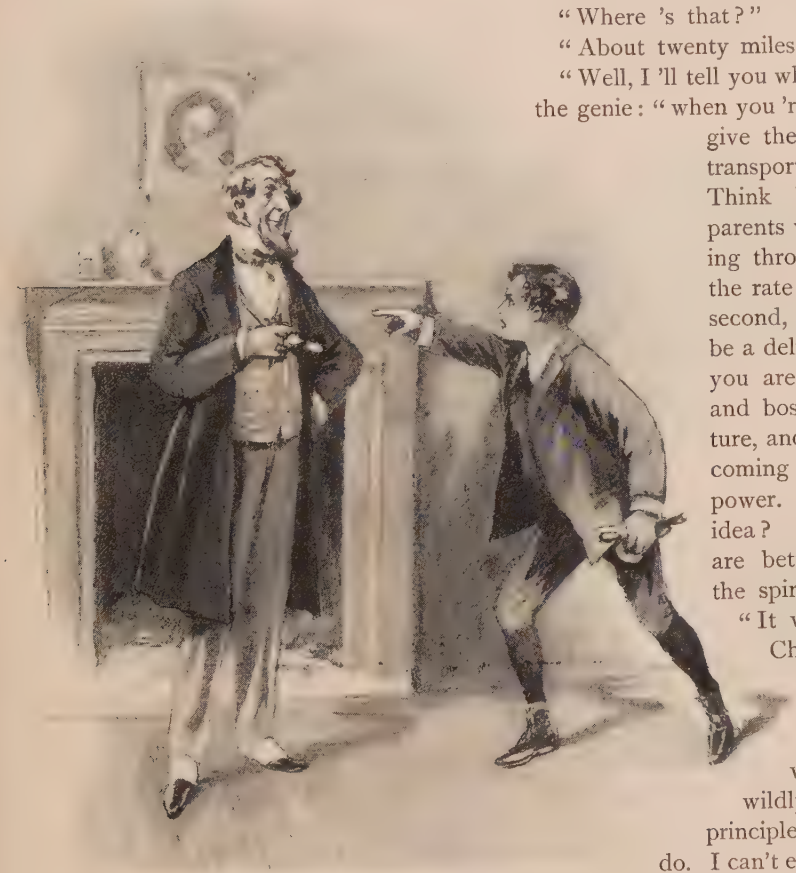
"No, I don't think you will," replied the genie significantly. "It 's a wonder to me that you were not killed to-day. Now, see here," he went on in an altered tone, "to get right down to business, if you think you can get your errands run and your palaces built any better by any one else, go right ahead and engage that individual's services. Don't consider my feelings; I assure you I am not at all anxious to continue the career of over-work and over-worry that you seem to have marked out for me. Why, my gracious! you don't appear to understand how this sort of thing is wearing on me. And it was so different with Aladdin! He always had a pleasant word for every one. He was n't a bit spoiled by prosperity. Why, I was almost like one of the family. Of course he 'd have his little joke once in a while, but it was always a harmless one. *He* was a gentleman, every inch of him. Oh, I tell you"—and the genie sighed dismally—"folks are not what they used to be. Those were good old days."

"Well, you need n't take on so," said Chris, rather irritably. "There are good times coming, too."

"They 're a long while getting here," grumbled the genie, gazing discontentedly at the lamp.

"Whenever you get through talking," said the boy, sharply, "I 'll tell you why I sent for you this time."

"I 'm all attention," was the reply, uttered with an air of resignation. "Let me know the worst at once."



"'WHAT IS IT THIS TIME? ANOTHER PALACE?' SAID THE GENIE."

"I 've nothing to say that need worry you any," returned Chris. "I wanted to warn you not to make another attempt on my life, and to tell you what has happened since the last time we met."

And he informed his companion of the events that had succeeded the disappearance of the palace. The genie's face brightened up somewhat as he listened.

"Well," he said, when Chris had finished, "I think you 're all wrong in making a mystery of the lamp and of me, and in allowing yourself to be so misunderstood. If I were over-sensitive, I should think you were actually ashamed of me; but I 'm not, and I don't care a rap. I 'm rather pleased with the idea of this trip; we may get a good deal of fun out of it. Where does your cousin live?"

"In Lincolnville."

"Where 's that?"

"About twenty miles east of this place."

"Well, I 'll tell you what we 'll do," chuckled the genie: "when you 're all ready to start, you give the lamp a rub, and I 'll transport you there in a jiffy. Think how astonished your parents will be to see you tearing through the atmosphere at the rate of a hundred miles a second, more or less! It will be a delicate hint to them that you are not to be dictated to and bossed around in the future, and will prepare them for coming exhibitions of your power. How 's that for an idea? I tell you, two heads are better than one!" And the spirit laughed heartily.

"It won't do at all," said Chris. "I 'm not ready to let anybody know yet."

"That s' always the way!" cried the genie, wildly. "You seem to object on principle to everything I say and do. I can't even appear in a shape of my own choosing, but must disguise myself as a shriveled-up old man or a commonplace young school-boy. Oh, it 's galling, galling!"

"You can appear in any shape you like in the future," returned Chris, a good deal nettled by the uncomplimentary reference to himself, "so long as you keep a civil tongue in your head."

"Humph!" was the genie's only response.

"And now," added the boy, "you may go. I 've said all I have to say at present."

The angered spirit instantly vanished; and this time his disappearance was accompanied by a loud clap of thunder, which Chris felt could be construed only as an evidence of his disappointment and anger at the result of the interview.

At the tea-table that evening, Mr. Wagstaff discoursed learnedly upon the singular phenomenon of a thunderclap on a clear, cool afternoon in October — explaining to his own satisfaction the natural causes that had produced it, and reprimanding Chris sharply for giggling in the midst of his remarks.

"Don't talk like that to him, pa!" cried Mrs. Wagstaff, anxiously. "You know the doctor said he must n't be excited."

"Well, we 'll drop the subject," said Chris's father; then, turning to the boy, he asked: "Are you going to be ready for the eight-o'clock train to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, sir," replied Chris, who had resigned himself to the inevitable; "my bag is packed already."

"You need n't have done that," said his mother. "Besides, I want to send some preserves to your Aunt Sabina."

"There 's plenty of room for them in the bag," said the boy; "you can put them in before I go."

Chris overslept the next morning; his fond mother would not awaken him, and he had only time to swallow a hurried breakfast before starting for the railway-station. He was obliged to run nearly all the way, and reached his destination just as the train halted, the air-brakes wheezing asthmatically.

His first thought as soon as he was comfortably seated was of the lamp, which he had placed in the bag the previous evening, and had not seen since. Of course it was all right, he told himself, but it would do no harm to look.

He unlocked the valise, which was a small one, and inspected its contents. There were his clothes, two books, a jar of preserved watermelon rind and two of pickled peaches — but no lamp!

Chris snapped the lock of the bag, sprang to his feet, and rushed to the door, his expressive face indicating all the anxiety and dismay he felt.

"What 's the matter, Chris?" asked Jotham Smiley, the brakeman. "Hain't fergot nothin', hev ye?"

Without replying, the boy leaped from the train, which was just rumbling away from the station. In another moment he and the valise were rolling down a steep embankment.

(To be continued.)

WHAT THE FLAGS TELL.

By Ensign John M. Ellicott, U. S. N.

INTERNATIONAL CODE SIGNAL B R S. "WILL YOU TAKE A LETTER FOR ME?"

Every one who has watched a great ocean steamship coming into or going out of port has noticed that flags fly from nearly every masthead, as well as from a flagstaff at her stern; yet few people understand that every one of those flags is hoisted for a special reason, and tells something about the ship and her movements. It is easy to learn what the flags tell, for they mean the same things on all ships the world over; but first we must know the different kinds of flags.

A flag proper is rectangular; a triangular flag is called a pennant; and a triangular flag with the end notched out is called a burgee. A flag proper with its end notched out is called a broad pennant, and a very long narrow pennant is called a coach-whip pennant. These are all the shapes in modern use; and if you will keep in mind these five kinds and their names, the explanation of their meanings will be easy and interesting. They are shown on page 406.

Let us go to some big commercial city and look at its shipping. Suppose we go to New York, and, taking a Staten Island ferry-boat, run down through the picturesque upper bay, get off at St. George, and go down to Fort Wadsworth. Walking out on its grass-carpeted earthworks, we shall find ourselves on a high bluff looking down upon a narrow strip of water uniting the upper and lower bays. Through this channel great incoming and outgoing ocean steamships are steaming continually. Let us sit and watch these unknown leviathans, and learn what their flags tell.

First, then, the big national flag waving from the short staff at the stern tells in what country the ship is owned and registered; it tells her home. Then the national flag at the foremast-head tells the country to which she is going. If it is the same flag as that at her stern, it tells that she is just getting home from a long journey at sea. Then at the mainmast-head you will see a flag or a pennant or a burgee, which is not the flag of any nation, but has on it letters and symbols with which you are probably unfamiliar. That is her "house flag"; that is to say, the distinguishing flag of the company to which she belongs. If you spend much time on the sea or in seaport cities you will learn many of these house flags by heart. Thus the Cunard Line house flag is a red flag with a golden lion in the center; that of the White Star Line is a red burgee with a single white star in the center; that of the Anchor Line is a white burgee with a red anchor in the center; that of the North German Lloyd is a white and blue flag with a key and an anchor crossed in the center of a laurel wreath; and the American Line, owning the two magnificent steamers "New York" and "Paris" that for a national flag now fly the Stars and Stripes, has for its house flag a white flag on which is a blue spread eagle.

The company to which a steamship belongs is also indicated in many cases by the colors painted on her smokestacks. You may feel sure, for instance, that a steamer with tall, red smokestacks topped with black, and having two narrow, black rings, is a Cunarder; that those having black smokestacks with a white band near the top belong to the American Line; and that a steamer with a cream-colored smokestack,

THE ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK," U. S. N., PASSING THE AMERICAN STEAMSHIP "PARIS"—BOTH FLYING SIGNALS. (SEE FLAGS, PAGE 407.)
Drawn for ST. NICHOLAS, by permission, from a photograph by J. S. Johnston.

on each side of which is painted a red star, is one of the Red Star Line.

But we were considering only flags. Let us look a little way up toward Tompkinsville, and see the ships at anchor there. One has, besides the flags we have considered, a small blue flag with a square white center at her foreyard-arm. What does that mean, you ask? It means that she is just about to sail. It is one of the flags of the International Signal Code (of which I shall tell you later), and in that code it represents the letter P. In seamen's talk it is called the blue-peter. When you see it hoisted alone on a ship it means that she is going to sail for a foreign port that very day. Ships are not very particular where they hoist this flag, so you may sometimes see it at a masthead, or even only half-way up, but it always means the same thing. It is a sign for freight, passengers, and mail to be hurried aboard; for bills of lading to be closed; and for shipping agents to complete their invoices at once. Sometimes a ship will come into port with the blue-peter flying, showing that she is going right out again the same day.

Steamers carrying mail usually fly a flag with letters or words printed on it to indicate the fact, such as "U. S. M.," "R. M.,"—"United States Mail," "Royal Mail"; but the shape and color of such flags are matters of mere fancy.

Up the bay a little farther, you may see a ship lying at anchor with scarcely a sign of life about her. There are no small boats crowding around or hurrying to and fro between the ship and the shore. At her foremast-head is a pale yellow flag which even the least informed recognize as the sign of quarantine. This is also one of the signal-flags in the International Code, and represents the letter Q; but when hoisted by itself it means that the vessel over which it floats carries a deadly pestilence which must be confined to her alone if human precaution can avail. No communication whatever with the shore or with other vessels can be had by those on board of that ill-fated ship until the health officials pronounce her free from disease and thoroughly disinfected.

Yet that quarantine flag is not always an evidence of such a terrible state of affairs on board. In many ports a ship is required to hoist it upon coming in, whether she has disease on board or not, and to keep it hoisted until the quarantine doctor pays her a visit and, finding all well, gives her permission to haul it down. Then, again, some ports are so infected with contagious diseases all the year round, that ships coming from them are kept in quarantine in other ports for a certain number of days by law, even if there is not a single case of sickness on board. There is such a quarantine against the ports of Brazil nearly all over the world, because of the terrible scourge of yellow fever.

An American man-of-war recently stopped at the island of St. Vincent for coal. She was from Brazil, so was promptly quarantined by the Portuguese officials, although there was not so much as a toothache among her lusty crew, and had not been for months. Only the coal-barges could come alongside, and the coal was put into bags by the longshoremen in the barges and hoisted on board by the ship's crew. The coal agent sat in a small boat at a safe distance, and looked on. Nothing could induce him to take even so much as a letter or a telegram from the ship, for fear of contagion; but when the coal was all in, he came alongside and accepted the ship's money in payment for his coal with alacrity.

But let us watch the vessels again. There is a pretty brigantine barely creeping along against the tide with all sail set to catch the failing wind, and she has her national flag flying half-way up her main rigging. That will catch anybody's attention as an odd place for a flag, and that is what she wants it to do. She is calling for a tug to tow her up to the city. Sails have carried her thousands of miles over the high seas; but it would be waste of time for her to battle unaided against that strong tide through the Narrows, so she places her flag in her main rigging—a well-known call for a tug. Were she to run aground, she would place her flag in the same place, upside down, in order to make the call more urgent. This used to be done by ships at sea to indicate distress and need of help, but it can be done better now by signal, as will be explained later.

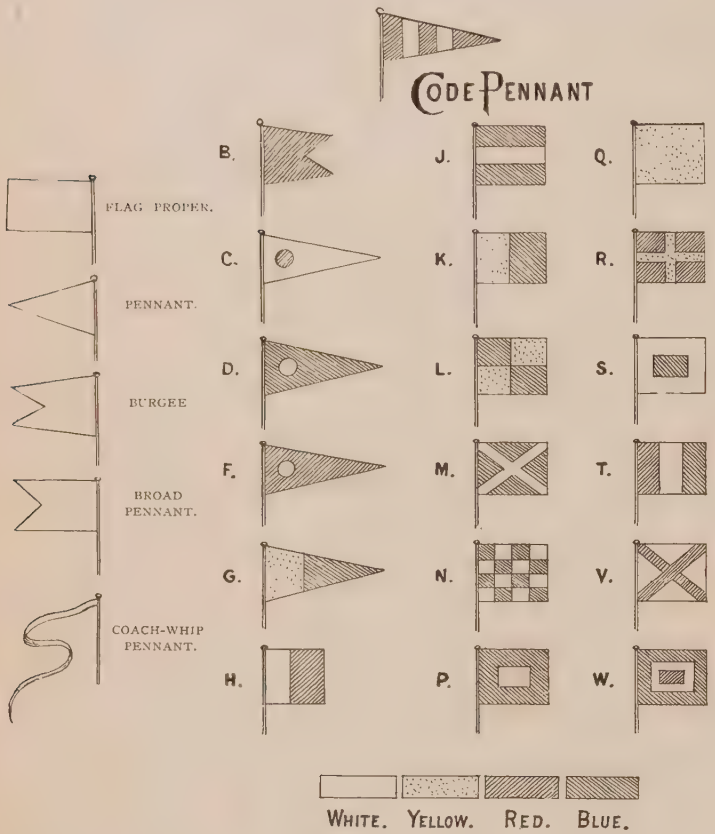
Now, here is a steamship close to Fort Wadsworth, looking very neat and trim, and flying

several flags. At the stern is the United States flag, at her bow the union jack; at the main-mast-head is a long coach-whip pennant, and at the foremast-head is a big red flag. We know at once that she is an American steamer, but that long coach-whip always, and in all countries, has a special significance. It tells that the ship flying it is a man-of-war. It is carried by all war vessels in commission in all navies, unless they are flag-ships, in which case the flag of the commodore or admiral is flown at the mizzenmast-head and the coach-whip is not hoisted at all. When a man-of-war is homeward bound after a long cruise, she flies a coach-whip often over a hundred feet long, which is called a homeward-bound pennant. It is often so long that a tin can or other float has to be tied to the end of it to skip along the water and keep the pennant stretched out clear of the ship. It is not carried flying all the way across the ocean, but is hoisted when the ship is leaving the foreign port and when she is approaching her home port.

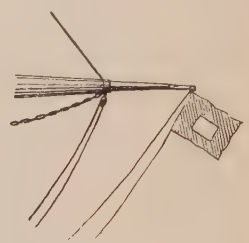
The red flag hoisted alone is always a danger-signal. It generally means that explosives are being loaded or unloaded, or transported in an exposed condition.

If this man-of-war were a flag-ship with a commodore on board, she would fly a broad pennant. In our navy it is blue with a single white star. If an admiral were aboard, she would fly a blue flag with two white stars. In other navies these flags are different.

The union jack, or the jack, as it is commonly called, which is the blue portion of our flag with the forty-four white stars, has different meanings on a man-of-war, according to where it is hoisted. If it is hoisted on a staff at the bow, it is only for dressing purposes, indicating that the ship is in her best trim and ready for public inspection. You should, therefore, never see it hoisted at the bow when clothes are drying on the lines, nor in dirty, rainy weather, nor when a ship is coaling. If it is hoisted at the foremast-head, it means that the ship wants a pilot. If it is hoisted at a yard-arm, it tells that a general court martial is holding a trial on board.



FLAGS, PENNANTS, AND BURGEES OF THE INTERNATIONAL CODE.



THE BLUE-PETER.

But see — the red flag has been hauled down: the man-of-war's powder has all been stowed. Now a red pennant flutters at her yard-arm. It is the meal-pennant in our navy, and means that the crew is at breakfast, dinner, or supper.

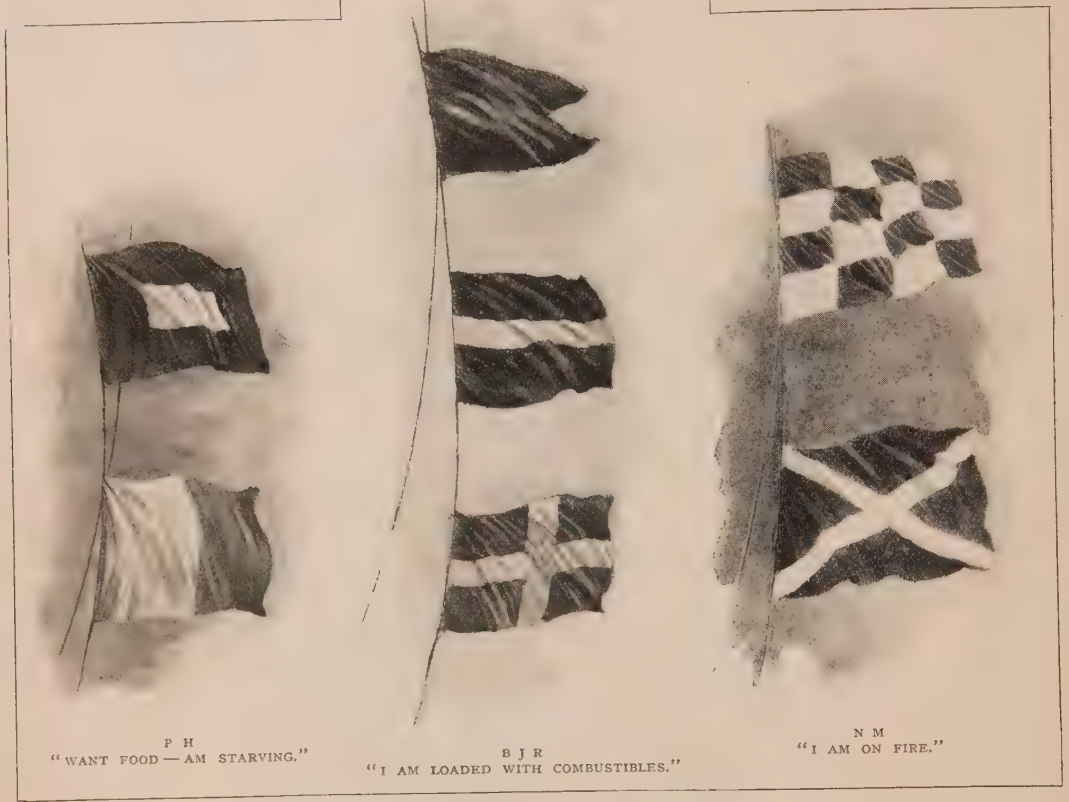
There, too, is another flag taking the place of the red one at the foremast-head. It is in four quarters — two red and two white. That is called the cornet. It recalls everybody immediately to the ship, and usually means that she is about to depart. If necessary a gun will be fired to call attention to it.

SIGNALING.

All these things you can tell from the flags; but besides these there is an international signal code, adopted by nearly every civilized country, by which any ships meeting at sea can talk to each other on any subject they wish. Before the year 1855 this code did not exist, and two ships meeting at sea, if of different nationalities, could not communicate intelligently unless they got within hailing-distance, and the communications were made by word of mouth. If their captains spoke different languages, and there were no interpreters on either vessel, they were more helpless than if dumb.

On July 2, 1855, a committee was appointed by the British Board of Trade "to inquire into

and report upon the subject of a code of signals to be used at sea." In September of the following year this committee presented a code made up of eighteen flags and pennants representing the eighteen consonant letters of the alphabet, out of which 78,642 combinations could be made for words and sentences. A signal-book of combinations, with the words, sentences, names of places and ships which these combinations represented, was prepared, adopted, and afterward translated by many foreign nations. This code has now become established all over the world, and is known as the International Signal Code. Now when a ship meets another ship at sea, her captain looks in his signal-book for the combination of flags which represents his ship's name, and hoists them. The captain of the other ship looks at that combination in his book, and reads opposite to it the same name. Then he tells his ship's name in the same way. Then he may ask

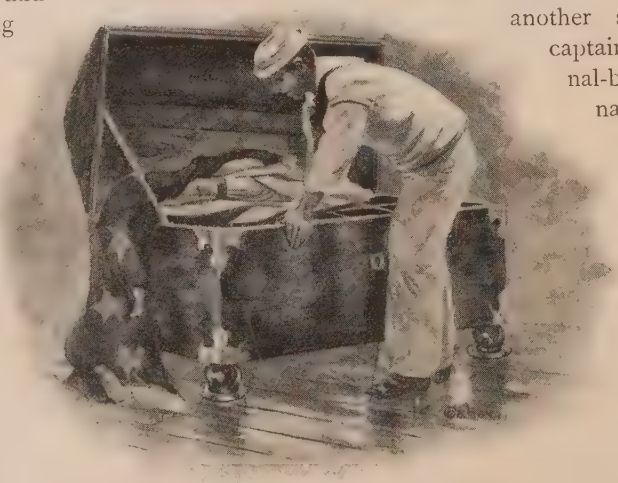


P H
"WANT FOOD — AM STARVING."

B J R
"I AM LOADED WITH COMBUSTIBLES."

N M
"I AM ON FIRE."

INTERNATIONAL CODE SIGNALS.



THE FLAG LOCKER.

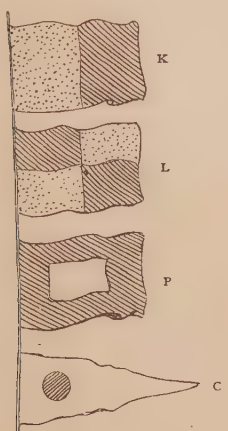
questions or tell anything by looking in the signal-book for the sentences or parts of sentences he wants, and hoisting the combination of flags which makes them. In his own language, the other captain will find the same sentences opposite the same combinations of flag letters in his own signal-book.

Moreover, one can tell before looking into a signal-book the general character of a signal made. Remember that the code is made up of one burgee, four pennants, and thirteen square flags. Now, the most important signals have only two flags in a hoist. If the burgee is on top, some ship's attention is being demanded, and her number or national colors will be hoisted at the same time, if known. Such a signal is often made on shore to warn a ship that she is running into danger. If a pennant is on top, it is a "compass" signal; but if a square flag is on top, it is an urgent danger or "distress" signal. Especially remember this, for if you see a vessel flying an international signal of two flags with a square flag on top, she is in dire distress: she may be aground, or sinking, or on fire, or her crew may have mutinied. If you see such a signal and are on shore, run to the nearest lighthouse, life-saving station, or marine observatory, and get them to read it; or hail a tug or boat to go with all haste to the vessel signaling. If you see such a signal at sea, never hesitate to call the attention of your captain to it at once.

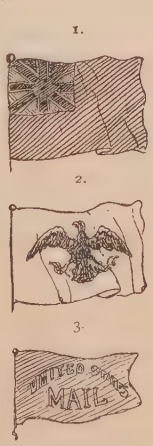
Signals of three flags in a hoist are for carrying on general conversation. Signals of four flags are mostly names. With the burgee on top, they are names of cities, countries, capes, bays, etc., and are called geographical signals. With the pennant G uppermost, they are names of men-of-war. With a square flag uppermost, they are names of merchant vessels.

The only single-flag signals are the *answering pennant*, meaning "I understand"; the pennant C, meaning "yes"; and the pennant D, meaning "no." In order to call attention to the fact that she is going to make a signal by the International Code, a ship hoists the answering pennant (which is also called the *code pennant*) under her national ensign.

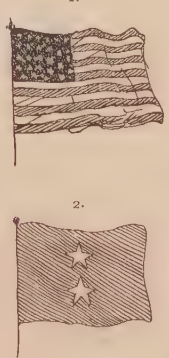
The navies of all nations have a secret code of signals, with flags differing entirely from those of the universal code, and differing for each country. So if you see signals flying on a man-of-war, you must not hope to learn their significance unless the International Code pennant has been hoisted under the national flag to show that that code is used. During our great naval review there were men-of-war from nearly every nation on earth gathered together, and they had to be commanded, on their journey from Hampton Roads to New York, by one American admiral. So the International Code of Signals was used, and every ship of every nation understood and obeyed as clearly as if all had been of one country.



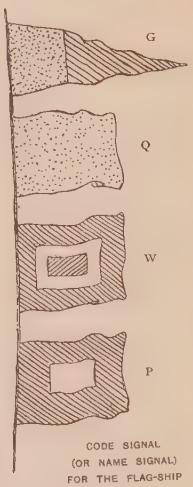
CODE SIGNAL (OR NAME SIGNAL) FOR THE "PARIS," AMERICAN LINE.



1. THE ENGLISH FLAG AT THE FOREMAST, MEANS "BOUND FOR ENGLAND."
2. THE AMERICAN LINE'S HOUSE FLAG AT THE MAINMAST.
3. THE MAIL FLAG.



1. THE NATIONAL FLAG AT THE STERN.
2. THE REAR-ADMIRAL'S FLAG AT THE MAINMAST.

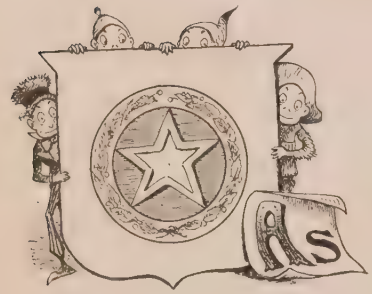


CODE SIGNAL (OR NAME SIGNAL) FOR THE FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK."

EXPLANATION OF FLAGS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE ON PAGE 404.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE UNION.

By Palmer Cox.



SIXTH TOUR: IN TEXAS.

As evening shades began to drive
The birds to roost and bees to hive,
And out once more the beetles bring
That through the day kept folded wing,
The Brownies crossed a bridge of wood,
And in the State of Texas stood.

Said one: "Of all the States so wide
Through which we 've passed with rapid stride,
The 'Lone Star' State, where now we stand,
Can find no rival in the land
To vie with its tremendous spread
Of acres, from the River Red
Down to the Gulf; and westwardly
Beyond the Brazos stretching free,
Until its distant boundary lines
The Rio Grande at length defines."

Another said: "And here indeed
All products that the people need
In cultivated fields are found,
Or brought from mines beneath the ground —
The wood, the coal- and iron-mine,
The wheat, the cotton, corn, and wine,
The beef, the wool, and horses fleet,
In great abundance here we meet.
If we want rice or sugar-cane,
Or butter, fruit, or golden grain,—
Whatever people make or grow,—
Be sure we sha'n't have far to go.
An empire in itself, it lies
Serene beneath its sunny skies."
Then one remarked: "Here drove on drove
The cattle through the country rove,
And horses that can stand the strain
Of lengthy races o'er the plain.
We 'll be of service if we can,
And, acting on the cow-boy plan,
Soon mount some broncos, as they 're styled,
And round up cattle running wild.
This will afford us, I'll be bound,
The greatest sport we 've ever found."

If there is aught that seems to raise
The Brownies' spirits to a blaze,
It is some plan that will provide
The means whereby they all can ride.

'T was strange to see how quick they found
The ropes and saddles hanging round,
And bridles made to conquer still
The horse that scorned the rider's will.
Soon mounted, ready to pursue
The straying stock, away they flew.
At times a number on one steed
Rode up and down at greatest speed;
Some by the rein essayed to guide
The horse across the ranches wide,

While others with the lasso long
Made bold to check the cattle strong.
How they could stick and hang about,

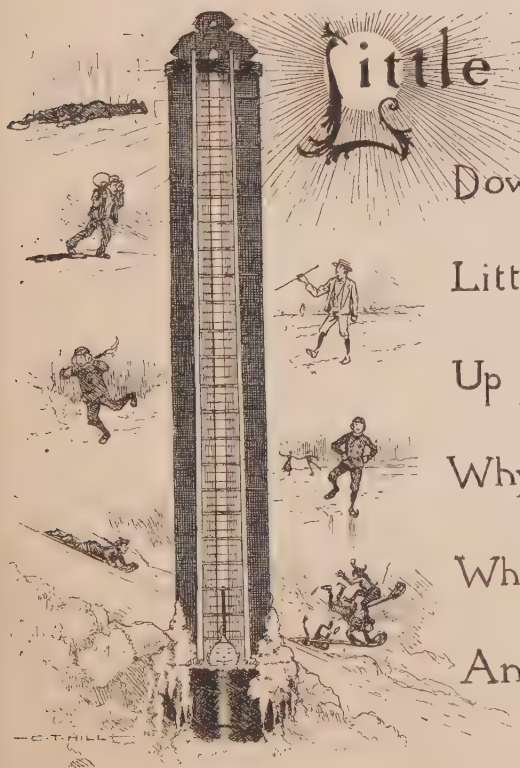
And keep from falling off throughout
Their rough stampede,—whene'er they raced,
Or wild the beast they rode or chased,—
Is more than those can understand
Who have not studied well the band.
But not from mortal masters they
Have taken lessons, by the way.

The band we follow night by night
Through dangers dark and pleasures light,
Have gathered all their mystic powers
From other pedagogues than ours.

They came upon the scene to ride,
To sail, to swim, to jump, to slide,
Or turn their hands to skilful stroke
In ways that oft the record broke,
Without instruction from mankind.
They leave all human art behind.
Some creatures, crazy in their fright,
Ran dragging horses left and right,
While all the Brownies on their back
Were shouting every turn and tack,
Directing how the beast to throw,
Or how to hold, or let him go.
They found ere long the cow-boy's task
Was not so light as one might ask
Who was not well prepared to face
The dangers of the time and place.

Some, losing hold upon a steed,
Ran here and there in greatest need
Of something that would shelter yield
Till wildest cattle left the field.

There, crouching low on hand and knee,
They formed a picture strange to see,
Still waiting for the time when they
To different points could slip away.
Thus night was spent with many a race,
And many a fear, and many a case
That tried the courage of the best
Before they sought a place of rest.



Little Man Mercury

Down in his cellar
hidden away,
Little Man Mercury
sits while he may.
Up from his dwelling
a tall ladder shows;
Why it is put there,
wee Mercury knows
When the weather is warm
he skips up to the top,
And when it grows colder,
down stairs he must stop.

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter IX.

"THAT PIG OF A PIERRE."

"Stop, you! Tell them to stop, Marcel! I have lost my letter!"

Philip's voice rang out so strained and startled that Marcel the equerry turned about with a jerk, and the postilions reined up so quickly that the horses were almost thrown upon their haunches.

Back to the fountain raced page and equerry, their eyes upon the muddy roadway. At their coming, the crowd quickly gathered again, and though Marcel the equerry threw all possible authority into his command, "In the name of the Emperor!" it did not suffice to keep the crowd at bay, nor to scatter the swarm of officious street-boys, who, under the pretense of hunting, only confused things all the more. And, not content with poking the mud, they indulged their bent in poking fun at the unfortunates so openly that Marcel the equerry stamped with rage, and Philip's flushed face showed how keenly these street-jokes cut.

The search was fruitless. Half distracted, Philip was turning away, when there pushed through the crowd a stoutly built young fellow of sixteen. He wore a sort of half uniform, and had in his walk just a bit of swagger, like that of one who now and then was favored with a little brief authority.

He looked searchingly at the page an instant; then he pushed forward.

"By the candle that hung the baker!" he cried, "it 's the 'prince'! You are young Desnouettes, you;—he who lived with Mother Thérèse, and is now page of the palace—is it not so? What is wrong with you?"

Philip greeted anything that looked like help. There was a certain amount of interest in the boy's tone, and the page, like a drowning man, was ready to clutch at any straw.

"We were upset here. I was thrown out, and have lost a letter meant for the palace."

"Bad enough! Bad enough!" exclaimed the new boy. "And you were fishing for it in the mud here, young Desnouettes? Off, now! It 's easy to see you have forgotten your training before you are six years out of the streets. Don't you know that sometimes one must fish in the air and hunt in the sea? I 'll wager you, now, that thing is right before your eyes, if it is not under your nose; as, for example—" And, with a dash, he plunged into the crowd, whirled about first one and then another, and finally pounced upon an inoffensive-looking old "Bellows-and-buckets-to-mend" man, who, with his basket of bellows strapped on his back, was an idle gazer in the watching crowd.

"So, rascal! You delay the Emperor's message, do you? See, you page, is not this your letter?" and he pulled from beneath the bellows-mender's basket-strap a paper that had been slyly tucked there.

Philip stared in unbelief, and then fell upon his recovered treasure with a shout. Marcel the equerry cried in a loud voice: "In the name of the Emperor, seize that man! Police, police!"

But the old bellows-mender protested his innocence in a torrent of denial, and even Philip was compelled to admit the wisdom of his new friend's laughing taunt: "Ho! you page; you will need to go to school to the Street again. Don't you know that he who is guilty is not he who is caught? Old bellows-mender could never stick a note under his own strap, could he, say? Some of our good friends here at hand played that trick on him and you. Having the booty, let the joke pass. The letter is better than the lifter."

"Wise one, let me thank you," Philip said, ready to clasp his benefactor in a warm embrace. "Your name?"

"Then you do not know me?"

"What, I? Why—no!—but so! Why—it is never—"

"Yes?"

"That pig of a Pierre?" Philip blurted out the words in an astonishment of recognition.

"Citizen Pierre Labeau, at your excellency's service," the big boy said, with a mock salute. "Oh, you are not the only one out of our Street, Prince Phil, to get your step. Behold me! I am deputy doorkeeper at La Force!"

"The big prison?"

"The same—and where you might have been, young Desnouettes, had I not been clever enough to see through an old joke such as our street has ever loved to play upon the high and mighty."

Philip could scarcely speak. Shame and surprise alike filled him with dismay, and almost brought the mist of boyish mortification into his eyes. He had driven through the Street of the Washerwomen just to make "that pig of a Pierre" green with envy; and, behold, Philip was the discomfited one—Pierre, the self-possessed one!

But, quickly, mortification turned to gratitude. He flung out both hands toward his old foeman.

"My friend," he cried, "I owe you much. Where may I see you to-morrow? I am on duty to-day. I wish to—Oh, my head! My heart! I forgot the other!"

"What now?" Pierre inquired, struck by Philip's sudden despair.

"All is ready, Monsieur the Page," Marcel the equerry called from the calash.

The finding of the letter had driven the morocco case from Philip's mind, and now the misery broke upon him. The diamond buckle and the morocco case had not been found!

"See, Pierre," he said quickly, and speaking low; "I carried, too, with me a diamond hat-buckle in a brown morocco case. The Empress gave it me last night. That, also, is gone. Miserable me!—what shall I do?"

"Sparklers, eh?" Pierre exclaimed. "That 's harder yet. In a brown morocco case? So! Go you about your business. As for me, I will play the detective. Trust to me, and—see, you—hunt me up at La Force to-morrow. Adieu, my prince! My reverence to the Emperor. Tell him I yet look to have Fouché's portfolio as minister of police."

Then he almost forced Philip into the carriage, and, waving him an adieu, led off the crowd in a rousing cheer: "Long live the Emperor! Long live the Emperor's page!"—with what was just then the popular postscript: "Long live the King of Rome!"

To which courtesy—not certain whether it was real or sarcastic—Philip replied with a wave of his befeathered chapeau, and was speedily whirling into the courtyard of the Tuileries.

As he rose to spring from the carriage, his foot struck something small and hard, ambushed beneath the carriage-mat. He pounced upon it at once.

"My faith!" he cried, with gleaming eyes, "the morocco case! Was ever boy luckier than I?"

There it must have fallen in the overturn, and there have lain during all the hunt and worry; and, meantime, Pierre was playing detective for it. Well, he should be enlightened and recompensed next day. Odd that "that pig of a Pierre" should have turned out such a trump, after all.

Thinking these thoughts, Philip entered the palace, a wiser and much more subdued young fellow than had left it in such a blaze of glory only the day before. The boy's pride had suffered sadly, but he had learned a lesson.

Hastily making himself presentable, he delivered to the Emperor the letter from Josephine.

"So; 't is our royal courier. Well done, you page." And taking the letter, he read its words of congratulation and friendship with interest and pleasure. Then he turned to the boy.

"And how looked the Empress?" he asked.

"Well, Sire; and much delighted," Philip replied.

"And did she"—for Napoleon was always inquisitive—"did she remember the messenger?"

"Oh, yes, Sire; royally," the boy made answer.

"So! It was like her. But how?" the Emperor went on.

"With this, Sire." And Philip fished the brown morocco case from the pocket into which he had thrust it.

Napoleon took the case from the boy, and pressed the spring. It flew open, and disclosed to the Emperor — nothing!

Philip gave a start of terror; his legs lost all their stiffness; his eyes grew big with dismay.

"Gone!" he gasped.

"The Empress pays liberally for favors," said Napoleon, grimly; "or else my messengers play the fool with things committed to them. What was in here, boy?"

"A diamond hat-buckle, Sire," the boy replied in a broken and distracted voice.

"And where is it?"

"Alas, Sire!" said Philip, sadly, "I fear it was stolen when the letter was lost."

"The letter? What letter?" cried the Emperor.

The wrath of Napoleon was not a pleasant thing to face. It had withered bigger men than Philip the page. But the boy knew that a straightforward story was his only salvation, and, without flinching, he told the Emperor the whole affair, not even concealing his reasons for driving through the Street of the Washerwomen.

The Emperor listened impassively, and when the end was reached he said: "This, then, is the way you would play the messenger, you boy? You would use the Emperor's time to serve your private ends? Had the letter been lost, your head should have been the forfeit. I confer favors only where I can trust; I command only those who will obey me. Have I judged wrongly, and may I not trust you, boy? You have betrayed your trust — you, the Courier of the King. Ah, so! I have it! Come with me. The King of Rome, whom you have served so carelessly, shall judge your misdemeanor." And bidding the boy follow him, the Emperor strode on to the imperial nursery.

In his royal cradle lay the royal baby. Napoleon stopped beside the little bed of his son, looked down upon him, and said solemnly:

"Your Majesty, here is your courier. He has been careless in his trust. I present him to you for judgment and sentence. Your Majesty's smile or frown is law. What shall it be? Shall we punish or forgive?"

All this seemed, at first, very absurd to Philip, who had but a boy's contempt for a cradled baby. But he grew serious as the Emperor made his point. He looked down upon the helpless infant, anxiety in his heart, but conciliation in his eye; and as he looked he winked the wink of flattery at the wondering baby.

Thereupon, the royal infant began to "coo" and "goo" with all the gurgle of baby good nature; with wide-open eyes he looked upon the dissembling boy, and, caught by the wink of that designing eye, tossed up one little hand, while the sober baby face broke suddenly into a certain and perceptible smile.

"The King smiles. There you have the verdict, boy," the Emperor said. "His Majesty graciously pardons your misdemeanor, on the condition, if you can translate his sentence, that you never do so again." And Napoleon laughed. For this singular man had a boy-side to his nature, that spent itself, now and then, in jokes and romps and ear-pulling, not usually associated with an imperial majesty. "Is he not a fine, fat boy, Philip? My head, they say — my eyes. Some day you shall dance 'zig-zag' for him, as you did for that other boy in St. Cloud,— provided you have not, before that time, lost your head through heedlessness, which I fear is not unlikely. But keep your head — we need it for the future. For this young monseigneur here we must build up France; and such as you must help him wear the crown. Go now. You are pardoned. The courier is a page once more. Yes — and see to it that you play detective, too. The diamond buckle must be found. I give you three days and a release from duty to find it. Some day, too, let me see the Pierre boy. He is a shrewd one, and should be good for something. Go; and report the result to me in three days' time."

Philip turned to go; then dropping upon one knee, he kissed, not the Emperor's hand, but — clever boy that he was! — the hand of the baby King. Thereby he won the Emperor's favor anew; for even the great Napoleon was human — and a father!

The next morning, according to agreement, Philip presented himself at the prison of La Force, where were confined those held "under suspicion" of crime or treason. His imperial livery and his page's badge gained him easy entrance, and in response to his inquiry for Pierre, the deputy doorkeeper, that sturdy

young fellow was soon hurrying from his post in the Charlemagne Court to greet his visitor.

"So; it is you, Monsieur the Page? See you, now; I have tracked three diamond hat-buckles and two brown morocco cases. Eh? Yes; oh, yes, we can find these things even after they get hidden away in the Court of the Miracles. It is just knowing how to get at them, you see. But when one comes to knowing every thief in the big prison, as I do, one finds just how to get his information. I have secured some sparklers, I say — perhaps yours, perhaps not. Now what was your buckle like?"

Philip, as well as he could, described the gift of the Empress.

"Yes," Pierre nodded. "I have seen such a one — but not its case."

"That is here," Philip replied. "Behold, then! I found it in the carriage after I left you."

That made the whole matter clear. By cleverly using the knowledge gained by his street education and his prison connection, Pierre had traced out the lost buckle, and Philip was overjoyed.

"To-morrow you shall have it," Pierre promised him. "I can put my hands upon it in an hour when once my lines are set; but not to-day. See now, you Philip! I will deliver the sparklers to you at the Tower of St. Jacques at sunset to-morrow."

"'MY FRIEND!' PHILIP CRIED, 'I OWE YOU MUCH.'" (SEE PAGE 415.)

"At sunset to-morrow — at the Tower of St. Jacques," Philip repeated. "And meantime, Pierre, my friend" (you see it was no longer "that pig of a Pierre"), "tell me how I can ever repay you for this?"

"Wait until you get your sparklers," replied the deputy doorkeeper of La Force; and then

Philip left the great gloomy prison that once had been a baron's stronghold, and wandered away to the house in the Street of the Fight. Here he held an audience spell-bound with the story of his travels and his adventures, his mishaps and his experiences, since last they had seen him, and since he had been weighed in the balance and found perhaps just a little wanting, as the Courier of the King.

CHAPTER X.

THE TOWER OF ST. JACQUES.

GRAND and graceful, the Tower of St. Jacques overtopped the tiled roofs of the low buildings and the straggling market that surrounded it. Springing into the air one hundred and seventy-five feet, and surmounted by a delicate spire, the tower stood as at once guide and landmark for all that section of old Paris, from the eastern barriers to the bridges and the palace of the Louvre.

The church of which this stately tower was and is the only survival had been a sanctuary for murderers in the days of the ancient kings, but had itself been pulled down by those later murderers — the rabid revolutionists of the time of the Terror — who could not draw the sharp line that separates liberty from lawlessness.

For so enthusiastic a student of the past as Citizen Daunou the grand old tower had special interest. To this interest had been added the fascinations of relic-hunting; for among the papers that had come under his eye as Keeper of the Archives had been one that spoke of certain valuable relics deposited a generation before in an old crypt beneath the northwestern turret. This crypt, the Keeper of the Archives reasoned, might have escaped the pillage and destruction by the revolutionary mob from the Paris streets; and this he wished to prove to his own satisfaction.

So it happened that on one of the last days of March, in the year 1811, Citizen Daunou was on his way to the Tower of St. Jacques, accompanied by Uncle Fauriel and Mademoiselle. She herself was something of an amateur investigator, and, in her way, quite as interested in the things to be seen and the things to be studied in the quaint sections of old Paris as was the scholarly Keeper himself.

"'GONE?' HE GASPED." (SEE PAGE 416.)

They had left the big Bureau of Archives in the Street of the Wheatfield, and with all the ingenuity and assurance of the born Parisian

had threaded their way through the network of narrow streets which separated the bureau from the tower; for in the opening years of the nineteenth century it was no easy task for any one but a born Parisian to pick a secure way through the great city's narrow and tortuous streets.

They had skipped the flowing gutters, jumped the piles of rubbish, cleared the thousand and one impediments, dodged the ceaseless, pushing throng of peddlers, pedestrians, carriers, and cartmen, on both roadway and sidewalk, until panting Uncle Fauriel, pausing for breath in the doorway of a convenient wine-shop in the Street of the Fox, had mopped his perspiring head and puffed out: "It may be all well enough for you two — one long and lean, and the other young and frisky — to rush along at this rate, but I am getting too fat for your fun. I 've dodged every cart and every carrier in Paris; I 've jumped the gutters and pulled myself in like a Gascon. Time was when I could do it as well as you, and travel the streets without getting a speck of dust or a spot of mud, as spick and span as Mademoiselle here; but it 's gone by — it 's gone by. I 'm too fat for the narrow streets, and too clumsy for the muddy ones. Go slower, or get me a cab."

But Mademoiselle did not hear his complainings. She was conscious only of certain words her quick ears had caught from the passing crowd:

"One of Nicholas's boys, he is; name of Desnouettes. It 's to be a big haul, eh? Sunset — Tower of St. Jacques; and he says —"

This was all she heard; the voices were lost in the crowd. She had not even caught sight of the speaker; but it was quite enough for Mademoiselle. Some danger threatened Philip; for he was Desnouettes. He was one of "Nicholas's boys" — the nickname by which the streets of Paris recognized Napoleon's pages.

She thought quickly. Could she warn Philip? She did not know where to find him; for he had told her he was to be "off duty" as a page that day. Should she tell her father? No, he would laugh at her; so, too, would Uncle Fauriel. They would "pooh-pooh" the idea of danger; they would tell her that Philip was big enough to take care of himself, and that it was no matter for maids to meddle with.

And yet that voice in the crowd might mean danger to Philip. He had not told her of his rendezvous at the Tower of St. Jacques; he had told her merely that Pierre had promised to restore the Empress's gift that day. Perhaps it was a trap. What ought she to do? — what could she do?

A brilliant plan flashed upon her. The Emperor! He could do anything. Why, then, should he not protect his pages? And Philip was his favorite.

Her mind was quickly made up.

"Papa, I am going back," she declared. "Go you with Uncle Fauriel, and go slowly; for he *is* such a hot old dear just now. Perhaps I should only be in the way if you are to climb and poke about in the old tower. I have just thought of something I must do. Never mind me; I can get back all right."

And even while the two relic-hunters looked at her, puzzled over a girl's fickleness, she was off with a wave of the hand before they could make a protest, and, hurrying across to the historic Street of St. Honoré, was soon speeding away to the Tuileries.

She ran along the terrace to the Floral Gate, and to the grenadier on guard outside she preferred her request.

"The Emperor, Mademoiselle? Have you, then, an admittance order?"

"Alas, no. I must see him on urgent affairs — a matter of life and death," the girl said breathlessly.

"So; is it as bad as that?" the guard queried. "I will summon my corporal — or, see! my faith, Mademoiselle! you are in luck, you. Look! there is the Emperor himself."

Out of the doorway that led to the private apartments of the Emperor in the Floral Pavilion of the great palace came a short, stout man in a green overcoat. Mademoiselle knew him at once. It was her friend of the Boulogne woods; it was the Emperor.

A light carriage surrounded by a small cavalry escort of guardsmen stood in the inner court. The big doors of the Floral Gate were wide open.

"Run, Mademoiselle, now," the guardsman

whispered. "It is your only chance! You must not lose it." And he turned away.

Almost before the words were said, the girl had scurried through the opened gateway. Keyed up to the demand laid upon her, she was thoughtless of everything save her desire to be in time to rescue Philip from danger.

"'SAVE HIM, SIRE!' SHE EXCLAIMED."

The Emperor's foot was on the carriage-step. Straight toward the carriage rushed the girl, her hands stretched out to the little man in a green coat.

"Save him, Sire!" she exclaimed.

Ushers and officers looked down at the girl, startled and shocked by this breach of stiff court etiquette; and even the statue like guardsmen almost moved. The Emperor, still with his foot upon the wide carriage-step, turned in surprise; for he had peculiar views as to the proper "sphere" of women and girls, and this sudden assault quite staggered him.

"Well, well, sirs," he said, "what have we here? Who is the girl? Save whom — save whom, child?"

"Philip, Sire; your page — page Desnouettes!" she cried. "He is in danger — danger of his life!"

"Page Desnou — ah! our detective, eh? And you are — ?"

"I? Why, I am Lucie Daunou, Sire."

"Daunou? Daunou?" the Emperor mused. "What — the Keeper of the Archives? And you are the citizen's daughter, and young Desnouettes' friend? Well, then, what of this danger? What is it? Here, sit you by me, and tell the doleful tale." And he handed the young petitioner to one of the small and stiff but gilded settees that stood in the Floral Pavilion. "Oh, sit, child! Never mind ceremony; this is not a public reception." And he made her sit at his side. Then she told her story.

"Not much to go by, that," the Emperor remarked, as Mademoiselle reached the end. "And yet it may mean mischief. Philip was to receive back the lost hat-buckle to-day, was he? He has tracked it well. We must not let the chance of losing it again come to him. But how could those rascals know it? Is that Pierre boy playing him false? At the Tower of St. Jacques, you say. We will set a watch. Ho, Meneval! See that we drive first to Baron Pasquier's at the Ministry of Police. Never fear, child; Philip shall come to no such harm. There, run along; or — wait — you must be tired. Come, you shall see the baby."

"Oh, Sire! The King of Rome?" The girl clapped her hands for joy.

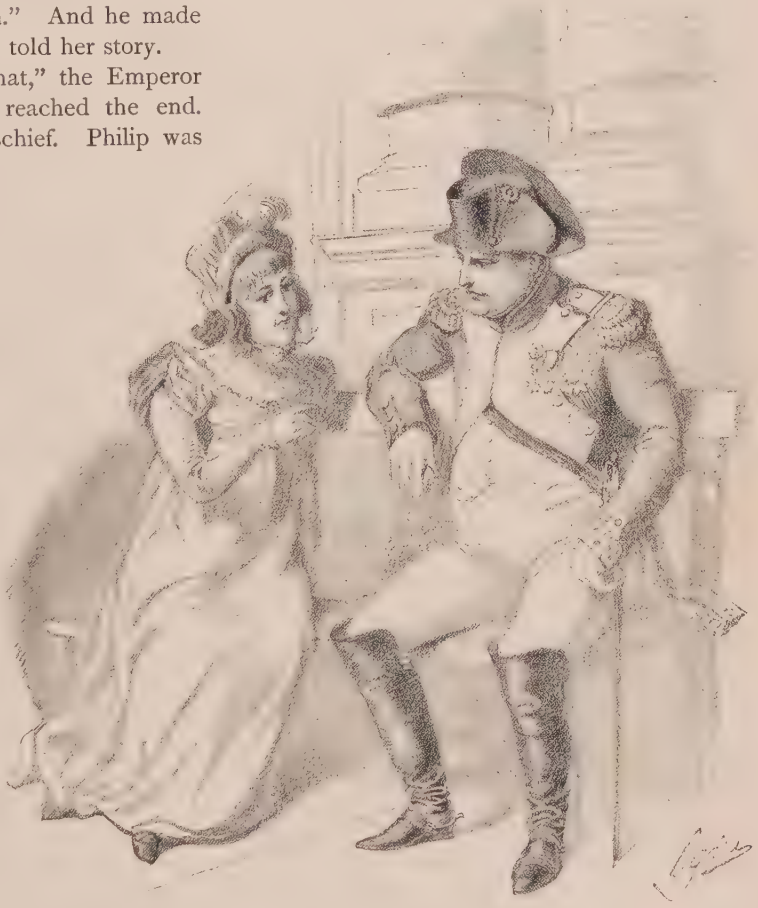
"The baby, the baby, child!" And then this ruler of kings caught the girl by the hand, and together — "Just as if he might have been Uncle Fauriel," Mademoiselle afterward said — they hurried along the corridor and into the royal nursery. For, despite his imperial aims and his conquering schemes, no man, when he desired, was more "one of the people" than was the First Napoleon. And on the subject of "that baby" he was as proud a father as ever breathed.

Mademoiselle looked and worshiped to her heart's content, and quite captured the Emperor's heart by her loyal enthusiasm.

Seeing that the young girl glanced from the baby's face to his own, the Emperor smiled, saying: "He looks like me,— this baby here?"

"Oh, so much, Sire!" Mademoiselle replied.

"Of course he does," the Emperor assented. "We all say so here; is it not so, Madame?"



"THEN SHE TOLD HER STORY."

he added, turning to the baby's governess, Madame de Montesquiou. Then to Mademoiselle: "Why, he is as much like me as — why, as you are like Philip."

"I like Philip, Sire?" the girl exclaimed.

"To be sure," replied the Emperor, taking Mademoiselle's chin between his fingers and scanning her pretty face. "You should be his sister, one would say."

"But how could that be, Sire?" said the girl. "He is Desnouettes."

"And you are Daunou. *Are* you Daunou, child?" the Emperor said, with a searching look at Mademoiselle.

"Why, of course, Sire; who else should I be?" the girl rejoined.

"Of course, who else?" the Emperor echoed; then he added musingly, "I have known Citizen Daunou—let me see—ever since the days of the Directory; and I never heard of the Citizeness Daunou. Do you remember your mother, child?"

"Why, no, Sire; she died when I was but a baby like his Majesty here," Mademoiselle replied.

"Ah, yes; to be sure, like his Majesty here. And now must we take leave of his Majesty here, and think of a bigger boy. For our knight is in danger, and he must be succored. But see you, pretty one," the Emperor said, again taking Mademoiselle's chin between his fingers and looking in her eyes, "I have a message for you: My compliments to Citizen Daunou, and tell him that, like all old republicans, he is but an owl when the sunlight comes, and cannot see beyond his spectacles. Just tell him that for me, will you, child?"

And dropping the girl's chin, the Emperor pinched her ear till she "ouched!" in spite of herself, whereupon the Emperor laughed merrily, and even the King in the cradle gurgled in fun.

"I will tell him so, Sire," Mademoiselle replied dutifully, "since you command it. But—is it respectful for me thus to speak to my father?"

"When the Emperor uses you as a mouthpiece, girl, anything is respectful," was the Emperor's decision. "And now, kiss his Majesty's hand. The audience is over."

Mademoiselle dropped prettily on one knee beside the golden cradle, and kissed the dimpled little hand that the nurse uncovered for her. Then a page conducted her to the outer gate, but not before she had received the Emperor's parting word: "I will see to Philip's safety, little one. And do you remember my message to Citizen Daunou: an owl in the sunlight, eh?"

And in the royal nursery Madame de Montesquiou, the little King's governess, said: "Well, nurse, if the Emperor is to bring all the children in Paris to see the little King, we might as well be in the House of St. Vincent de Paul as in the imperial palace. We shall have his little Majesty catching some disease yet, with all this hand-kissing." But, then, Madame de Montesquiou was very jealous of her royal little charge, and, if possible, would have kept him under a glass case.

The Emperor did not forget his promise to Mademoiselle. That very afternoon, fully an hour before sunset, the Tower of St. Jacques was put under watch by detectives, while in the market at its foot a detachment of armed police held themselves in readiness to answer a call for help. The market was searched, the surrounding space was watched, even the old tower itself was twice hunted through for suspicious characters. But no Pierre, no Philip, and no ambushed kidnappers were to be seen or "spotted."

What could it mean? Had Mademoiselle's ears deceived her? Had she "fooled" the Emperor?

And, meantime, where was Philip?

(To be continued.)

BR'ER RABBIT AND HIS FOLKS.

(Twelfth paper of the series on North American Mammals.)

By W. T. Hornaday.

For months I have been dreading the coming of the order *Rodentia*, or Gnawers, as an inexperienced lecturer dreads the hour of 8 P. M. Now that it is fairly upon us, I am in despair. The order is so densely populated, and by so great a variety of forms, that one could just as easily write the history of the United States on a postal card as to give even a good general view of the rodents of North America in the space available for them. There are twelve families, and *four hundred and seventeen* species and subspecies! And what are we to do? We can only snap the camera at a very few of the most typical species, and leave the remainder to be sought out by those who are specially interested.

First let us see what are the leading subdivisions of the order, and the number of species in each, north of Panama, so far as known in September, 1894.

FAMILIES OF THE ORDER RODENTIA.

Common Name.	*Latin Name.*	*Number of species and subspecies in North America.*
Hare and Rabbit Family	*Le-por'i-dæ*	33.
Pika Family	*Lag-o-my'i-dæ*	2.
Agouti Family	*Ca-vi'i-dæ*	5.
Porcupine Family	*Hys-tric'i-dæ*	3.
Giant-Rat Family	*Oc-to-don'ti-dæ*	5.
Jumping-Mouse Family	*Za-pod'i-dæ*	1.
Pouched-Rat Family	*Het-e-ro-my'i-dæ*	71.
Pocket-Gopher Family	*Ge-o-my'i-dæ*	32.
Mouse Family	*Mu'ri-dæ*	151.
Beaver Family	*Cas-tor'i-dæ*	1.
Sewellel Family	*Hap-lo-don'ti-dæ*	2.
Squirrel Family	*Sci-u'ri-dæ*	111.
		417.

The family of Hares and Rabbits is a large one, and the relationships of its members are a little difficult to understand unless they are clearly marked out. I have endeavored to show them in the subjoined diagram, which, I believe, will give the reader a clearer understanding of the subject than would three pages of description. It now remains for us to become acquainted with a typical species of each of the groups on the diagram.

Nature has divided these creatures into two very well defined grand divisions—the Hares and the Rabbits; but man, blind mole that he is, has quite mixed things up for himself by calling about half the rabbits "hares," and all the jack hares "rabbits."

And, curiously enough, the men of science, instead of giving the genus of hares one Latin name, and the rabbits another, have thrown all the members of the family pell-mell into one generic basket, and called it *Lepus*.

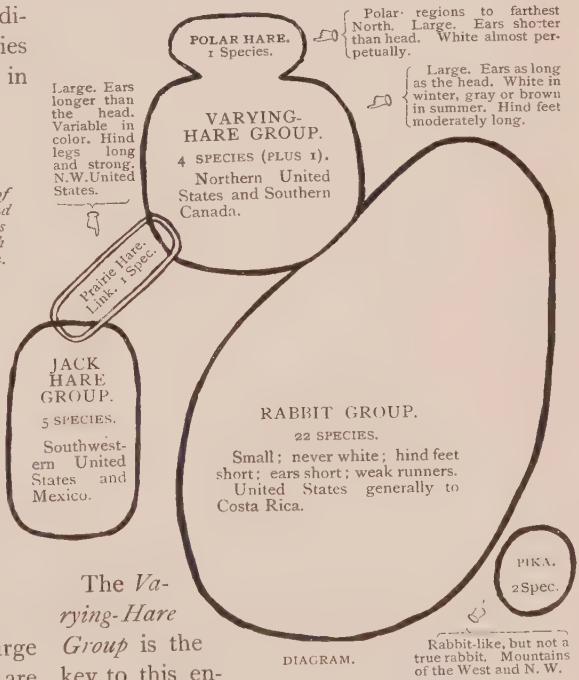

POLAR HARE.
1 Species.
Polar regions to farthest North. Large. Ears shorter than head. White almost perpetually.
Large. Ears as long as the head. White in winter, gray or brown in summer. Hind feet moderately long.
Large. Ears longer than the head. Variable in color. Hind legs long and strong. N.W. United States.
VARYING-HARE GROUP.
4 SPECIES (PLUS 1).
Northern United States and Southern Canada.
Prairie Hare. Link. 1 Spec.
JACK HARE GROUP.
5 SPECIES.
Southwestern United States and Mexico.
RABBIT GROUP.
22 SPECIES.
Small; never white; hind feet short; ears short; weak runners. United States generally to Costa Rica.
PIKA.
2 Spec.
Rabbit-like, but not a true rabbit. Mountains of the West and N. W.

DIAGRAM.

The *Varying-Hare Group* is the key to this entire family. By reason of the form and size of its members, it stands on middle ground between the polar hare, the rabbits, and the jack

hares, all of which, save the first, remain the same color all the year round. The type of this group is found in the NORTHERN VARYING HARE of northern New York, Canada, and the Northwest Territory. This species is known as the Varying Hare because the color varies according to the season, being pale cinnamon-brown in summer, and white in winter, with only a narrow back line of brown. It is nearly twice as large as the gray rabbit, but its ears are shorter than its head, and its hind feet are about half-way, in length and strength, between those of the rabbit and those of the powerful jack hare of the Southwest. A fairly large adult male of this species measures 18 inches in length of head and body, and to this the tail adds 2 inches more. A fine, white specimen of the southern variety, once brought to me in midwinter from the Tonawanda swamp in western New York, weighed a trifle over six pounds.

NORTHERN VARYING HARE.
(*Le'pus A-mer-i-can'us.*)

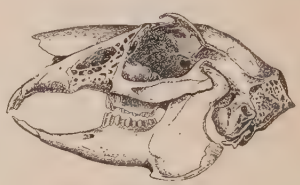
NORTHERN VARYING HARE.

Like the true fur-bearing animals, all the Varying Hares have two kinds of hair—a dense, fine, and downy-soft under-fur, through which grows a thin coat of coarse, straight hair. Usually it is the latter which gives the animal its color. In summer these long hairs are black; but in the fall, as winter approaches, they actually turn white. The brown color of the summer coat is due to the shedding of the coarse hair in early spring, which allows the color of the under coat to predominate for a time.

The habits of the Varying Hares and rabbits are so much the same that one reference to them is well-nigh sufficient for all. These creatures all require brush, rocks, or rugged ravines in which to hide from the wolves, foxes, hawks, owls, and other enemies they are powerless to fight. When a member of the *Lepus* family can have his choice, he burrows, to get out of harm's way, either in a hole under the roots of a tree, a crevice among rocks, or a miniature cave in a ravine. Lacking all these, he hides in hollow logs or trees,—which is frequently a sad mistake,—under the top of a fallen tree, or in the tangle of a brush-patch. When he is seldom disturbed in his haunts, he becomes quite bold, and works out for himself under a thick bush a little bower, called a "form," where he sits in fancied security.

If the man with a gun approaches, he sits as motionless as a statue, ears cocked, eyes staring, breathing seldom and winking never, hoping that he will not be noticed. With beating heart he keeps tab on the distance between the hunter and himself, and draws an imaginary dead-line ten feet away. If the hunter does not cross that — well and good — he sits still; but let him take one step over it, and—zip! out shoots Mr. Hare like a long streak of gray light. You see a slim, straight body, stretched out to its extreme length, flying over hillocks, darting between brush-clumps, and four steel-spring legs reaching wildly for more ground; and finally, at the time for disappearing, a cotton-white flag of truce is waved back at you beseechingly.

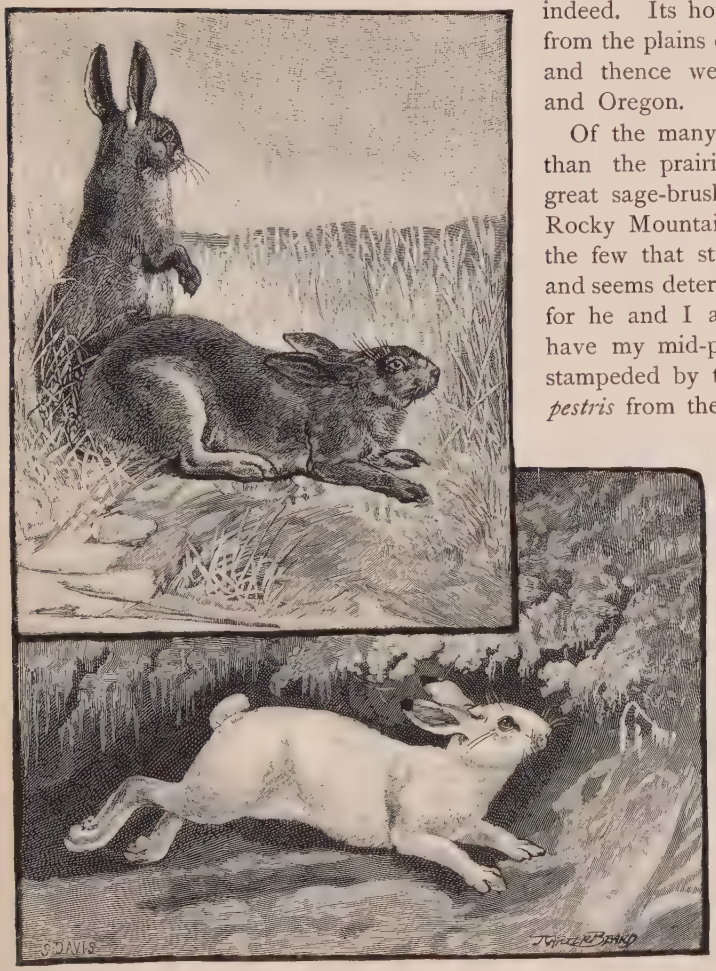
In summer these creatures grow fat on soft, young twigs, buds of many kinds, grass, leaves, and berries; but in winter their bill of fare narrows down to the bark of smooth-barked bushes or of small saplings, twigs, or the berries of the wild rose.



SKULL OF POLAR HARE.

As a sort of northern bay-window to the Varying-Hare group is the POLAR HARE, which comes very near to forming a little group all by itself. In the higher polar regions it is snowy white all the year round, under-fur and all; but in the southern portions of its home its summer color is gray and white. It is very much larger than any of the varying hares, ranging in weight from seven to eleven pounds. Lieutenant Lockwood reported that

POLAR HARE.
(*Le'pus tim'i-dus.*)



THE UPPER PICTURE SHOWS THE POLAR HARE IN ITS SUMMER COAT, THE LOWER AS IT APPEARS IN WINTER.

he found its tracks in the snow at 83° 24′ north latitude, which is the most northerly point ever attained by man.

In its form, size, color, and geographic range, the PRAIRIE HARE forms a perfect connecting-link between the other Varying Hares and the group of Jack Hares. It is a large species (twenty-three inches in length), with ears longer than its head, and hind legs that are long and strong. It is white in winter, but yellowish gray in summer; and the people of the Northwest never think of calling it anything else than a "jack rabbit." And no wonder; for if it should ever forget to put on its white coat in winter, it would be a jack rabbit, indeed. Its home is in the great Northwest, from the plains of the Saskatchewan to Kansas, and thence westward to northern California and Oregon.

PRAIRIE HARE.
(*Le'pus cam-pes'tris.*)

Of the many species of quadrupeds, larger than the prairie-dog, that once inhabited the great sage-brush plains on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, the Prairie Hare is one of the few that still survive in goodly numbers, and seems determined to stay. I am glad of it, for he and I are old friends. Many a time have my mid-prairie meditations been wildly stampeded by the sudden rush of *Lepus campestris* from the sage-brush at my horse's feet, and its plunge down the nearest "draw" with the speed of a sky-rocket. But, what is more serious, it is on record that while crossing those vast, smoothly shaven divides of central Montana, where not even a poor little sage-brush grew by way of companion, the writer hereof has more than once mistaken a white-tailed Prairie Hare bounding leisurely away at two hundred yards for a white-rumped antelope at a supposed distance of five hundred yards,—which illustrates the difficulty of judging distances on a bare and treeless plain.

If you say JACK HARE to a Texas cow-boy, he will laugh at you, and then ask if you mean a "jack rabbit." But your name will be

JACK HARE.
(*Le'pus cal-lo'tis.*)

JACK HARE.

the right one, even though every man, woman, and child in the land of *Lepus callotis* calls him a rabbit, and shall to the end of time. But whenever or whatever you call him, you must do it quickly, or he will be out of hearing. Some say the Jack Hare is all ears; but that is not literally true, for his make-up includes a pair of uncommonly good hind legs also. His ears are from five to six inches in length, but his hind legs often measure across a township. In point of size, this species has the greatest length of head and body of all the American hares, measuring from twenty-two to twenty-eight inches; but it is more slenderly built than the polar hare.

The *Jack Hare* group contains five species, which in turn inhabit all portions of the southwest quarter of the United States, as far north as Oregon, as far east as Nebraska and Kansas,

SWAMP HARE.

and southward to Tehuantepec. Their numbers vary in different localities according to circumstances. Wherever in any portion of this vast range the coyotes and foxes are almost exterminated, the Jack Hares soon increase to an alarming extent. Men are beginning to learn that it will not do to cut out too many cogs from the great balance-wheel of Nature; for her affairs are so nicely adjusted that even so apparently slight a matter as the poisoning of coyotes may cause a great disturbance. In many portions of the Southwest the Jack Hares are already a perfect pest.

In central and southern California the destruction of the carnivorous animals that usually keep rabbits in check has led to such an alarming increase in "Jack Rabbits" that now they constitute a genuine plague. In Fresno and Kern counties they are so destructive to young fruit-trees that the fruit-growers have been compelled to adopt heroic measures for their wholesale destruction. In the winter of 1892, Mr. C. H. Townsend reported to *Forest and Stream* that in the great drive which took place near Fresno about the middle of February, a tract of country containing about twenty square miles was surrounded and swept over by nearly 2000 horsemen, who closed in from all sides, driving the game before them. About 15,000 Jack Hares were thus forced into a central corral of wire, where they were killed with clubs. During the previous winter more than 50,000 Jacks were killed in a series of drives which were made near Bakersfield, Kern County; and the worst of it was, the animals were at that time not fit to eat.

The type of this group is found in the Northern Jack Hare, which is the largest of the five species. Its long, springy legs and slender body enable it to run with great swiftness. Professor L. L. Dyche recently saw a fine trial of speed between a good greyhound and a Jack Hare in eastern Kansas, where the ground was like a race-course, and the race was a fair one. In a terrific run of about two and one half miles the greyhound gained only about seventy-five feet on the hare, and both animals were much exhausted. The chase ended abruptly in a hollow log, which by the hare's good luck had been left on the prairie; and to the credit of all concerned I am glad to state that the hare was *not* chopped out and killed.

In so large a company as the *Rabbit Group*, the choice of a type is always a little risky; but I believe we are safe in selecting for that honor our old friend and boyhood companion, the

GRAY RABBIT.
(*Le'pus syl-vat'i-cus.*)

GRAY RABBIT. Breathes there a boy with soul so dead that he does not know Br'er Rabbit, either by personal acquaintance or by hearsay? Surely not in this country.

This abundant and persistent species is found from New England and Minnesota all the way as far south as Yucatan, with only the slightest change in color (says Dr. J. A. Allen), and none in size. At the same time, the scientific students of the rabbit group recognize no fewer than *seven* varieties, or subspecies, of the Gray

Rabbit, scattered throughout Mexico and the Southwest.

All the true rabbits are much smaller than the hares; their legs are short and weak in proportion to the size of their bodies; but, in the

COTTON-TAIL RABBIT.

matter of self-preservation, what they lack in speed and endurance they make up in cunning and quickness. Both by nature and education, the rabbit is an Artful Dodger. Often when the jaws of the dog are in the act of closing upon him, he suddenly bounds off sidewise at a sharp angle, leaving the dog to flounder, pick himself up, and start on the new course as soon as he can. Many a rabbit has saved himself from a whole pack of hounds by suddenly crouching close to the ground and allowing the pack to pile on over him, pell-mell, in utter confusion. After the cyclone of long legs, bodies, and jaws has passed over him, he picks himself up, scuds back the way he came, and soon finds a hole.

Just as small boats always keep near shore, the short-legged rabbit is never found far from a hiding-place of some sort. Nature gave the Gray Rabbit a coat with a color that is a very great protection to him; and when he furls his ears and lies close to the ground, one can sometimes actually step over him without seeing that he is there. The ways of this little creature have surprised me many times; but he never actually paralyzed me with astonishment until one fine spring day when the mowers in the Smithsonian grounds were cutting the grass on the lawn, not over a hundred feet from the National Museum building. And there, on a bit of ground utterly without shrubs, bushes, or even flowers, covered with nothing but lawn grass, at that time only four inches in height, with a busy roadway and walk circling round on three sides, with the office of the Curator of Mammals in easy stone's-throw on the other, a shop full of deadly taxidermists and osteologists looming up on the east, and dogs and bad boys literally swarming all about,—there, on that naked lawn, was the nest of a Gray Rabbit, containing four young ones already so large that they filled the nest as full as it would hold!

The nest itself was a shallow hole in the ground, about as large as the crown of a straw hat, lined at the bottom with a layer of fine, soft grass, upon which was an inner lining of fur, as soft as down, from the mother's own breast.

The cunning little fellows were three and a half inches long, but the scythe of the mower went over them all without touching a hair. And now, I ask you, how was it possible for a creature so large as a rabbit to make a nest and

BR'ER RABBIT AT HOME.

rear her young in such a bald and open situation without being caught? Clearly, she visited them only at night. It was not quite so risky as it would be to do the same thing in Union Square, New York City, fairly under the windows of ST. NICHOLAS; but it was very

nearly. But for the mowers, the chances are the nest would never have been discovered; and mowing is always very unfair toward rabbits and ground birds.

Every one knows how rapidly rabbits breed,

PIKA, OR LITTLE CHIEF HARE.

often raising three broods in one year. The rabbit pest in Australia and New Zealand is now recognized throughout the world as a national calamity.

High up on nearly all the great mountain-ranges of the West, from just below timber-line to the line of perpetual snow, lives a little creature so strange in every way as to deserve special notice. It is the NORTH AMERICAN PIKA, commonly called the LITTLE CHIEF HARE or CRYING HARE, although it is no hare at all, nor even a true rabbit. In form it stands about midway between the gray rabbit and the guinea-pig. It has very short legs and ears, no tail to speak of, and neither speed nor activity. Its color is yellowish brown mixed with gray. Its habits are but very little known. It is always found inhabiting rugged masses of rocks, in the many

NORTH AMERICAN PIKA.
(*La-go'mys prin'ceps.*)

PACA.

crevices of which it nests securely. It is much given to crying, and often its sharp little cries come from so many different points of its rocky fortress at the same time as completely to confuse the hunter. There are but two species of pikas in North America, one of which is newly discovered.

In the forests of South America I often saw a strange little animal, quite rabbit-like in its habits, stealing timidly through the jungle or scurrying away at great speed before the dogs. It was the AGOUTI (pronounced a-goo'te), four species of which are found in Mexico and Central America. Such was their agility and fleetness that while we saw the dogs start them at least twenty times, and pursue them with an eagerness that was almost pitiful, our canine companions never once succeeded in catching one.

AGOUTI.
(*Das-y-proc'ta a-gou'ti.*)

The Agouti is shaped most strangely. It has no tail whatever, and its hind quarters are rounded off in such a perfect semicircle that its back line actually runs down to the lower line of its body. In size it is about as large as a

AGOUTI.

small varying hare. It usually nests in holes under tree-roots, to which it retreats when pursued. It is a very cleanly animal in every way, makes a very good pet when kept in a yard, and its flesh is excellent eating.

Closely resembling the Agouti in form and habits, but in size about three or four times as large, is the PACA, which is found from Vera Cruz, Mexico, southward to the Amazon. This animal is the only living representative of the genus to which it belongs. Its habits are exactly similar to those of the agouti; but owing to its larger size, it is more easily captured by dogs, and is also more sought after by the natives for food. Its ground-color is chest-

PACA.
(*Cœ-log'e-nys pac'a.*)

[illegible] in which is [illegible] a curious arrange-[illegible] spots and stripes, as shown in the [illegible].

The Canada Porcupine fairly rivals the sloth [illegible] in stupidity and [illegible]; but [illegible] to make up [illegible] of brains and agility, Nature has [illegible] and often constitutes a camper's plague. The stupid beasts are most persistent camp-prowlers; and besides eating up every bit of leather and greasy board that may lie [illegible] their way into a cabin, to get at the camper's shoes, belts, or gun-case. Several instances are on record wherein the "wood-hog" has [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] with a coat of strong, needle-pointed quills that hold nearly all his enemies, [illegible] man, at a respectful distance. One good [illegible] gives away to all applicants who apply in per-[illegible], is enough to satisfy even a hungry puma. [illegible] and puma have been found [illegible] and throat full of porcupine quills.

The Canada Porcupine is found in all the [illegible] Ohio, and thence northwestward, and north-ward as far as Fort Churchill on Hudson's [illegible] Michigan and Wisconsin it appears in consider-[illegible] tried to gnaw into a cabin at a window or door while the owner was within, with his gun loaded for bear.

The [illegible] he can eat every twig off a hemlock tree, or every speck of the bark from a thirty-foot [illegible], and still be hungry. Like the ostrich, he eats [illegible] always hungry for more. He has a bad habit of girdling trees, and, like a sloth, will sometimes [illegible]. It is by no means uncommon for a large, fat porcupine to weigh from twenty-five to thirty pounds. [illegible] but Indians take kindly to it of course.

A SPRING WISH.

March wind, blowing cold and strong,
Do not tarry,—blow along.
Bring in April, bring in May,
March wind, blow the cold away!

[illegible]

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

'T IS March, and the winds are high;
The clouds are scurrying by,
And, peeping through,
One sees the blue,
As they go hurrying by.
For blow, blow,
Winter must go,
With the clouds that are hurrying by.

'T is March, and the winds are high;
But soon comes a summer sky;
The first bluebird
Has brought the word —
He sings of a summer sky.
Then blow, blow,
Winter must go,
And clouds must scatter and fly.

So says William Zachary Gladwin, in his verses sent to this pulpit; and your Jack warmly seconds the motion.

VOLTAIRE'S RIDDLE.

"WHAT is the longest and the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest and the slowest; the most divisible and the most extended; the least valued and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours everything, however small, and yet gives life and spirit to all things, however great?"

The answer will be given you next month, my hearers; but get ahead of it, if you can.

TO HELP YOUR MEMORY.

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS sends this message to you, my hearers:

"A great man has told us that, when reading, he always stopped at the bottom of every page and thought over what he had just read.

"If you do this, it may not make a great man or woman of you; but it surely will improve your memory, and at the same time help you to form a very valuable habit."

HERE is a simple story, in straightforward rhyme, that says precisely what it means to say. It was written for this congregation by ANNIE E. TYNAN; and Deacon Green says if he were a school-boy he would be tempted to learn it for a recitation piece.

THE UNCLE FROM OVER THE SEA.

WILKINSON LUNN was sixty years old;
His coffers were full to their covers with gold,
His rent-roll was long as a baron could boast,
For he owned half a town on the New Jersey coast.
That he 'd earned it himself made his opulence sweet,
But he still needed something to make life complete;
And, pondering the question, this answer he drew:
To double a pleasure, divide it by two!
"I 'll look up my nephew," said Wilkinson Lunn,
"And if he is worthy I 'll make him my son."

In Manchester, England, a small, narrow street
Runs into a square where four broader ones meet.
It was far down this street, where stores looked ill-kept,
Where stoops were untidy and sidewalks unswept,
That Wilkinson Lunn at last found a store
With the name of his nephew hung over the door.
A soiled scrap of paper was pinned to the jamb;
It read: "I 'll be back in an hour. H. Lamb."
"An hour" — the uncle looked thoughtfully down.
"An hour?" — he lifted his head with a frown.
"An hour!" — he stamped as he read it again —
"My gem of a nephew, an hour from *when?*"

He peered through the finger-marked panes of the door;
Saw a chair, an old pipe, and a scrap-littered floor.
He rattled the door-knob: it needed a screw;
He looked in the window: disorder there, too;
He stepped to the sidewalk, took one long survey,
Then shook his gray head and went sadly away.

The nephew came back to his pipe and his chair,
But never once dreamed of the guest who 'd been there.
He berated his luck — 't is the lazy man's way —
That his profits were small and his rent was to pay;
And he never once thought that his shortness of pelf
Was due, not to fortune, but just to himself.

If ever it happens that *you* keep a store,
Don't pin "I 'll be back" to the jamb of the door,
But stay there, and keep both your wares and yourself
As clean and attractive as new polished delf.
You will find that your trade soon will grow like the trees

If your shop is well kept and you try hard to please;
And then, if he happens to come, there you 'll be
To welcome your uncle from over the sea.

IN DAKOTA.

MISS VIRGINIA SHARPE-PATTISON has written to this Pulpit a letter describing "A Strange Use of Trees," "Mr. Jack-rabbit in Winter," and a few other matters:

HOW would your boys and girls, she asks, like to have their mother's pantry of good things high up in a tree instead of on the ground floor, as it is in their well-regulated homes? It would be rather an odd place for a larder, it is true; but the soldiers in camp on Cannon Ball River a few winters ago found it exceedingly convenient to step out of their mess-tents and cut from a bough a few prairie-chickens or rabbits which were there suspended, ready for the cook's basting-spoon.

Once in a while, however, an ill-mannered cat would get there before them, and lessen the number of good things by stealing a nice pullet, and sneaking off without even a purr of thanks.

Great white rabbits with fur soft as silk are brought into camp for sale by the Indians who are skilled in securing this game.

In winter Mr. Jack-rabbit looks like a snowball, so perfectly white does his coat become during the cold season. This appears to be a wise provision for his protection, as to an ordinary eye he is easily confounded with the general whiteness of the landscape in that climate of hoar-frosts and blizzards. But the wily red-skinned hunter is not so easily deceived, and these winter rabbits are a constant means of revenue to him when there is a camp of pale-faces near by which he can supply with wild meats.

It must be owned that these copper-colored meat-venders are not the artless children of the forest pictured in the pages of Longfellow's "Hiawatha"—they know how to bargain and dicker almost as well as if they had a drop or two of Yankee blood in their veins. Before buying of them it is well to know something of Indian arithmetic; and old Black Bull, whose Indian name is "Tatankasapa," will graciously teach you that wahzhee means 1; nopo, 2; yaminee, 3; topah, 4; zaptah, 5; shakopee, 6; shakoin, 7; shakalocha, 8; nuptchoakah, 9; wickchuminee, 10. After obtaining this information, customers must look out for themselves.

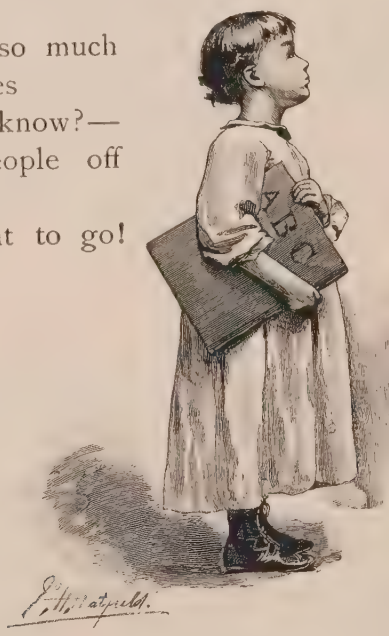
A MOONLIGHT FROLIC.

WHEN BEDTIME COMES TOO SOON.

By Thomas Tapper.

The clocks don't know their A B C's,
And so they cannot spell;
But yet they count much more than I,
And seem to count quite well.

But what good so much
counting does
I 'd really like to know?—
Just sending people off
to bed
Before they want to go!



THE GREEDY TOAD.

By Eliza S. Turner.

Down in the long grass, as snug as a mole,
He called from his little h, o, l, e, hole:
"Oh, Ma, have you any m, e, a, t, meat?
I seem to want something to e, a, t, eat."

"Then out with your tongue, and t, r, y, try
To capture a bug or an f, l, y, fly."

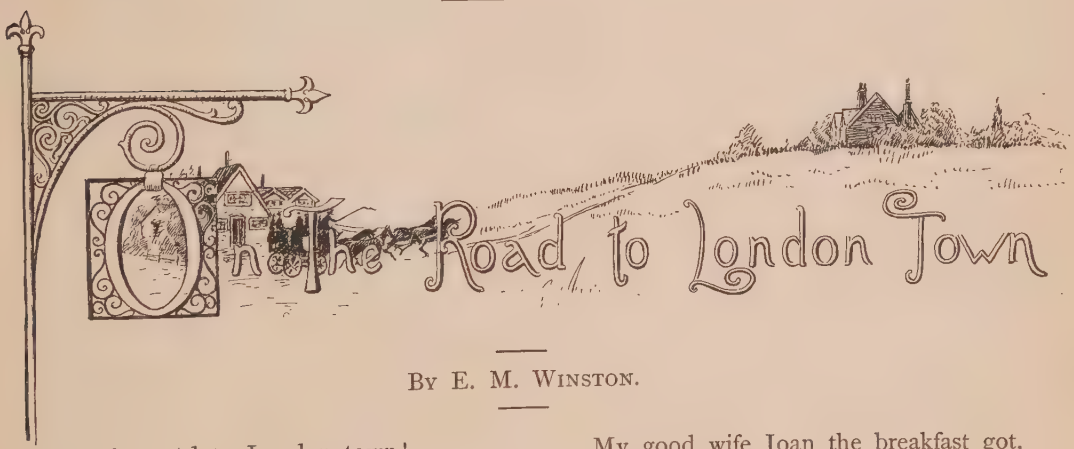
"Oh, I won't have a bug, or such t, o, y, toy.
I want bread and meat like a b, o, y, boy
No, I won't have a fly nor a b, u, g, bug
But m, i, l, k, milk from a j, u, g, jug."

"A t, o, a, d, toad want m, i, l, k, milk?
You 'll next want a coat of s, i, l, k, silk!

You 're losing your w, i, t, s, wits!"
And she laughed herself into f, i, t, s, fits.
But still he cried out: "I shall d, i, e, die,
If I don't get some milk and some p, i, e, pie."

"Here, take it," she cried in a p, e, t, pet;
"And sick enough of it you 'll g, e, t, get."
And oh, at his first l, i, c, k, lick,
He found himself growing s, i, c, k, sick.
And still, as he ate like a p, i, g, pig,
He seemed to be swelling too b, i, g, big;
And over the milk—it 's t, r, u, e, true—
He choked himself almost b, l, u, e, blue:
And at the sixth quarter of p, i, e, pie,
He looked just as if he should d, i, e, die.
And soon he called out: "B, r, e, a, d, bread,"
And shouted: "I 'm almost d, e, a, d, dead."

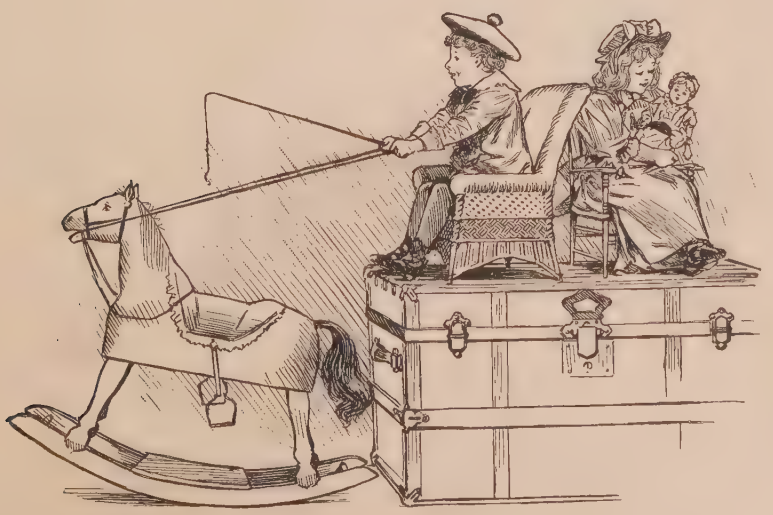
Said she: "I was right, you f, i, n, d, find;
Now next time perhaps you 'll m, i, n, d, mind."



By E. M. Winston.

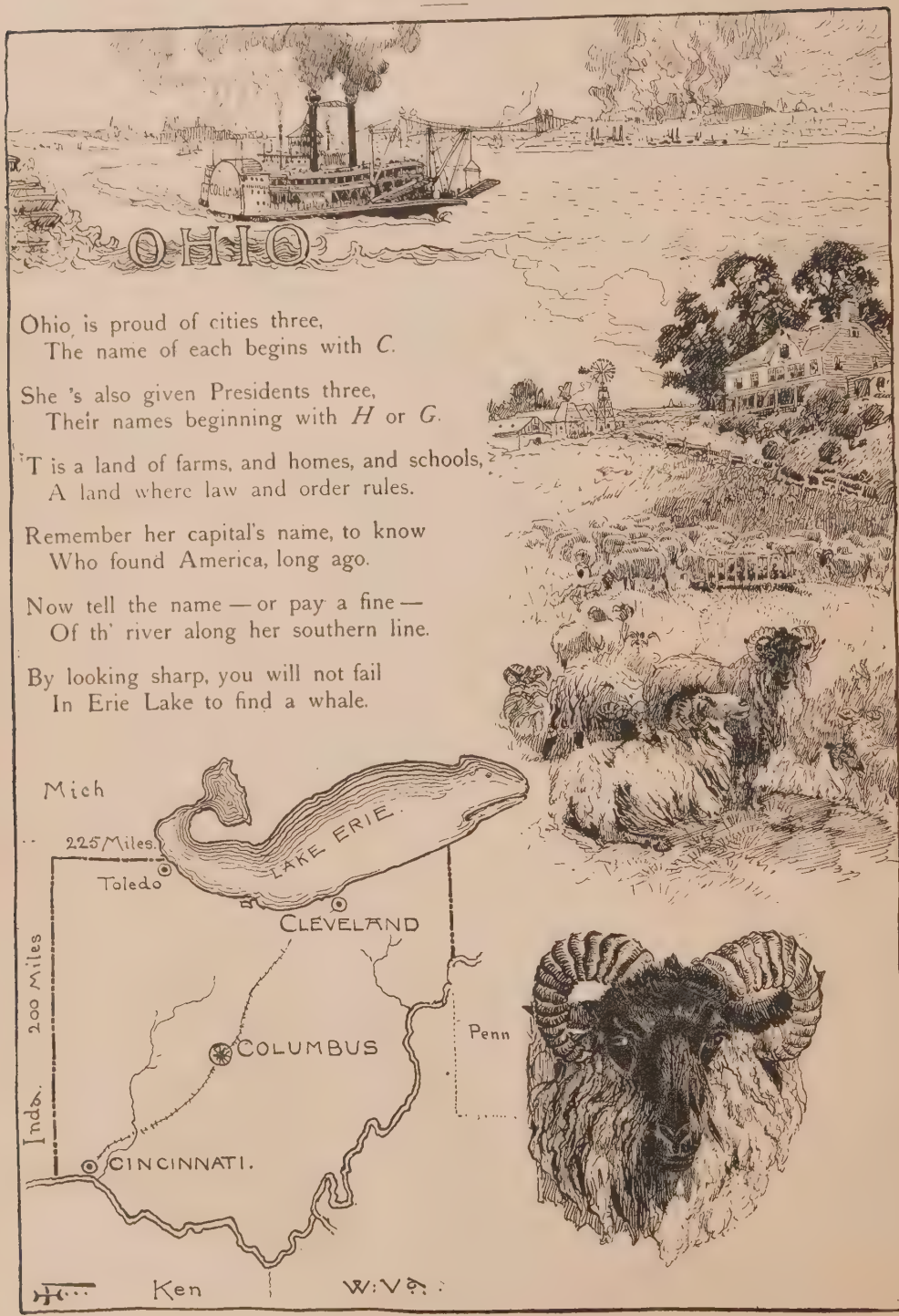
On the road to London town!
We made an early start:
As soon as morning dawned I put
The old gray to the cart.

My good wife Joan the breakfast got,
And dressed the baby, too;
So now we are dashing on to town,—
Oh, don't you wish 't was you?



RHYMES OF THE STATES.

By Garrett Newkirk.



Ohio is proud of cities three,
The name of each begins with *C*.

She 's also given Presidents three,
Their names beginning with *H* or *G*.

'T is a land of farms, and homes, and schools,
A land where law and order rules.

Remember her capital's name, to know
Who found America, long ago.

Now tell the name — or pay a fine —
Of th' river along her southern line.

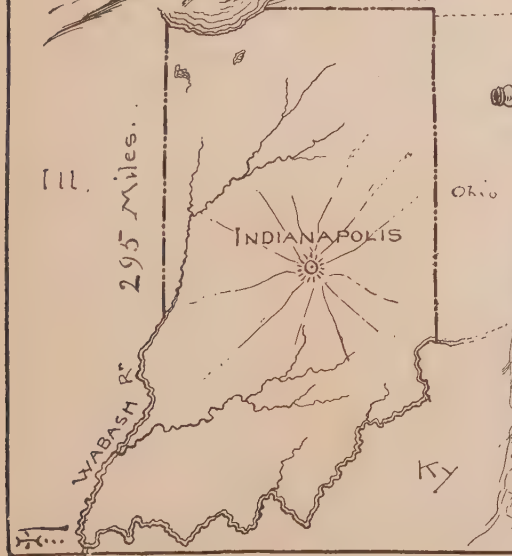
By looking sharp, you will not fail
In Erie Lake to find a whale.

INDIANA

Indiana was named for the Indians,
Because, when the country was new,
They were there by hundreds and thousands—
And exceedingly troublesome, too,
Till General Harrison whipped them
In the battle of Tippecanoe.

'T is now a rich country for farming,
Where children arise with the sun,
And race all about in the orchards
And meadows, with frolic and fun,
Never caring how many great railroads
To Indianapolis run.

Some of her thriving cities
As frontier outposts began;
Fort Wayne was named for a general
Who at Stony Point charged in the van,
And afterward conquered the Indians,—
A gallant and soldierly man.



THE LETTER-BOX.

BOERNE, KENDALL COUNTY, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little English girl fourteen years old. I came to America eleven years ago. I lived two years in New York State, and from there I came down South, and am living at present in Texas, about twenty-seven miles north of San Antonio and three miles south of a little town called Boerne. I was very glad when I came South, the winters are so long and cold in New York.

I have had horses to ride ever since I have been here, and this year a little Spanish pony was given me for my own. I ride him to school every day—a distance of three miles there and back. I call him Hotspur, he is so fiery. I have taught him a number of tricks since I have owned him. One of these tricks is to paw the ground when I touch one of his front legs. Another is to turn up his nose when offered something he does not like. If I snap my fingers together he will sometimes prance on his hind legs. We have several cats on the ranch. One is very intelligent. He has been taught to put up his paw when asked, and will beg for his food very prettily. It is a sight to see. We have a pet deer who will beg too for his food. When he stands straight up he is taller than I am.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for four years straight ahead, and my sisters took you for two or three years before. Your admiring friend,

MARION H——.

BOERNE, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Marion H—— and I thought we would write to you so our letters could be printed. You have been in our family ever since you came out, but none of us has ever written. I am sixteen. My birthday came on the day after Election Day.

I went to a Hallowe'en party, and, according to my fortunes that night, I am to have six husbands. I do not want even one.

I liked the story of "Decatur and Somers," but was sorry it ended as it did. I like the short stories.

FANNIE W. H——.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I spent last summer in Europe, perhaps your readers would like to hear about the queer Punch and Judy shows they have in the Tuileries gardens in Paris.

In the first place, they are nothing like ours, as they have regular little plays with *no* Punch or Judy, and have a little stage curtain and scenery, just like a theater.

The plays are short and almost all different, following one another with only about five minutes' interval.

The only resemblance to a Punch and Judy show that *I* can see is that they have puppets that are moved with the hands.

The little theater is out of doors, though inclosed by a high hedge.

After we had seen two or three plays which I enjoyed very much (though in French, and very bad French at that), we went over to a stand where a man was making a sort of hot waffles, charging one cent apiece, and they were worth it. It seemed that we were not the only ones who enjoyed them, as he was kept busy making them.

The French children have very nice times, but considering *everything* in France I would rather live in America.

Hoping you share my opinion, I am your affectionate reader,

MARY F. S——.

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old. I traveled through Europe three years ago, and I had a lovely time. We first went to Holland, and it was so funny to see all the women with little wires sticking out of their caps and people wearing wooden shoes.

The next place we went to was Cologne, Germany, and the cathedral there is beautiful. When we went to the hotel at night my grandma asked for a glass of ice-water. The girl looked at her, and said: "Ice-water! What is that? I never heard of it before." Then we went to Paris, and after staying there three months we came back home on the French line; the name of the ship was the "Champagne." We had a very rough voyage, and one night the captain thought that the ship was going to sink, and they had all the life-saving boats down; but after a while the storm was all over, and nothing happened until we saw land again, and we arrived in New York safely.

I like your magazine very much, and especially the story of "Decatur and Somers," because Commodore Preble was my grandfather's cousin.

I remain your loving little reader, ALICE G——.

HULTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you ever since the *Wide Awake* was merged in ST. NICHOLAS. My brother Royal has a printing-press and a camera. Every summer we go to our grandpa's home in Syracuse, N. Y. We go from there to a little country town called Brewerton, about fifteen miles from the city. Grandpa has a large boat-house, a steam-launch, and two row-boats. This winter our grandpa is building a large house-boat with which we will go camping next summer. The house-boat's name is "Bonnycastle"; she was christened last Saturday. Ever your interested reader,

OWEN A. T——.

WAUWATOSA, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just after school began I received a fine wheel. I have had many a fine ride on it since. Its pneumatic tires glide over the ground like the wind. In the summer of 1893 we went to the World's Fair. We live about five miles from the shore of Lake Michigan, so we took the steamer to Chicago. We thought we were going to have a fine ride on the great lake, but nearly every one on board but the ship-hands and myself was sick. I had a fine time at the Fair, but when night came I was glad to tumble into bed after the long day's tramp.

There is a little river back of our house, and I have learned to swim quite well in it.

I go to school, and am in the seventh grade. We have just had our quarterly examinations.

I remain your loving friend and reader,

ARTHUR F——.

We reprint herewith from a copy of the New York *Sun* an account of the later adventures of "Owney," the "dog of the U. S. mails," a history of whose life and wanderings was printed in the number of St. Nicholas for March, 1894.

OWNEY, THE DOG OF THE POSTAL CARS.

He had his Thanksgiving Dinner in Providence, and is Still Traveling.

New London, Conn.

Owney, the celebrated mail dog, who is still traveling all the time in postal cars, fetched up in this city on Thanksgiving night, having come in from Providence on the 6:40 evening train. He had spent the famous Puritan festal day in the capital of the Rhode Island plantations, and Uncle Sam's boys in gray there had stuffed him so full of turkey, goose, "with injurious stuffin'" and "fixin's," that Owney could hardly waddle coming off the car. Still he was just as independent as ever; his distended hide glistened with the after effect of good cheer, and his one eye rolled and sparkled with the joy that goes with the Yankee festival. His other eye is up in Canada somewhere; he dropped it there in an accident a couple of years ago, in company with three or four cords of mail matter that were stacked up here and there along the line of the railway.

Owney is a small dog, but full of sand and grit, and he bristles all over with business enterprise and an indefatigable ambition and determination to look out for Uncle Sam's postal affairs in every part of this country all at once. It 's a big undertaking, and keeps the poor dog worried and on the wing all the time, like the Wandering Jew or the Flying Dutchman.

No one knows just how many years Owney has been on the road. A long time ago he belonged to a citizen of Albany, and had a good time of it there, and a good home; but, curiously, one day he embarked in the profession and mission that now use up all his time, and has traveled incessantly since then. He wears a broad, handsome collar that his friends, postal-car clerks, gave him, and it tinkles when he moves with a multitude of tin tags inscribed with the names of some of the places he has visited.

It is believed he has traveled on about every railroad in America. He will ride in none but postal cars. In one of those cars he crouches on a pile of mail-sacks; and having reached his temporary destination, determined by caprice or an inscrutable resolution on his part, he hops out of the car and proceeds to "do" the town. A postal clerk invariably is assigned to go with him and help him about the chore, and the clerk always gives him a good meal, but no one essays to detain him. Having allayed his interest or curiosity about a place, and led by his inexplicable motives or whims, the wonderful dog boards a railroad train and resumes his seemingly endless journeyings. He passes through the Nutmeg State, as a rule, twice or three times a year.

His immense and sumptuous Thanksgiving spread in Providence was just about too much for him, and, when he arrived in New London, Owney actually turned up his nose at the fat of the land here. In fact, when Railroad Agent Buckley set out a big, thick, luscious porterhouse steak for him, Owney sniffed at it once, and sauntered away with a regretful and disconsolate look. "If he could have spoken," observed Agent Buckley, "he would have said, 'T ain't no use, ole man; I 'm stuffed!'"

Owney slid out of town on the "owl train" long after midnight. At one o'clock that morning he was sleeping tranquilly on a small hill of mail-bags in the railroad station, waiting for his postal car to roll in. It is known that he has been on the road about twelve years, and begins to look a trifle old.

Clarkton, Va.

Dear St. Nicholas: I enjoy the letters you publish from children so much that I want to write to you myself. I have an uncle and a cousin who write long and short stories for St. Nicholas. My uncle has often put my name and my sister's in his stories, and it seems very strange to come across our names when we read them.

We have lived in many different places; but a great deal of our time we pass on our grandfather's plantation.

We are very much interested in getting what my little brother calls "curiousosities" for our museum. The nicest thing we have is a piece of petrified wood that my little sister Annie found. We have some Indian arrowheads that we picked up, and a stone just like an amethyst, that was found near here. Mother says if we do not lose our interest in our museum she is going to give us a piece of French money she has with the head of the Emperor Napoleon on it—the same Napoleon that is in the "Boy of the First Empire," which I am so much interested in. We had a little dried sea-horse that father brought us from Mobile Bay, where he was surveying one winter. We did not know what to do with it at first, and now that we want it for our museum we cannot find it.

I am eleven years old, and I don't think I can ever do without St. Nicholas again. I have two little friends named Anita and Elise, who live near here, and they take St. Nicholas too. We talk and write about the people in the stories as if they were real people. Good-by.

Your devoted reader, Evelyn B——.

We take pleasure in printing the following letter and verses that come from a little subscriber whose picture appeared in St. Nicholas more than six years ago, when the young poet was only a baby.

Titusville, Pa.

Dear St. Nicholas: I am a little girl seven and a half years old.

I am the little girl whose picture came in the November St. Nicholas, 1888, called "Such a Comical World!"

Jeannette C. K——.

P. S. I send some poetry to you that I wrote myself.

Snowdrops.

Little snowdrops are always the first
In shady nooks their buds to burst.

Little Violet.

Why, little violet, do you come so early,
With all your blossoms so white and pearly,
And all the fairness of your face
Lifted up in heavenly grace?

Maynard, Mass.

The Christmas Ball.

St. Nicholas had given a Christmas ball.

The first to come was "Toinette's Philip," who had "Lady Jane" on his arm,—"Lord Fauntleroy" and "Dea," "Donald and Dorothy," "Juan and Juanita" following. And after them who should come but the "Brownies"!

They were just from the mountains, and wished to go on as fast as possible; but they felt that they could spare time to attend St. Nicholas's Christmas ball.

Every one of them was there. Next who should come but dear old Santa himself!

They had a very merry time at the ball, and all, when they wished their host good night, wished that they might be there every Christmas night. Mattie G——.

NYE, MONTANA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy thirteen years old. It is forty miles to our nearest railroad and town. I have taken you four years, and enjoy you very much. My father has a great number of cattle, and I often go on the round-up with him. I have two horses and a gun. One day I killed a bear that was running away with a pig. I shot a deer about a week ago. I have a little brother ten years old. There are lots of wolves about here, and they get many of our young calves.

I shall ever remain your loving reader,

GEORGE EDSALL M——.

MOKELUMNE HILL, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Formerly we lived in Portland, Oregon, and left this last year just before the flood, which covered the streets nearest the river.

We first went to Oakland, where we stayed ten days, during which time we visited the Midwinter Fair. The Japanese village interested me most.

There are but two children in our family. I am the oldest, eleven; and my brother's age is four.

Then we went to a ranch and mine combined, where we stayed a few months. I went down a shaft two hundred feet deep in a great iron bucket.

Then we came here. We brought two cats and a dog with us. There are burros running loose all around here, and if you want a ride you can go and catch one, which is easier said than done, for they often present their heels.

As we have been moving about for quite a while, I have not received my magazines for six months; but I look forward with pleasure to the time when I shall get my bound volume.

From a devoted reader, who hopes you will prosper.

MARGARET W——.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are great admirers of your magazine. We have seen many letters from different States in the Union, but very few from Minnesota; so we thought we would write to you.

Our brother Jack has returned from college, and he is continually telling us funny stories he has heard while at school. Here are two of them:

"One day, passing by a china-store, an Irishman saw the sign, 'China fired here to-day.' He misinterpreted the sign, and said to himself: 'Shure, Mr. Shina, Oi 'm sorry for yez; but I 'll be afther apploying for the job.' "

"A doctor was called to the home of an Irishman one day, and prescribed some powders to be taken in water. The next day he came again, and, being told that his patient was in the bedroom, he entered. Upon entering he saw the Irishman in a bath-tub, and exclaimed: 'Why, Patrick, what are you doing there?' "

"Pat replied: 'Faith and did n't you tell me to take my medicine in wather?' "

We have taken you for over five years, and enjoy all your stories very much. We remain your constant readers,

DOROTHY H——.
KATHARINE H——.
MARGARET H——.

CHAPIN, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, and thought I should like to write you a letter. My papa thought some good books would be better than to use tobacco, so we have *The Century* and ST. NICHOLAS, and he says it was a good trade. We live on a farm near a school-house. The schools are numerous and good here, and I like to go every day. We have great fun playing in the hay-shed, and sometimes my sister Ethel and my brother Donald and myself go out in the field to call papa to dinner. He lets us ride the plow-horses, "Dick," "Joe," and "Topsy," three abreast. Topsy has a colt three years old, named "Fibby Winks," after Mr. Tarvin's horse in the story written partly by Mr. Kipling. We are glad he is to write some more for ST. NICHOLAS. Your loving reader,

MURIEL R——.

NEW YORK.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a place we were in this summer; the name of it is Zermatt, Switzerland; it is a lovely old town, five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and it is surrounded by snow-capped mountains; it has one little, narrow street running through it, and on either side of it there are little huts built for stores. A good many people go up the mountains on donkeys, as they are the most sure-footed animals. It is very cold there in the winter time; the poor people nearly freeze, as they have no means of heating their houses as we do. A long life to you, ST. NICHOLAS, and a happy one, is the wish of your loving friend,

LILIAN W——.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about my summer vacation. My grandma and I go to Ossipee, N. H., summers. We can stand at the back door and with a small field-glass can see the cars go up Mount Washington. It looks like a great elephant slowly climbing up. I had also a number of pets; I had seventeen fish about an inch long, which I caught in a tin dipper; but they lived only two days. I forgot to change their water night and morning. Then I had sixteen tadpoles, or polliwogs, which lived twelve weeks. I brought them to Boston with me, but steam-heat did not agree with them. I had a cat and two kittens, and also a pug-dog called "Mischief."

Your loving reader, LILLIAN D——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: E. L. G., James R. G., Willard E. R., Harry S. M., Charlotte W. C., Hope, Robert G. B., Hugh D., Myra H. T., Kate Van D., J. Morris S., Donald J. W., Jr., Ridgway M. G., Henry C. W., Marguerite M., Leola J., W. Leavitt S., Dorothea G., James S. R., Jr., Mabel W. O., Jay F., Mary L. P. and Helen L. K., Florence E. T., Mary G. R., Lester C. B., Ruth B., Louise D. M., Mercedes P., Jessie H. R., Gertrude F., Iola K. W., Adele B., Marguerite H., M. E. B., Lena H., Edna S. O., Hillary M. Z., Roy M., N. D. F. and B. L. E., Scott McN., Marian M., Leontine R., Zaidee P., Katherine S., Hally H., "Valentin and Valentine," Henry K., Robert S. D., Mary S. S., Charlotte E. C., P. B., Rose B., May W. B., Ray H. J., Raynal W., Wm. P. K., Genevieve G., Dean E. P., Alice N., Bessie E. B., Linda M. S., Dorothy E. W., Francis H. R., Marian T., Edith M., and Nora B.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Rudyard Kipling.

HOUR-GLASS. Greeley. Cross-words: 1. Dragons. 2. Lurch. 3. Beg. 4. E. 5. Ell. 6. Cheat. 7. Prayers.

PENTAGONS. I. 1. C. 2. Mar. 3. Mural. 4. Carotid. 5. Rather. 6. Liege. 7. Drey. II. 1. M. 2. Eat. 3. Ether. 4. Mahomet. 5. Temple. 6. Relax. 7. Text.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Beatrice; finals, Madeline. Cross-words: 1. Bream. 2. Extra. 3. Aided. 4. Trite. 5. Rowel. 6. Iceni. 7. Crown. 8. Endue.—— RIDDLE. The letter R.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Texas. 1. Thoth. 2. Egret. 3. Xebec. 4. Anvil. 5. Snail.——ANAGRAM. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. Primals, beside; centrals, nature; finals, tender. Cross-words: 1. Blanket. 2. Enhance. 3. Sixteen. 4. Insured. 5. Deprive. 6. Emperor.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Bad. 3. Caned. 4. Baronet. 5. Canonical. 6. Denizen. 7. Decem. 8. Tan. 9. L.

ZIGZAG. Ole Bornemann Bull. Cross-words: 1. Oder. 2. Elbe. 3. Keen. 4. Crab. 5. Frog. 6. Brag. 7. Nine. 8. Beak. 9. Como. 10. Jena. 11. Gang. 12. Anon. 13. Boon. 14. Hugo. 15. Sulk. 16. Coil.——RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. Eros, rose, sore, ores.

HIDDEN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. 1. Cornet. 2. Organ. 3. Piano. 4. Banjo. 5. Drum. 6. Mandolin. 7. Lyre. 8. Spinet. 9. Zither. 10. Horn.——AN ENIGMA. Valentine's Day.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Them. 2. Hale. 3. Else. 4. Meet. II. 1. Seat. 2. Etch. 3. Ache. 4. They. III. 1. Here. 2. Eyes. 3. Reap. 4. Espy.

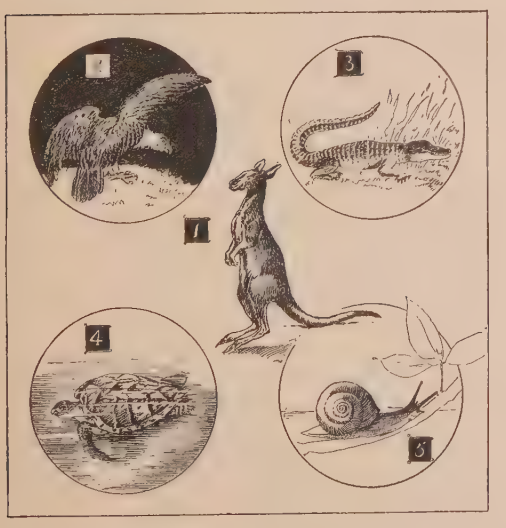
PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES. 1. S-pine-s. 2. S-pie-s. 3. S-ham-s. 4. W-he-w. 5. L-eve-l. 6. S-tore-s. 7. T-hough-t.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Paul Reese—"M. McG."—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—Josephine Sherwood—"Will O. Tree"—Ella and Co.—Isabel, Mama, and Jamie—W. L.—Paul Rowley—Helen C. McCleary—Violet Smith Green—Louise Ingham Adams—Jo and I—Hubert L. Bingay—"Jersey Quartette"—"Three Brownies"—Helen Rogers—"Emblam"—Pearl F. Stevens—Isabella W. Clarke—Blanche and Fred—"Wee Three"—"Hill Top Farm"—"Tod and Yam"—Robert and Jennie L.—"Tip Cat"—Marjorie Cole—Jessie Chapman and John Fletcher.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Mary E. Murray and Clara V. McConnell, 1—Nettie Comstock, 1—Hal Dunbar, 1—"Jack Spratt," 2—Elizabeth and Augusta, 1—James Hussey, 1—Hugh McN. Kähler, 2—Laura Page, 1—G. B. Dyer, 7—Papa, Victor, and Fred, 3—Helen Diehl, 1—Genevieve Still, 1—Eleanor A. Stevens, 2—Lucy Murray and I, 2—"Me and Jack," 1—Ethel M. C., 3—No Name, Logansport, 6—Mary F. Stone, 6—Adelaide M. Gaithen, 3—"Toots and Gogga," 5—Harriet McKnight, 3—"Two Scranton Boys," 2—Alice Adams, 1—Florence S. Wheeler, 1—A. M. J., 7—Alice R. S., 3—Mary H. Ricketts, 1—Charles R. Cockey, 4—Carl Comstock, 1—Therese Baumgart, 1—Mama and Sadie, 7—Everett A. Brown, 1—Charlie and Ella, 1—Harold Washburn, 7—Charles Dwight Reid, 1—Rosebud Fannie Michaels, 2—A. W. S., 1—Asa M. Parker, 1—Edward W. Hamill, 4—Beatrice H. Staats, 5—Eugene Walter, 4—Nelson Weeks, 1—Lovell and Bonnie Rhodes, 2—Robert H. Jacobs, 2—Karl B., 1—Kenneth Lewis, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 5—Walter H. Angell, 3—Susie N. E., 2—Burtie Benham, 4—Leah J. S., 4—J. C. and F. S. Sill, 1—Franklyn Farnsworth, 7—Ruth Robinson, 4—Harold A. Knowles, 1—Alma Maass, 1—Harold Wilson, Jr., 1—Fred and Gordon Brown, 5—A. P. O. and another, Berwyn, 3—Gertrude Rutherford, 1—"The W. C. W. H. and H. C. Durrell," 3—James R. J. Kindelon, 1—Papa, A. and H., 3—Geo. S. Seymour, 7—M. Noble, 3—Edwin Irvine Haines, 5—Marguerite Hawkins, 2—Claudice Luther, 3—Helen A. Sturdy, 7—Daisy Allen, 2—"Two Little Maids from School," 3—"Merry and Co.," 6—"The Butterflies," 2—Maude and Harry, 7—Two Little Brothers, 7—Hans and Otto Wolkwitz, 2—R. O. B., 5—Albert Smith Faught, 5—Jean D. Egleston, 5—"The Rambler," 3—Clara H. Phillips, 4—"September Gale," 1—Bernard Breeden, 2—Edith and Muriel Gould, 5—Mama, Howard, and Carrie, 3—Addison Neil Clark, 4—"Old Mother Hubbard," 4—Clara A. Anthony, 7—Laurence Crockett, 1—Sybil Palgrave, 3.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



THE words pictured are of unequal length. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the initials will spell the name of a famous poet.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of an annual celebration in honor of a famous bishop.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Mentally sound. 2. Any cause of ruin. 3. To cut lengthwise. 4. A young deer. 5. A bird of prey. 6. The angular summit of anything. 7. In addition. 8. A particle. 9. To keep in check. 10. A city of Italy, the scene of one of Napoleon's victories. 11. A measure of length. 12. Allied by nature. 13. To examine with care. 14. A whirlpool. 15. To wear into shreds by rubbing. 16. To surfeit. L. W.

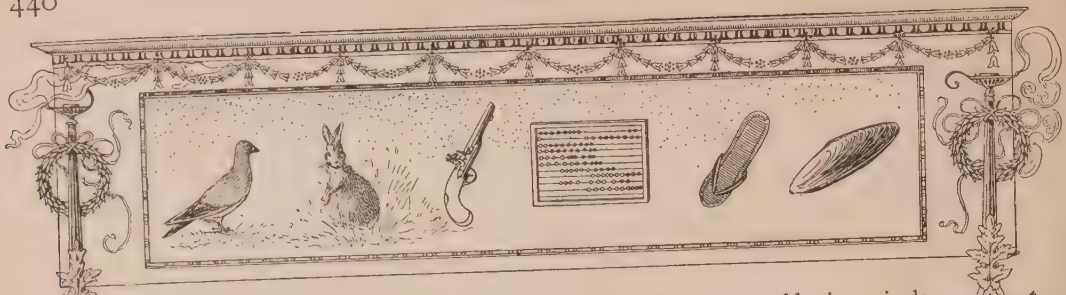
OCTAGON.

1. AN insect. 2. On the point or verge of. 3. A French pronoun. 4. A beautiful city of Italy. 5. A number. G. B. DYER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-seven letters, and am a quotation from "The Rambler," by Johnson.

My 24-41-62 is to bind. My 11-47-56-71 is to try. My 36-59-5-8 is an obligation. My 15-74-51-28 is to utter peevish expressions. My 39-3-67-33 is four gills. My 76-64-20-14-44 is to walk with affected dignity. My 7-58-42-16-52 is larceny. My 61-10-32-40-69-30 is a frame or stand having three legs. My 75-2-66-25 is a territory. My 54-26-1-22-6 is one of the United States. My 53-63-34-37-49 is another State. My 45-13-19-55-23-72 is a city in the State of New York. My 46-21-4-77-31-35 is a city in Massachusetts. My 50-29-68-73-38-27-60 is one of the United States. My 18-12-57-65-17-48-70-9-43 is a city in the State of New York, famous for its water-power. L. W.



ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.

All the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order above given, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a French geometrician, philosopher, and writer.

JOHN R.

PI.

O das-devico swind hatt higs taubo ym rodo!
I norum thiw ey het shour hatt ear on reom.
Ym thear si rawey fo eht senull kys,
Het selfsale crashben dan eht fronze pinal;
I glon ot rhea het seartile dwil-brids ryc.
Dan ese het heart ni slagmode ereng igana.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

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The letters represented by stars spell the surname of a famous poet.

Cross-words: 1. A slow-moving person or thing. 2. A black man. 3. To restrict to a scant allowance. 4. A sign of authority. 5. Breathes quick and hard. 6. Dreary. 7. To cut into thin pieces. 8. In a line with. 9. A measure of weight. 10. Mourning garments.

"NO MAN."

RIDDLE.

I 'm oft a skin that wraps around;
I 'm often, too, a cry for aid;
Or haply I may be the sound
A swiftly wagging tongue has made.

ANNA M. PRATT.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters; when rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell a word meaning shore-inhabiting.

Cross-words: 1. A boat. 2. Sundered. 3. To run with speed. 4. A mammal having a single hoof on each foot. 5. To make dark. 6. Unfastened. 7. Pompous. 8. Conjectured. 9. To calumniate. 10. To inflame with anger.

H. W.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS.

Each blank is to be filled by a word of six letters. No two words are alike, though the same six letters, properly arranged, may be used to make the seven missing words.

Upon the board a plain * * * * * * was spread;
A few dim * * * * * * glimmered overhead;
Low murmured * * * * * * from the monks were heard,
The surly stranger uttered not a word.
"Why * * * * * * thou the cheese?" the abbot said.
"This fellow * * * * * *." The stranger sneered and fled.
"Oi 'm shure he 's not a * * * * * *," the porter cried,
"Some * * * * * * ballots in his hand Oi shpied."

E. T. C.

MISPLACED NUMBERS.

Rearrange the numbers given in the column in such a way that, reading by sound, one or more words may be formed. For instance, when the figure 1, now placed before the syllable "phy" is placed before the syllable "der," the word "wonder" will be formed. What are the remaining words?

1 phy
8 be
6 der
2 of
80 in
10 ca
4 char
9 cre.

ALICE I. H.

FALSE COMPARATIVES.

Example: Positive, a boy; comparative, a portable frame for ascending or descending. Answer, lad, ladder.

1. Positive, a relish; comparative, a small dish.
2. Positive, an excrescence; comparative, a liquid.
3. Positive, a kind of pastry; comparative, a tyrant.
4. Positive, a person at whom ridicule is directed; comparative, something always on the breakfast-table.
5. Positive, a creature that lives on insects; comparative, to pound.
6. Positive, a rug; comparative, substance.
7. Positive, part of the body; comparative, a river of Germany.
8. Positive, a famous city; comparative, a wanderer.
9. Positive, a market; comparative, one who makes a great sacrifice for the sake of principle.
10. Positive, a bird; comparative, a peddler.

MARY F. STONE.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

LOOKING UP INTO HIS FACE, SHE SAID: "THOU HAST MY WORD, SIR."

(SEE PAGE 457.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXII. APRIL, 1895. NO. 6.

ALONG NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR.

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

THE most northerly lighthouse on the coast of this continent stands on Belle Isle, at the head of the straits of that name, a little northeast of Newfoundland. By what freak of taste it was called Belle Isle I cannot say; for even the old navigators had such a horror of it that on their charts they marked it with the figure of a demon.

The morning the little mail-steamer on which I cruised "down on the Labrador," as the Newfoundlanders say, plunged and rolled past it through the surge, the rugged mass of rock crouched there as if ready to seize its prey of ships and human lives. The surf, unheard at our distance, flashed around its base like a long row of glistening teeth. A huge iceberg had drifted in and lay stranded at one end of the island; far up on the rocks was the lighthouse; on a shelf below stood a little hut with provisions for shipwrecked sailors; the gray morning mists made the sea look heavy and sodden, and altogether this glimpse of Belle Isle was the most desolate scene I had ever beheld. Over our bow the barren coast of Labrador was faintly outlined, and as the last lighthouse on the continent dropped astern, I felt that we were indeed drawing away from civilization; and this feeling was strengthened when, as we turned our prow northward, we sighted the vanguard of the seemingly endless procession of huge icebergs drifting slowly down in single file from the mysterious regions of the north.

We had met with single bergs along the Newfoundland coast, but off Labrador they became a constant and unspeakably grand feature in the seaward view. I doubt if they can be seen anywhere else except in Arctic and Antarctic waters in such numbers, variety, and grandeur. The branch of the Gulf Stream which pushes its way into the Arctic Ocean has sufficient force left when it is reflected by the frozen northern boundary of that sea to send an icy current down along the Labrador coast. Practically all the bergs that break loose from the ice-sheathed shores of Greenland are borne southward by this current. One morning, when I went up on deck, I counted no less than one hundred and thirty-five huge ones. Some of these were great solid blocks of ice; others were arched with numerous Gothic passageways; some reached with spire-like grace high up into

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the air; all reflected with prismatic glory the rays of the sun.

The "iron-bound" coast of Labrador is guarded by groups of islands — barren, hopeless, and forlorn-looking rocks, all the more desolate in appearance for the miserable fishing-huts or "tilts" that have been thrown together on them. Entering through some narrow passage between these islands, the steamer anchors for the night in a rock-bound basin; for it is too dangerous work to navigate the Labrador waters after dark. The narrow passages between the islands, both along the Labrador and in the Newfoundland bays, are called "tickles," and aptly so, for it seems as if the sea had reached out foamy fingers and tickled the rocky ribs of the coast until it split its sides with grim, stormy laughter. One evening we found one of these tickles nearly blocked by a huge iceberg which had drifted into it and grounded. We passed near enough to feel its chilling breath, and to have thrown a biscuit on it, as the sailors say. We had hardly anchored in the harbor before we heard loud reports in rapid succession, like the firing of field artillery. Looking in the direction from which they came, we saw above the heights that surrounded the basin, the peak of the iceberg swaying slowly and majestically to and fro, and finally disappearing, a peak of different shape rising up from behind the height and taking its place. They say that an avalanche is sometimes so delicately poised that the vibrations from a shout or a hand-clap will start it on its destructive course, and possibly the wash from our steamer had disturbed the iceberg's equilibrium. At night the moon rose and the Northern Lights throbbed in the sky; so that the iceberg's peak was at times bathed in silver, at times in a clear translucent crimson. It is n't often you find a combination of iceberg, moonlight, and Northern Lights; and feeling that I might never again behold such an exquisite scene, I remained for hours on deck watching it.

I think the height of icebergs is usually overstated. When an object towers above you, it is apt to seem much higher than it really is. At first sight I thought some of the bergs we passed were four or five hundred feet high, but I doubt if the highest was over two hundred. But you can imagine what a vast mass of ice a berg is, when I remind you that only about one tenth of it is above water. It is dangerous to venture near an iceberg, because you never know when you may strike upon its submerged portion as upon a rock. The captain of a Newfoundland steamer — he was an old Arctic navigator, too — once ran near a berg to please some passengers. The wash from the steamer disturbed the berg's equilibrium and caused it to sway. Part of it that had been under water rose to the surface under the steamer and lifted it out of the water. For a moment it seemed as if the vessel was doomed. It might have been crushed under tons of falling ice, or toppled bottom up into the sea. Fortunately there was a slope in the ice down which the steamer slid as from the launching-ways. No great damage was done, but I doubt if that captain ever again gratifies his passengers' curiosity. Of course some icebergs are mere mounds, and the fishermen have a cheerful method of securing their ice-supply by going out in their boats, catching a small berg, and towing it ashore. Not only bergs but ice-packs are often seen here in summer. The fishermen call a pack a "loom of ice"; and on my cruise I saw late in August, off Cape Harrigan, the white glare of the distant loom, which the week before had kept nearly the whole offshore fishing-fleet helplessly locked in one of the harbors.

Owing to the vanguard of rocky islands strung out along this coast, harbors are numerous — so numerous that a quaint Western man, the only passenger besides myself who ventured on the mail-boat this cruise, remarked that if harbors were only worth a cent apiece, Labrador would be one of the richest countries in the world. But, in spite of these many shelters, rocks and ice are so fatal to shipping on this coast that the mail-boat rarely returns from a trip without bringing in some shipwrecked crew. After one storm three hundred shipwrecked sailors were transferred by her at Battle Harbor to the larger vessel which plies between there and St. John's. On our trip we picked up the crew of a stanch English vessel whose captain had, in entering one of the tickles, to choose between ice and rocks, and so ran her on the latter. When we entered a

SCENE IN LABRADOR. ICEBERGS BY MOONLIGHT AND THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

harbor our mate always took soundings, but before we let go the anchor our captain would sing out: "Any timber, Mr. Parsons?" If the mate said "Yes," it meant that some vessel had left its poor old ribs on the rocky bottom, and we must drift on and sound again.

Sometimes Labrador is ice-bound from September till June; but through all this long and dreary winter the lighthouse-keeper on Belle Isle must maintain his watch, to be ready to light the lamp when the break-up comes. For months he sees nothing but a frozen plain, uncertain of footing and impassable, and in the distance the ice-sheathed cliffs of Newfoundland. The few who have made their way to the interior of Labrador say it is a vast wilderness of huge boulders, varied only by morasses and lakes. An old French writer speaks of it as the "Land of Cain," and the latest explorers complained that they suffered bitterly from cold because they could not find fuel enough to maintain camp-fires. Often, indeed, they had difficulty in making even a little blaze for cooking.

Naturally, such a country has not invited settlers, and it is not surprising to learn that in its whole vast area — two and a half times as large as Great Britain and Ireland — there are not more than four thousand dwellers; of these only about one half are whites, the others being Eskimos and Hudson Bay Company trappers and hunters. These are a shiftless lot who come down to the nearest Company post early in summer, and exchange their pelts for provisions, planting themselves down at the post, and proceeding to gorge themselves until their entire stock is exhausted. A pound of tea and a bag of flour is the most that one band of these "mountaineers" has been known to carry back — all they had to show, except temporarily satisfied appetites, for their whole winter's work as hunters in that desolate region.

RED BAY. A LABRADOR OUTPOST.

twenty years at one of these desolate outposts of civilization, went to London for a little change, returned to Labrador as soon as possible because he found London "so lonely"; and Hudson Bay Company agents who have given up their positions to go back to civilization have been glad to return to their posts. They missed the free, open-air life; but above all, probably, their autocratic sway, which makes them kings within the boundaries of the post.

A Labrador fishing-stage usually consists of

1. FISHING WITH A SPY-GLASS.
2. DRYING THE NETS.

These trappers and hunters are Indians, but are always called "mountaineers"; while the Eskimos, who have not a drop of Indian blood in them, are called Indians, though "Huskies" is the favorite term for them among the fishermen. The fishermen, mostly Newfoundlanders, skirt the Labrador coast in summer in deep-water craft, or fill up the rough fishing-stages on the rocky islands, which during the winter have been either wholly deserted, or left in charge of a storekeeper.

There must be some attraction in this wild life; for a keeper who, after living

"GASHERS" — LABRADOR FISHING-BOATS.

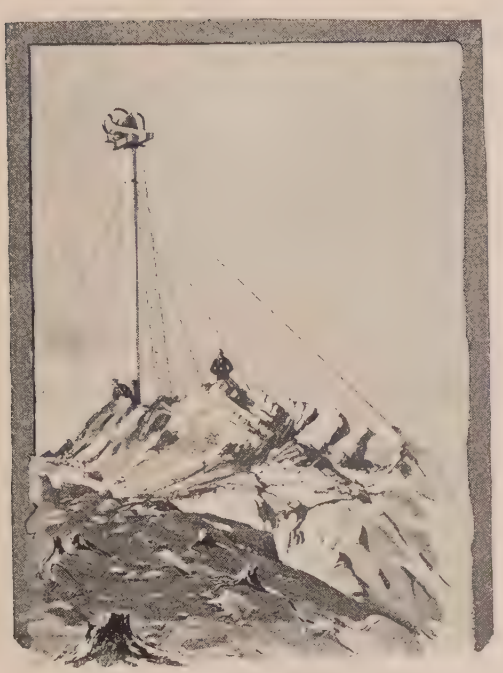
a long, low frame-house, and little one-room huts, or "tilts," as they are called. The house is used as a store and dwelling for the agent of the Newfoundland merchant who has fitted up the stage. All the fishermen who occupy the tilts work for the merchant, and are paid for their fish in provisions from the store.

out boats, bottom up, and nets spread over the ground to dry. Here, too, I saw for the first time the dapper little Labrador gasher — a small fishing-craft not much larger than a dory, but with sharp prow and stern, and two masts fitted with reddish-brown sails. These are telling bits of color when the gashers skim over the deep

A FISHING-VESSEL IN A LABRADOR "TICKLE."

The tilts are like those seen in the Newfoundland fishing and mining outposts (every settlement in Newfoundland except St. John's is an outpost). The sides are logs set upright and supporting sod-covered roofs — wretched abodes at the best. Along the Straits of Belle Isle the Labrador coast is fringed with a strip of coarse grass land, and here you may see an occasional small vegetable-garden surrounded by a fish-net for a fence. At Blanc Sablon I saw a desolate little burying-ground amid the swaying rushes. Near by lay a couple of worn-

blue water, with the foam streaking along their quarters and glittering in their wake. Altogether it was a varied scene: the headland, from a staff on which there fluttered the flag of the merchant who owned the "outfit"; the gashers dashing in and out among the punts and jacks (stoutly built two-stickers larger than the gashers); a fishing-schooner with furled sails, but with toil-stained nets streaming from her spars in an endless variety of lights and shadows, according as the meshes twisted or bulged in the breeze; and in the distance the



A BELFRY AT LITTLE BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

exquisite green-and-white spires of an iceberg. A note of toil drones through it all, however; for women are sawing and chopping wood while the men are hauling the nets. A curious implement of fishing in these waters is a spy-glass with plain window-glass in place of a lens. A man in the bow of a fishing-boat thrusts the glass in the water, and, peering through it, discovers whether there are fish enough on the bottom to make it worth while to anchor; for anchoring in deep water is a toilsome matter.

In winter Labrador is simply frozen out from the rest of the world. One "komitick," or dog-sled, mail reaches some of the more southerly settlements late in the spring. The Moravian missionaries at the Eskimo villages further north endeavor at least once a winter to visit by komitick the few scattered white settlers within a hundred miles or so of the missions. Sometimes the komitick is overtaken by a severe snow-storm before shelter can be obtained. Then the missionary and his Eskimo driver dig a deep ditch down in the snow, and camp in the bottom. The gases from the camp-fire prevent the snow from floating in, and the travelers are sheltered from the icy blasts. At Battle Har-

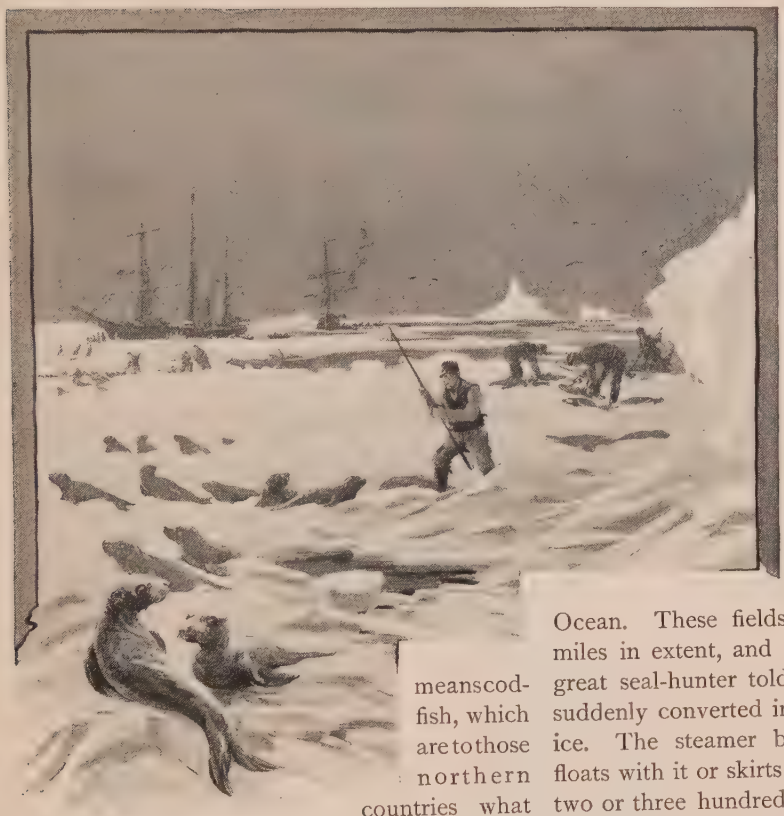
BRINGING IN WOOD ON A "DOG-AND-SAIL" SLED.

bor, Labrador, where there is a church (there are only two churches, I think, on the Labrador coast south of the Moravian missions), they have a public sewing-machine, and one long winter, when the kerosene-oil supply became very low, the women gathered at the parsonage and did their sewing by the parsonage lamp.

LOGIE BAY, COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

As the Battle Harbor mission is too poor to furnish the wee church with a bell, the rector signals the call to service with a flag. High among the rocks at Little Bay, Newfoundland, I saw two little churches. One of these had a small belfry perched on a still higher rock. The other's bell swung from a tall spar; and to ring it one was obliged to climb a ladder much like the shrouds of a vessel. The dog-sled is also the regular method of winter traveling over the frozen bays of Newfoundland; only it is drawn by Newfoundland dogs instead of by the half-wolfish Eskimo canines upon which the men of Labrador have to rely. The Eskimo dogs, with the equally savage mosquitos, make life ashore a burden during summer in Labrador. A stick to beat off the dogs and a veil as a protection against the mosquitos are absolutely necessary. It is a curious fact that the further north you go the more pestiferous the mosquitos become. They are worse in Labrador than in New Jersey, and are still worse in Greenland than even in Labrador.

"Fish" in Newfoundland and Labrador



SEALING IN LABRADOR.

means cod-fish, which are to those northern countries what cotton is to the South. All other fish, except salmon, they despise, for "fish" is money. With it they buy their clothes, their flour, tea, "bread" (hard sea-biscuit), and, above all, their "long sweetness" (molasses), which are about the only edibles you will find in ninety-nine out of a hundred tilts. When a Newfoundlander speaks of Venison Tickle, or some other fishing-stage, as the "garden of Labrador," he does not mean that flowers and vegetables grow there in abundance, but that the waters of the tickle teem with "fish." In Newfoundland fishing is carried on from regularly settled villages and several of the larger outpost towns. The fishing-village best known among tourists is Quiddy Viddy, about two miles from St. John's; but Logie Bay, five miles from that city, is the more picturesque. The bay is simply a narrow split in the beetling cliffs. Lines to which the boats are moored have been hung across it, and so steep are the sides that the fish are pitchforked from platform to platform built over narrow shelves at successive heights, the huts hanging from the declivity far above the level of the sea, like cliff-swallows' nests.

Late in February the Newfoundland sealing-steamers break through the ice in St. John's harbor, and make their way to some northern outpost, lying there until March 10, the earliest date on which the law allows them to "go to the ice." They stand out to sea until they meet the immense fields of ice from the Arctic Ocean. These fields are often many square miles in extent, and fairly teem with seals. A great seal-hunter told me that the sea seemed suddenly converted into an ocean of seals and ice. The steamer breaks into the jam and floats with it or skirts along the edge, the crew, two or three hundred in number, taking to the floating ice and living there for days and nights. The young seals fatten so rapidly that sealers say you can actually see them grow while you are looking at them. The poor creatures are easily killed, a blow with the butt end of a gaff finishing them. The hunter then "sculps," or skins them, inserting a sharp knife under the fat and with marvelous dexterity taking off the "pelt"—skin and fat together—in about a minute and a half. A party of men will "pan" their pelts,—pile them up to the number of about a thousand,—and thrust a gaff with the ship's flag into the pan. When there are pans enough, the steamer breaks into the ice and hauls them aboard with a donkey-winch; or the men drag them to the vessel's side.

The Newfoundland seal-hunters always speak of seals as "swiles," and for our word carry they say "spell." A school-master, who had been listening to a seal-hunter's story, said sneeringly:

"Swiles! How do you spell swiles?"

"We don't spell 'em," replied the hunter; "we most generally hauls 'em!"

By Virginia Woodward Cloud.

Yesterday I found a delightful book, and of course it was in an attic. Our ancestors may not have stored things in attics expressly to have us discover them, but we continue to do so from time to time, and they are undoubtedly more interesting from being a bit cobwebby and mysterious. The attic in which I found the delicious book had in it hidden things which looked as if they might be the first patterns of everything we use now. Probably the most desirable trait about this attic was that it did not possess a place for anything or anything in its place.

For instance, I found a bonnet hanging on a pair of andirons.

But for the green silk strings no one would ever dream it was a bonnet. It looked much more like a coal-scuttle, and had as many enormous bones as a prehistoric skeleton. It must have belonged to a very-great-grandmother. No one without several greats before her name could have worn that bonnet! Behind the andirons was a cradle, and in the cradle was a long pole with a red silk arrangement which once meant a fire-screen. Beside it stood a clock with a moon face and long chains and weights. It looked so much like a Dutch doll, with just head and legs, that I laughed aloud. But an attic is not a place in which to laugh unless one has company. Everything was rebukingly still, and so was I immediately.

Near the clock was a table shaped like a long-legged spider. It looked as if just ready to walk off alone. I was quite sure it belonged to the bonnet and the fire-screen, and that somewhere there were blue cups and saucers, which one might break by talking too loud, and that they belonged to the table.

In a far corner stood a picture with its face to the wall.

I drew it out and rested it against the table. Of course it was dusty. I never heard of the right sort of an attic which was kept dusted. It was the picture of a lady. I knew that at once, just as we always know a lady when we see one. The picture was rather dim, but I could easily discern that she was very young and slim, with a white throat and bright, dark eyes. Her hair, done very high, was of a ruddy brown, and she had on a short-waisted white satin frock, and held a half-open fan primly in her hands.

It was easy to see that she was just where she belonged—beside the spider-legged table. I had no doubt that she could have told the whereabouts of the blue cups and saucers! Thinking about this lady, my eyes encountered another pair of eyes staring straight at mine. My heart jumped once and stood still until I recognized the eyes as my own.

I was gazing into a mirror. It was a dim, queer mirror with a crack like an enormous smile across its face, and pale enough to hold only the ghost of light which once shone in it. Two rods supported it. They held a brass candlestick apiece, and rested on a little stand which had a drawer. I sat down on a hair-trunk before this little stand. The drawer had brass knobs and might have been locked once, but time or rust made it open easily, and then—

such an assortment of odds and ends! Faded ribbons and flowers and beads, and a feather-fan which, when I opened it, filled the air with a musty dust that made me sneeze! Under these scraps was a box, and under the box was a book — *The* book.

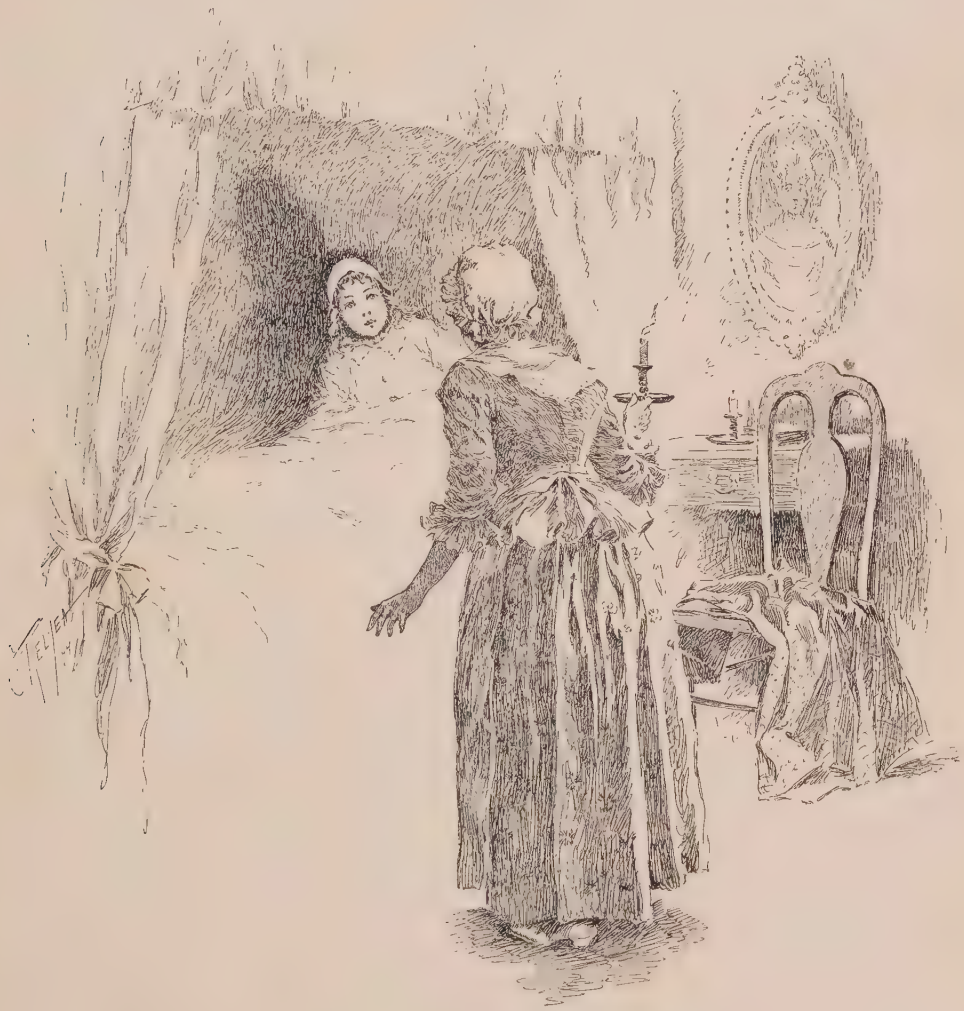
The box first.

It held a silk bag, yellow with age — a bag which used to be called a reticule. In the reticule were a handkerchief, fine and lacy and also yellow; a tiny looking-glass set in shells; and a square of paper carefully pinned. The last contained only dry, yellow rose-leaves. Under the bag lay another fan. It had delicate sticks and a cord and tassel which once were rose-colored; and painted on one pale blue side was a young person in rose-colored panniers and enormous hoops, who was coyly accepting a bouquet from a young gentleman who wore crimson breeches and a white wig.

Where had I seen that fan? My eyes met those of the lady. Yes, the same fan was in her hand. I could just make out a glimpse of the rose-hued damsel and the bouquet. Inside the box-top was written one word, nearly faded out:

Lois.

She was Lois, then, this young lady with the slim white throat and the dark eyes, and this



"'THOU MUST BE UP AND AWAY BEFORE BREAK OF DAWN.'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

was her fan; and Lois, I knew, had been my great-grandaunt. The book came next.

It had a square of paper pasted on its brown cover, and on it was written in unformed characters:

LOIS, HER BOOK.

Underneath, in the same childish letters:

"mother Says i shall Rite dayly in This book that Whitch doth impress Me most and Also that falt whitch needs Be coreckted."

She immediately adds:

"i need Care in My Riting and speling."

There begins from that date, on which she says she is eight years of age, a daily chronicle written with laborious care. It noted some occurrences which the child thought important, or some faults which she was trying to correct.

The second entry reads thus:

"the Ducks strayed to the Berynground [doubtless the churchyard] i Went to fetch them but Did not Want to."

The third entry:

"Father says i Can Hav Clovers Caf fore my Owne. i wud Hav it wen it Grows Bigger and Get More munny. Mother says Munny is A Root of Evle whitch I do not Understand We do Not plante munny."

These entries varied only according to the daily duties in the domestic régime, or the childish faults which were sometimes noted with a large black cross on certain days. On two occasions the pages were sadly smeared and blurred as if unwilling tears had been shed thereon. Once was when the Dominie made her turn her face to the wall for being late to school because she stopped to pick blackberries. Again was when her mother forced her to rip out a long seam twice and do it over. This last was evidently written in an outburst of childish rebellion, for the black cross was very heavy.

At a date two years later my Aunt Lois's handwriting and spelling had improved vastly. The steady, painstaking practice of writing daily in her book showed its results. In the time which followed she grew older rapidly, doubtless from hearing and experiencing the excitement shed around her by the expected War of the Revolution. The Day Book soon ceased to be a daily duty. When she wrote, it was with the grave fears and hopes which she heard uttered by her elders, yet, withal, a note here and there of her own vivacious spirit which she admits "doth cause my mother ofttimes to shake her head and rebuke me for having many words."

At the bursting of the war-cloud of American Revolution she goes on to tell of busy hours filled by herself and her mother in preparing food and supplies. Then comes the day when her father left home to enter the army, and again the page is blurred.

There is little of importance thereafter until the longest entry of all, which I will copy from my Aunt Lois's book, beginning under the date of January 10, 1777.

She writes:

When I awakened New Year's night and beheld my mother over me with a candle, I thought it was a dream, but she laid her hand on me and spake aloud:

"Lois! Lois! Awake quickly; I have need of thee!"

[The mother of my great-grandaunt being raised a Friend, both she and Aunt Lois had acquired their mode of speech. She continues:]

"It is not dawn," said I; for not having a man to help us, I must even go out to the barn at dawn and make ready for the day.

"No, God be thanked, it is not dawn," quoth my mother. "Thou must be up and away before break of dawn, my child; so hasten!"

I sprang up and quickly put on my clothing, knowing that my mother would explain it in her own time, for at best she hath few words. Coming nearer, she said, "Breathe it not, Lois, but thy father is here,—shot!"

"My father!—here—shot?—" I began in fear. But she urged me to hasten and pause not. My mother then made known to me how that my father had been given a most perilous errand,—namely, to gather some information, and bear it or send it by means of a paper to our Commander-in-chief, General Washington, he then being, as my father surmised, on his way from Trenton to Princeton, but nobody knew by what road. My father, in making a wide circuit around for better concealment, was shot; but not so "General," his horse, who

rushed for the woods, and in so doing concealed my father the better. My mother went on to tell me that inasmuch as my father did lose several hours from unconsciousness and weakness, though still clinging to General's neck, he found himself when he aroused all but home, whereto General had brought him straight.

"'T is wonderful he did not fall off!" spake my mother; "and, Lois, see to 't no one learns from thee of thy father's coming."

"Nay," quoth I; "there is no other gossip to prattle with saving thyself and Clover."

Then marked I my mother's face as she laid her hand upon her heart and let her eyes rest upon me, and some way I understood.

"Lois," quoth she, "thy father's errand must be finished for him. I dare not leave him to go."

"Nay," said I; "I will go, mother."

She spake not, but turned away, and I saw she was sorely troubled.

"Mother," spake I, hastening the more, "let it not fright thee. I know not what the errand be, but my father is wise and good, and I will but do as he saith. I have no fear!"

"Nay, hadst thou more I would fret less," spake my mother. "Thou art thy father again, Lois,— ever venturesome and knowing not of fear!"

While speaking she laid by me my heavy quilted petticoat and pelisse, for the snow which came after was already in the air. Then by the lantern's light, at my mother's bidding, I put my own saddle on General George, adding my father's saddle-pockets. For General, whom I have named after good General Washington, hath tremendous strength, and was already, having had a meal, fit to be off again. I then straightway ate a hasty bit which my mother had prepared, placing the remainder in the saddle-pockets. My mother then put on me her own quilted bonnet, and over it tied a heavy comforter: I still not knowing what it was I should undertake, but knowing I should hear in good time. I strove to push back the comforter, but my mother adjusted it, saying:

"Nay; let be! 'T were better to have thy face covered when a lass like thee goes about at such an hour."

Then in the dim light I sought my father's couch, where he had fallen an hour before.

"My daughter, are you there?" spake my father.

I answered, and drew nigh as he said:

"You are going an errand for me, daughter?"

"Yes, father," quoth I.

"Do you know its nature, Lois?" said he, weakly.

"No, father," said I.

"It is to bear that which is of value and intrusted to me. It must go to the first officer of the American army you can find this side of the town."

"The town!" quoth I, in wonderment; for that is full thirty miles away.

"And I would not have you go thinking it a safe or wise thing for a maid to do," quoth he. "There are dangers which I cannot even warn you against, not knowing them. Only this: you may be arrested and searched, Lois; hence you must bear naught about your person. You must also feign some reason for going toward the town at this time; hence, your mother will put in the saddle-pockets two ducks she hath already killed. You are going to bear them to Mistress Van Tyne, who dwells this side of the town; they are a New Year's dinner from thy mother—" His voice failed from weakness, and my mother held a hot drink to his lips before he went on.

"One thing, my daughter: should you be halted on the way, and should they strive to take the ducks, give up the white one with a show of resistance, but hold to the black one with life and wit—"

"And why the black one, father?" I asked.

"The papers are in its craw."

I being too amazed at this to speak, he went on.

"Should you find no trouble, and should you meet with one of our own commanders, give him the paper or the duck, and tell him straightway what I have told you. Should no one meet or molest you, ride on to Mistress Van Tyne's, near by the town. Tell her all, and that 't is pressing needful that the black duck be sent on to General Washington. I know not where you may find any of our men six hours hence. Keep but your eye keen, your wit clear, and your trust in God. Go, now!" I kissed my father and went, as he bade me.

"The pass, which may be of use to thee, is stitched in the crown of thy hood, lest wind blow it away," said my mother, kissing me. She followed me with a lantern, as I went out and mounted General George.

It was very dark and cold; and my mother held my hand closely for an instant, and then went in and shut the door. There was no sound as General cantered down the lane, saving here and there the faint bark of a dog, and always the echo of the horse's hoofs on the frozen ground. I knew that he must not go too hard at the first; for both he and I would need the speed and exercise when it grew colder, as it soon did. I felt it but little for some time, so muffled was I by the comforter. Indeed, at cock's crow I marked two women going toward their barns with lanterns; but they would not have known me, and remembering I was about business of moment, I made no sign. Now and then I felt the saddle-pockets to be certain of the safety of the ducks, and of the bag of feed which mother had tied on for General.

Of the long, lonely ride in the darkness my Aunt Lois says but little. I think she must have been bent too seriously on her errand to feel actual fear, although once she speaks of being startled for an instant by a scarecrow in a field "which did come upon me suddenly." She continues:

The way was all alike save that as I rode I became more and more stiff and tired; but I feared to get down lest some one should come suddenly from ambush and steal the ducks. Mile after mile did General and I travel before the first summons to halt, which was about daybreak. The sudden stopping brought my heart into my mouth. I had turned a corner and come upon a clearing against a bit of woods. There was a small fire, and some men

"THE SENTRY BADE ME HALT."

around it. Another did walk sentry-like to and fro. 'T was he who bade me halt. He scanned me most curiously, and then laid his hand on General's bridle.

"You are my prisoner, mother; so dismount!" quoth he, very superior-like.

"Nay, nay, good sir," said I, ducking a

courtesy as well as one may on horseback. "I have often heard tell how that the brave British would fight only their equals or superiors in strength, whereas old women and children are by right left unmolested."

"Truly said, mother," quoth he, laughing. "You bear at least a ready tongue, but you may be bearing more than your tongue, for aught I know. Whither would you ride at this hour, and alone?"

"I go alone because I know each stick and stone of the way, good sir; and I go for that I bear a pair of ducks for Mistress Van Tyne as a New Year's gift from our own farm."

He shook his head, and the men near by began to gather around, while my heart did sink lower than the ground on which General was pawing. But at the instant two horsemen appeared out of the woods. One rode rapidly up and drew rein before me, and I marked that he was fair and well built, with honest blue eyes and fearless of mien.

"Whom have we here?" he asked.

"A prisoner, sir," said the man at General's head.

"Nay," quoth the young officer, "'t is an old lady! What will you, mother? You had better turn about and go back home before you meet others."

"Nay, good sir," quoth I; "for I have a pass permitting my family to go to and from the town with supplies. But 't is stitched in the crown of my hood. So I would I might remove my hood, good sir, and prove it thee!"

At this the young officer laughed, and said he, "I am sorry, mother, to have you remove your hood in the cold; but it needs must be unless you become my prisoner before instead of afterward!"

"Nay, nay," quoth I; "I would fain remove my hood, then; for I have had that off before, but I have never yet been prisoner of war!" So dropping the reins on General's neck, I unwound the comforter. The air felt most grateful to my head, which was warm, and my face flushed; and as I pushed the hood back my hair did tumble all about my neck in troublesome confusion, and the soldier who had cried "Halt!" exclaimed aloud:

"By my sword, 't is a lass!"

The officer made a sign toward him, and as I looked up he bowed, his own face being quite flushed, and said:

"You will pardon me, fair Mistress, for mistaking your age!"

"Surely, sir, 't was the fault of the hood and comforter," quoth I, meeting his frank, blue eyes as I handed him the pass from out the hood.

"This allows no luggage, Mistress," he spake hesitatingly.

"Oh, I bear no luggage," said I, "save a New Year's dinner which I did raise myself."

I was fumbling at the saddle-pockets, meanwhile, with a show of courage which I did not feel, for my heart was thumping because of the black duck.

I drew it out,—for I saw he was waiting to see what I might carry,—and laid it across General's neck, meanwhile stroking its glossy plumage.

"And wilt thou help me lift the other one out, good sir," said I, "that thou mayest examine the saddle-pockets and the bag of feed for my horse?" So, holding the white duck in one hand, he examined the saddle-pockets with the other.

"Following my own will, Mistress," said he, "I would fain let you go on; but know you not that Lord Cornwallis hath already crossed the Assanpink, and hath his forces stationed in the town? Hence you will surely be arrested and searched this side of it. Therefore, Mistress, my duty is—" He paused, and in a second I saw that I had to do as my father had enjoined, and use my wit.

Taking up the black duck, I held it outward, saying, "Good sir, please hold this, too, for me an instant"; which he did; and I slipped from General's back, nearly falling from stiffness as I reached the ground. I shook out my petticoat, and showed the empty saddle; then I laid my hand upon his horse's neck, looking up in his face, and said I:

"Thou hast my word, sir, that thou dost hold in thy hands my sole reason for going up to town. I bear naught else about my person, and that I may prove the ducks quite good to eat, I pray thee keep one of them, and so share our New Year's dinner."

"Go to, little Mistress!" quoth he, looking

down on me, with a laugh. "A skilful pleader for one so young! Thinkest to bribe the British army?"

"Nay," said I, meeting his honest blue eyes as I leaped back on General. "I think not, good sir, indeed; but I would fain thou shouldst keep one, for 't is like as not thou art far from home." As I spoke, I took the black duck, and left the white one in his hand.

"Thank you kindly, sweet Mistress," said he; "but despite my will, I must do my duty, and I fear me thou must come with us."

Even as he spake there was a burst of musketry from the woods behind them, which made him wheel around, and every man spring to his feet. In a trice I had given General such a cut as he never had before, and darting ahead, dashed down the road to the left, whither I galloped like mad, pausing not to look behind until I knew there was a mile or more between us, and that I was not being overtaken. Then, halting, I fastened the duck again in the saddle-pocket, and let General take it slowly while I wondered what next to do.

My Aunt Lois then tells of her quandary on learning the town to be full of British.

"I did not fret to think of being a prisoner," she writes; "for at worst I knew they would not shoot a defenseless maid. But I feared me lest they should seize the black duck."

She then made up her mind to go straight ahead, and to hold until the last to the black duck — "which," she says, "they should not take from me unless by force of arms, and then I was determined to go likewise!"

She had no further stoppings until she found herself six miles from the town, riding by a piece of woods. She heard there the sound of horses and of tramping.

"And then it was," she writes, "that I felt somewhat of fright, and straightway wheeled General into the woods, and waited. It was a body of men coming very rapidly and, methought, quietly, and my heart thumped loudly until — what was my joy to see the uniforms of our own American army! Knowing this, perhaps, to be my only chance, I rode out in the road straight before them, whereat they halted in much surprise."

Then Aunt Lois tells of her interview with their leader, General Mercer, who got his mortal wounds shortly after at Stony Bridge.

"He was in great haste," she writes, "and I said I did but bear a black duck of which I must tell him, whereupon he ordered his men to march on, and straightway said he, in some surprise:

"'Now, Mistress, what is it?'

"'It is my father's — John Bradley's — errand,' quoth I, 'to bear this black duck to one who would send it or its contents to General Washington this morn, immediately.'

"'So!' said he, drawing a long breath. 'And thy father?'

"'Was shot while making his way with the papers.'

"'And the papers?'

"'Are in the duck's craw, sir,' said I, drawing the bird from out my saddle-pocket.

"'And at what time didst start, little Mistress?'

"'At two o'clock this morn, sir.'

"'Well, well!' He took the duck and slung it across his saddle before him. 'I must hasten. I shall see General Washington within an hour, God willing, and he shall get the papers — if not by me, by some one else. Good day, Mistress Bradley.' He bowed. 'The American army has done well to count you in it!'

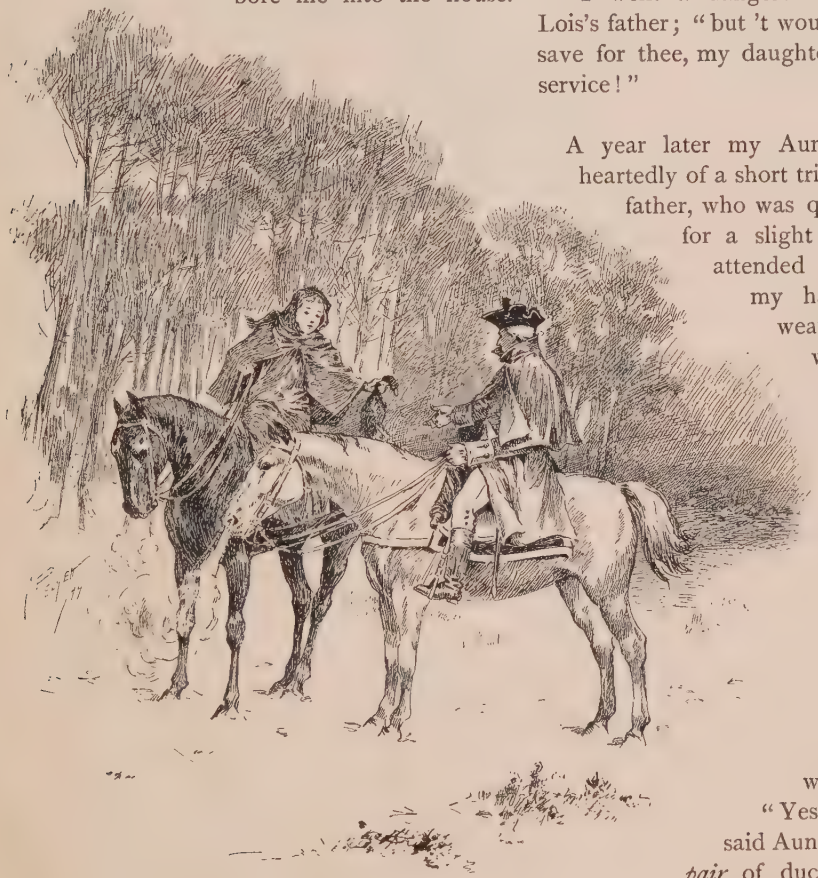
"'In truth, sir,' said I, 'if they count by hearts, and not by muskets, their biggest following is left behind!'

"Which, when I did tell my mother to-day, she shook her head at me from the buttery door, saying, 'Lois! Lois!' But my father, from his couch where he lieth weak, saith, 'Tut! Let the lass be, so that she doth but speak the truth!' — which from my heart I did."

My Aunt Lois's ride home was uneventful. As every step took her further from the approaching armies, she was unmolested, and feared naught save that General might give out. It was snowing hard for the greater part of her journey, and the horse stumbled homeward, stiff with cold and lame with fatigue. She writes:

"Twice after night-time I fell asleep on General's neck; and when I spied the candle-light from the kitchen window, from sheer joy

I could have wept. But I called to mind what the officer had said about being in the American army, so bore up until my mother did open the door and fly outward. I could not stand alone, and fell forward when I slipped from General's back. They raised me and bore me into the house.



LOIS DELIVERS THE BLACK DUCK TO GENERAL MERCER.

"But once in the light of the fire, I marked, for the first time in my life, the tears running down my mother's face as she held a hot posset to my lips.

"'Tell father it went safely,' said I,—'the black duck'; and then I must have fallen dead asleep at once, on the settle whereunto my mother drew me."

My Aunt Lois must have slept for many hours after that ride, of the hardship of which she says so little, though she owns, the second day after, to "a sorely stiff and cramped feeling."

I think, though, that she was fully repaid even before her father showed her a letter, long afterward, signed "G. Washington," which among other things expressed the writer's thanks "for an important service rendered his country."

"I went a dangerous errand," said Aunt Lois's father; "but 't would have been naught save for thee, my daughter; so yours was the service!"

A year later my Aunt Lois writes lightheartedly of a short trip southward with her father, who was quite recovered "but for a slight lameness," when she attended a grand ball "with my hair done high, and wearing a new sleeveless white satin gown—the same which father hath had done in the portrait." On which occasion she had the honor of a presentation to General and Lady Washington; where, upon General Washington, who knew her father, said:

"And is this the Mistress Bradley who carried the duck?"

"Yes, your Excellency," said Aunt Lois, laughing,—"a *pair* of ducks; but I bethought me that thou wert sharing naught else with the British, hence I gave them one!"

"At which," she writes, "my mother doth shake her head, and say, 'Oh, Lois! Lois! Thou wilt ever have the last word!'"

Sweet, bright, brave Aunt Lois!

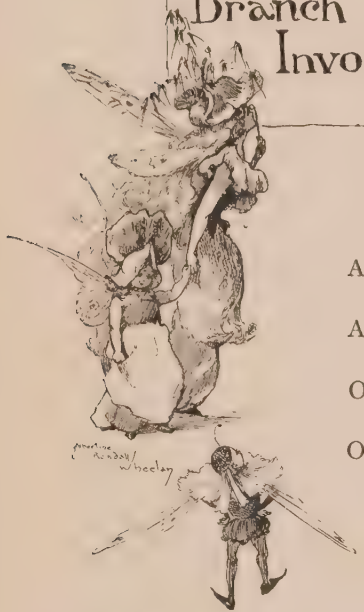
I closed the book, smiling at its blithe pages, and knowing that some time sad ones must follow. But, if they do, they belong solely to the dim, ghostly attic and the dead rose-leaves, whereas I know she would gladly have us read about the black duck!

A Business Announcement.

Grand opening of Spring costumes.

F. Airy & Co

No trouble to show goods.
Branch establishments all over the
Invoices received every day.



By Anna C. Murphy.

I.

A line of the latest spring novelties
here,
And never a pattern for you marked
too dear.
Our store 's in the garden: just give
us a call,
Our telephone leads through the hole in the wall.

II.

Here 's iris, both plain and brocade, in tints rare,
And dahlia for petticoats gives a French air;
Our capes of silk poppy—the latest thing out,
And begonia parasols lead without doubt.

"Our capes of silk poppy."

III.

For brides we have satins of lily-white
gleam;
For bridesmaids, rose tissues of pink, red,
or cream;
For children we 've bargains in marigold
stuff,
And crocus and tulip to stand treatment
rough.

"AND DAHLIA FOR PETTICOATS GIVES A FRENCH AIR."

"HATS OF SWEET PEA, OF THE MOST STYLISH DENT."

IV.

We 've hats in sweet-pea of
the most stylish dent,
And bonnets of pansies right
modestly bent;
In bluebells we 're closing out hoods
low in price,
And our slippers of orchids just go in a trice.

V.

Each article 's packed
with a scent, free
of charge,
And customers served
with best goods small or large;
Right speedy delivery the firm guarantees,
By swift, trusty messenger — next passing breeze.

VI.

It 's best to come early before the goods rise;
You 'll find things more choice than we dare
advertise.
Our charges are only some sweet words of
praise —
And we 'll credit you, too, to the end of your
days.

THE BARGAIN-COUNTER.

CHRIS AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

By Albert Stearns.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

Chapter VIII.

Chris was not in the least hurt by his fall; he was on his feet in a moment. Having regained possession of the valise, he started for home, filled with apprehension as to the fate of the wonderful lamp.

He knew he had placed it in the bag — there could be no mistake about that. Who had removed it? Huldah, perhaps; she had coveted it — indeed, she had claimed that it was her property. As this idea occurred to Chris, a cold perspiration started out on his brow, and he broke into a run, which he continued until he reached home.

He burst into the sitting-room, electrifying his mother by the excited demand:

"Where is it?"

"Oh, Chris, what has happened now?" cried Mrs. Wagstaff, dropping her sewing and springing to her feet. "Are you worse? Oh, I *told* the doctor that you ought not to be allowed to go alone! Did you miss the train? And see, Chris! the peach preserves are running out of the bag! You have broken one of the jars."

"I guess it got smashed when I jumped off the train," said Chris; "but —"

"When you jumped off the train!" exclaimed his mother, clasping her hands in distress. "Oh, Chris, *what* put it into your head to do that?"

"I left something behind," stammered the boy, conscious of the awkwardness and absurdity of his position,—"something that I 'm very particular about taking."

"Why, what was it?"

"It was—that lamp that used to belong to Professor Huxter," acknowledged Chris.

"Why, Chris!" cried the astonished and distressed lady, "you did n't come back for *that?*"

"Yes, I did, mother. Do you know where it is? I 'm sure I packed it last night."

"Why, yes, you did," was the reply; "but I took it out this morning when I put in the preserves; there was n't room for both."

"Where is it now?" asked the boy, breathlessly.

"I think I left it lying on your bed. But why *did* you want to take the old thing?"

"I *must* take it, mother, or stay at home myself. I —you see, I want to show it to Cousin Bob."

"What interest do you suppose your cousin will have in that ugly old lamp?" almost sobbed the agitated mother. "Oh, Chris, what has been the matter with you lately?"

"There 's nothing the matter with me, mother," said Chris, so touched by her emotion that he was strongly tempted to confess the whole truth. "But wait a minute; I must go and see if the lamp is all right."

As he ran through the hall, he met Doctor Ingalls, who had entered in haste without the ceremony of knocking.

"What are you back for?" asked the old gentleman. "I saw you from my office window, and thought I 'd come over and see what had happened to bring you back. Did you miss the train?"

"Mother will tell you all about it, sir," responded Chris, as he bounded up the stairs, three steps at a time, feverishly anxious to assure himself that the lamp had not been confiscated by the envious Huldah.

The delicious sensation of relief that he experienced when he saw it lying on his bed quite compensated for the mental suffering of the past few minutes. He snatched it up eagerly, fearful that it would disappear before his very eyes; he felt almost like caressing it.

Having carefully wrapped it in an old newspaper, he went down-stairs. As he neared the sitting-room door, he heard Doctor Ingalls say:

"Humor him, ma'am, by all means. It would

be extremely unwise to irritate him and make him more nervous."

"Let them think what they like," mused Chris, with a sigh of resignation. "They 'll change their tune before long."

And, feeling like a martyr, he entered the room, his treasure under his arm.

"I should n't have advised you to come back for your lamp, Chris, my lad," said the doctor, with a gaiety that was plainly put on. "You might have telegraphed, and your mother would have sent it on by express."

Chris mumbled something about being too anxious to bear the waiting.

"Well, you shall take it if you want to, dear," said Mrs. Wagstaff. "I 'd no idea you thought so much of it, or I should n't have taken it out of the bag."

"Well, Mrs. Wagstaff," said the doctor; "can we pack the young rascal's valise again, and send him off by the ten thirty?"

"I don't know that I can ever do anything with this bag," sighed Chris's mother, gazing ruefully at the valise, which now lay open upon the floor. "The jar of watermelon-rind and one of the jars of peaches are broken, and there are peaches all over that beautiful embroidered shirt-front that I was so anxious to have your Aunt Sabina see."

"Oh, I would n't fret about that," said the doctor, who was decidedly nervous; "and, besides, we must n't let Chris be worried about such trifles. See," — as he removed the debris from the valise,— "the bag is scarcely injured at all. Huldah can repair what little damage is done, in no time; you can repack the bag, and Master Chris can be off at half-past ten, just as if nothing had happened."

"But don't you think you ought to go with him — you or somebody?" asked Mrs. Wagstaff, with an apprehensive glance at Chris.

"No, indeed? — by no means, ma'am," returned the old gentleman, with a suspiciously boisterous burst of merriment. "You don't want to be bothered by an old fogy like me, do you, Chris? Of course you don't. Ha! ha! ha!"

"I guess I shall be able to get along by myself, sir," replied Chris, demurely.

"Get along by yourself! Of course you will. A bright, healthy — I mean, happy — lad like you does n't want an old fogy doctor trotting round after him, does he? Ha! ha!"

Had ever a boy been placed in such a ridiculously false position before? Chris asked himself. He was strongly inclined to summon the genie, and put an end to the mystery at once. But he restrained the impulse; and presently started once more for the station, this time in Doctor Ingalls's buggy.

"Have a first-rate time at your cousin's, Chris," said the good old doctor, in parting with the boy. "Get all the outdoor exercise you can — the more the better. Let 's see! the Dusenbury Base-ball Club is going to have a match with the Lincolnville Club to-morrow. Why, you 'll be just in time! The game is to be played in Lincolnville, and you 're one of the Dusenbury nine, if I 'm not mistaken."

"I was; I 'm not now," said Chris, reddening.

The fact is, he had been "frozen out" of the Dusenbury Club, a week before, for his phenomenally bad playing — it having been generally conceded that most of the club's defeats that season were due to his errors.

Doctor Ingalls saw that by this last remark he had blundered, and was glad of an excuse to take his leave.

"Here comes the train," he said, "and 'Nancy,' old as she is, gets frisky when she sees the cars, so I 'll have to be off. Good-by!"

This time Chris's journey was accomplished without interruption. At just eleven o'clock he stepped out upon the platform at Lincolnville, where he found his cousin awaiting him.

"I did n't expect to see you here, Bob," Chris said, as he shook hands with the blue-eyed, freckle-faced little lad who advanced to meet him. "It 's lucky you happened to be here. Going to the mill?"

"Why, no," replied Bob, "I came on purpose to meet you. We got both the telegrams."

"What telegrams?" asked Chris.

"Why, your mother's. The first one said you 'd be here at eight-forty; and I was here to meet you, but you did n't come. 'Most as soon as I got home, the other one came. I 've got *that* in my pocket."

"Let me see it, will you, Bob?"

"Here 't is." And Bob produced it. "It says: 'Chris detained will take ten thirty be

careful of him will write.' Those telegraph fellows don't pay much attention to punctuation, do they, Chris? Well, how are you feeling? Do you think you can walk as far as the Baptist church? I had to hitch 'Firefly' there, 'cause he can't stand the cars. You might lean on my arm."

"What do I want to lean on your arm for?" said Chris, snappishly. "I can walk alone. What did you bring the horse for, anyway?"

"Why, mother thought you 'd have to ride," replied Bob, with wide-open eyes. "The first telegram said you were awful sick. But you look well enough."

"I *am* well," said Chris.

"Your folks think you 're sick, though."

"Yes, they do," admitted Chris, with a smile in which there was much more of vexation than mirth.

Again was the luckless youth fated to be misunderstood. Bob's countenance was expanded by a grin as he said:

"*Well*, Chris, I calc'late I see through the millstone *now*. So that 's your latest scheme for getting out of going to school? If I hated the Academy as much as you do, I 'd get my father to send me to boarding-school. Why, you could — "

"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Chris, impatiently. "Come along."

And he started for the Baptist church at so rapid a pace that little Bob had to trot very energetically to keep up with him.

So his coming had been heralded by telegrams — smuggled out of the house, of course, by Huldah — and they would be followed by a letter detailing all the symptoms of his imagined illness! It seemed certain that his position during his enforced visit to Lincolnville would be quite as ridiculous as that he had occupied at home during the past few days.

"You ain't mad at me, are you, Chris?" asked Bob, timidly, as his companion began unhitching Firefly, a dark frown on his brow.

Bob Green cherished the sincerest affection and admiration for his cousin Chris; he firmly believed that Chris was one of the most remarkable boys the country had produced, and was never tired of extolling his talents and acquirements to whoever would listen. A word or a smile of approval from his cousin meant more to Bob than Chris ever guessed.

This constant tacit acknowledgment of an inferiority that really did not exist was gratifying to Chris, as such concessions, whether deserved or not, are to most of us; and he usually adopted a rather patronizing air toward his cousin, quite willing to believe that Bob's estimate of him was a correct one.

"Of course I 'm not mad," he said, with a laugh. "What a funny fellow you are, Bob! You always think a fellow 's down on you if he only looks crooked at you."

"I thought maybe you did n't like what I said about your not wanting to go to school," ventured Bob.

"Oh, that 's all right. Jump in, Bob. I 'll drive. G' long, Firefly! Now, then, Bobby, what 's the news?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied Bob. "We had the sewing-circle at our house last night, and I ate so much cake that I have n't felt first-rate since. Guess that 's about all the news there is, except"—and the boy's countenance fell — "that Ned Collins is sick."

"Who is Ned Collins?" asked Chris, without much interest.

"Don't you remember him? — big, tall fellow with red hair. He 's the pitcher in our base-ball club, and the match with the Dusenbury nine has got to be called off because he 's sick."

"Can't you get anybody else to pitch?" asked Chris.

"No; there 's not a fellow in town that can take Ned's place. He 's a daisy pitcher, I tell you; and there 's nothing for it but to put off the game till he gets well."

"See here!" exclaimed Chris, in sudden excitement, "maybe there *is* something for it. Have the Dusenbury fellows been notified?"

"Not yet; we 're going to send 'em word this afternoon."

"Then why can't *I* take Collins's place?"

"You?" gasped Bob, turning a little pale at the idea.

"Why, yes."

"Well," Bob stammered, "I don't know what the fellows will say. You see, you — that is, I — I mean we heard that — "

"Oh, I know what you heard," interrupted

Chris, hotly. "You heard that I was a 'hoodoo.'"

"Well, I — I mean we —"

"Yes, that 's what you heard. You 've been told that the Dusenbury Club could n't win a game as long as I was a member of it, and that they got rid of me on that account. That 's what they say, is n't it?"

"Yes, it is," Bob blurted out desperately.

"I thought so," said Chris. "Well, now, you listen to me, old fellow. Put me in as pitcher to-morrow, and I 'll win the game for you as sure as you 're born."

"'SO YOU 'RE JOHN WAGSTAFF'S BOY, BE YEOU?' SAID MRS. STORMS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Do you mean it?" stammered Bob, his eyes as big and round as saucers.

"Don't I generally mean what I say?" demanded Chris rather haughtily.

"Y-yes, I think you do."

"You *know* I do. I want to get even with those Dusenbury fellows, and I can do it by pitching for your club to-morrow."

"I believe you can, Chris," exclaimed Bob, persuaded by Chris's confidence.

"Of course I can. I know what I am talking about, Bob. Just get me appointed pitcher, and — well, you 'll see something surprising."

"I 'll do all I can, Chris," said Bob, his face flushed with enthusiasm; "and I guess I can manage it."

"I know you can manage it. Those Dusenbury fellows would n't let me pitch, Bob; I might as well tell you the whole truth. All I could do with them was to play right-field, and I was n't even good enough for that, after a few games. I had hard luck, Bob, that 's all there is to it; but I know what is in me, and — you mark my words — if I pitch to-morrow you won't be sorry you got me the chance."

"I know I sha'n't, Chris," cried Bob; "and I 'm going to do it. The fellows *must* agree, that 's all there is about it."

They had now reached their destination. Mrs. Green stood in the doorway awaiting them.

Chris's Aunt Sabina, his mother's sister, was a tall, thin, severe lady, with a high-pitched voice, an acid smile, and a deeply rooted dislike and distrust of boys — which three accomplishments she had acquired during a twenty-years' experience as district "schoolma'am."

"You don't *look* sick, Christopher," she said, giving him a chilly hand. "Is it your liver? Your father's folks always were an unhealthy lot."

Chris replied that he did n't think there was much the matter with him, and ran up-stairs with Bob, who was eager to show Chris his new fishing-tackle.

"Oh, I forgot," said Chris, when the tackle

had been inspected and admired. "I 've got some things for your mother; we 'd better take them down to her." And he opened the bag and took out two jars of peaches; the third jar that Mrs. Wagstaff had desired to send had been left out to make room for the lamp.

"Who 's that for?" asked Bob, picking up the lamp.

"It is n't for anybody," returned Chris; "it 's mine. Be careful not to rub it," he added nervously.

"Guess I sha'n't hurt it," said Bob. "Most of the plating is worn off, anyway."

"Give it to me." And Chris snatched it rather rudely from his cousin's hands.

"I 'm sure I don't want it," sniffed Bob, a little offended. "What did you bring a thing like that with you for?"

"It 's valuable," said Chris. "It 's awful old, and — and I should n't wonder if it was worth a good deal."

"I don't believe a junkman would give you two cents for it," replied Bob, coolly. "Where did you get it?"

Chris explained, then locked the lamp carefully in the valise, saying mysteriously:

"You 're likely to see more of it in the future. That 's no common lamp, Bob."

"It 's uncommonly ugly," said little Bob. "I guess it won't worry me any if I never see it again. Well, shall we go down-stairs?"

Chris assented, and the two boys descended to the lower floor, each carefully carrying a jar of peaches.

Mrs. Green received the offering with an air of dignity and condescension befitting her rank of ex-schoolma'am, merely remarking:

"Your mother always was great on putting up preserves. I 'm not saying it to blame her, you understand. We can't all be alike, and it 's a wise dispensation of Providence that we can't."

After this characteristic speech, — to which Chris, with a remorseful glance at the peaches, gurgled an inaudible response, — Mrs. Green turned jerkily to a severe-looking old lady in a stiff black silk dress and mitts, who sat near the window glaring at Chris, and said:

"Aunt, this is Christopher Wagstaff. Christopher, this is Mrs. Storms, Mr. Green's aunt, who is spending a few days with us. She occupies the spare room, so you and Robert will have to sleep together."

"So you 're John Wagstaff's boy, be yeou?" said Mrs. Storms, surveying Chris as if indignant at his presumption in daring to exist. "Yeou don't look the least mite like him. I remember yeour father years afore he ever thought o' marryin' yeour mother. He was a fine-lookin' man. Dew yeou go tew school?"

Chris meekly replied in the affirmative.

"What dew yeou study?"

These were the first of the regular series of questions — most school-boys know them by heart — which Chris had been obliged for years to answer whenever his mother had a caller. He knew what was coming, and with a stifled sigh resigned himself to go through the list.

When Mrs. Storms's curiosity had been satisfied, and she had given her victim some good advice, — offered with a dismal air of being morally certain that he would never follow it, — she dismissed him, and the two boys bolted out.

"She 's an odd one, is n't she?" said Bob, with a grimace. "She does n't like me. She said yesterday she was glad I was n't her boy, and I told her that I was glad, too. That made her mad, and she complained to father; but he only laughed, and that made her madder yet. What makes some old women so ugly, do you s'pose, Chris? — and others so nice? But never mind about her; let 's go down to the school. We 'll be just in time to see the fellows when they come out, and maybe we can settle the pitcher business right off."

They met the Lincolnville Club boys just outside the High School grounds. The proposition to install Chris as pitcher was received with very little favor, for several members of the club were familiar with his record; but Bob's eloquence, and Chris's earnest assurance that he would certainly win the game for them if they would appoint him, made an impression, and a meeting of the members was appointed for four o'clock. At that gathering Chris's absolute confidence in his powers convinced the boys, against their better judgment, that it would be safe to give him the position he desired, and by a unanimous vote it was decided to do so.

When Bob delightedly announced this triumph at the supper-table, Mrs. Storms stated that base-ball had been unknown when she was a girl, and that she had never heard of its leading to any good; at which Mrs. Green sighed, and Mr. Green, a timid, nervous little man, who had been about to say something cheerful, coughed abjectly and remarked that a good deal could be said on that point.

All this did not depress the two boys, however. They had as jolly an evening as was possible under the same roof with the uncompromising Mrs. Storms, and went to bed early.

For more than an hour they conversed in whispers about the coming game. Bob's last words before falling asleep were:

"I like Ned Collins first-rate, but I 'm kind of glad he 's sick. You 'll win the game, Chris; you 'll win — you 'll — "

Then a long sigh announced that the tired boy had yielded to the kindly conqueror, Sleep.

It was not long before Chris, too, was snoring in as undignified and commonplace a manner as if he had not been owner of the wonderful lamp, and master of all the treasures of the world.

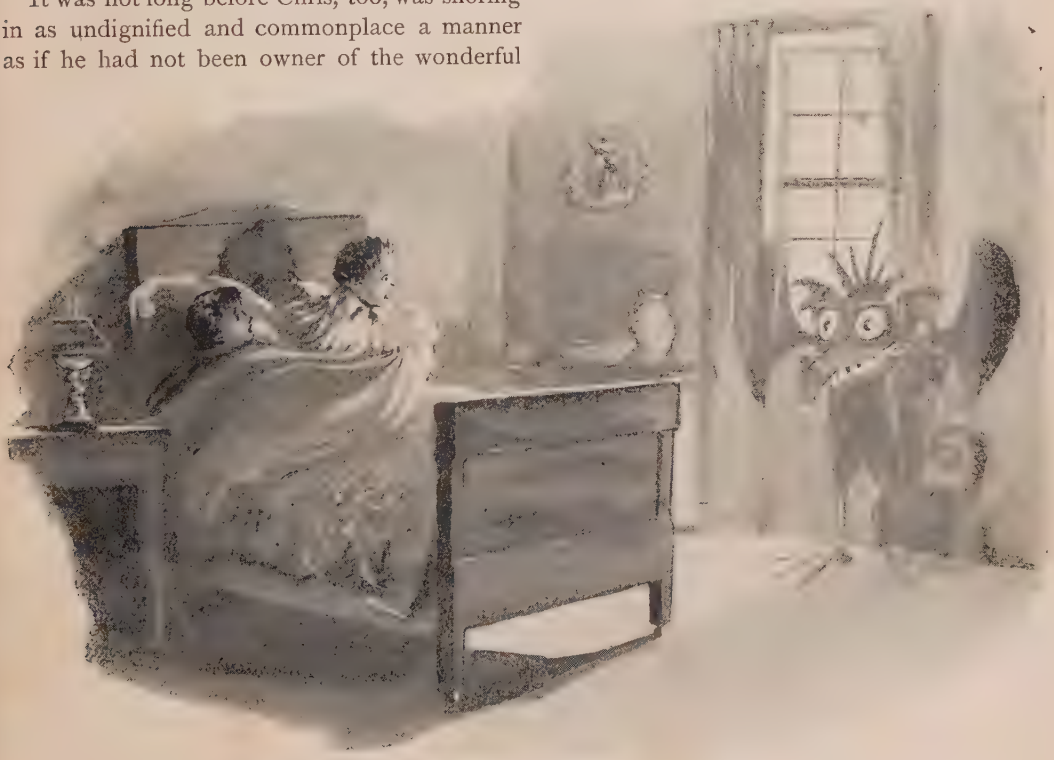
Just how long he remained unconscious he never knew, but he was presently awakened by a loud noise, and opening his eyes he saw Bob sitting up in bed staring at a horrible-looking creature resembling a dragon, that stood near the window.

"Well, what are your commands?" said the apparition in a voice that made the window-sashes rattle.

Chris instantly comprehended the situation. He had placed the lamp under his pillow before going to bed. Either he or Bob had unconsciously rubbed the lamp in his sleep, and the genie had responded, this time appearing in a new and certainly an awe-inspiring shape.

"I 'm not speaking to *you*," added the genie, turning his fiery eyes on Chris. "This young man is my master, now."

(To be continued.)



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

By Brander Matthews.

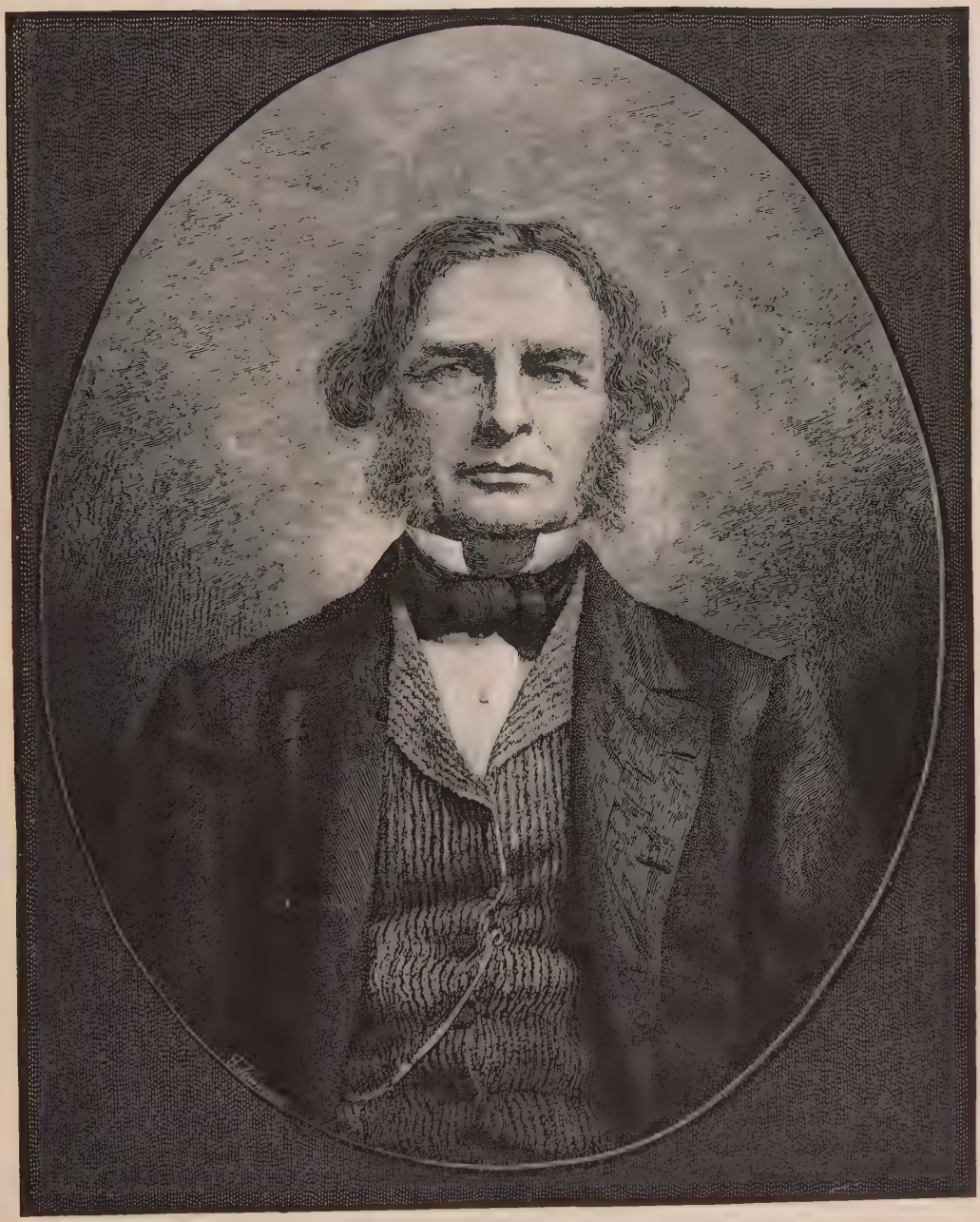
In the first ten years of the nineteenth century, there were born in New England five of the foremost authors of America. Emerson and Hawthorne were four and three years older than Longfellow. Whittier and Holmes were respectively ten months and two years younger. As they grew up and began to write, and got to know one another, these authors became friends; and their friendship lasted with their lives. One after another they all gained fame; and although not the greatest of the five, perhaps, Longfellow was always the most popular. Not merely in the United States and Great Britain, but in Canada and Australia and India, and wherever the English language is spoken, there were readers in plenty for the gentle, the manly, the beautiful verses of Longfellow.

His mother's father had been a general in the Revolutionary army. His mother's brother (after whom he was named) had been an officer in the American navy, losing his life in Preble's attack on Tripoli. His father, once a member of Congress, was one of the leading lawyers of Portland. And it was in that pleasant Maine city that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born, on February 27, 1807. There he passed his childhood. There he got that liking for the sea and for ships and for sailors which was to give a salt-water savor to so many of his ballads. There, as he grew to boyhood, he browsed amid the books of his father's ample library, feeling his love for literature steadily growing.

He was a school-boy of twelve when the first numbers of Irving's "Sketch-Book" appeared, and he read it "with ever-increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie." A few months before the "Sketch-Book" began, Bryant had published his "Thanatopsis," and others of his earlier poems followed soon; so the school-boy in Portland came under the influence of Bryant's poetry almost at the same time he felt the charm of Irving's prose. When he was only thirteen the young Longfellow began to write verses of his own, some of which were printed in the newspapers. He was only fourteen when he passed the entrance examinations of Bowdoin College, where he was to have Hawthorne as a classmate.

Long before his college course was over he had made up his mind to become a man of letters. In his last year at Bowdoin, being then eighteen, he wrote to his father: "I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns ardently for it, and every earthly thought centers in it." But here in America, in 1825, no man could hope to support himself by prose and verse. Fortunately just then a professorship of modern languages was founded in Bowdoin, and the position was offered to Longfellow, with permission to spend several years in Europe fitting himself for his duties. He accepted eagerly; and his sojourn in France and Spain, in Italy and Germany, made him master of the four great European languages with their marvelous literatures. He studied hard and wrote little while he was away. At last, in 1829, being then twenty-two, he returned to his native land and settled down to teach his fellow-countrymen what he had learned abroad.

In 1831 he married Miss Mary Potter. In addition to his work in the college, he found time to write critical articles on foreign literature. He seems to have had but few poetic impulses at this period; and his thoughts expressed themselves more naturally in prose. The influence of Irving is visible in a series of rambling travel-sketches, finally revised for publication as a book in 1833, under the title "Outre-Mer: a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea." It has not a little of the charm of the "Sketch-Book," with a



Henry W. Longfellow

deeper poetic grace of its own and a more romantic touch. The year after this first venture into literature, Longfellow was called to the professorship of modern languages at Harvard College. Again he went to Europe for further study, being absent for a year and a half; but his journey was saddened by the death of his wife.

Toward the end of 1836 he took up his abode in Cambridge, where he was to reside for the rest of his life — for forty-five years. He was made to feel at home in the society of the scholars who clustered about Harvard, then almost the sole center of culture in the country. His work for the college was not so exacting that he had not time for literature. The impulse to write poetry returned; yet the next book he published was the prose "Hyperion," which appeared in 1839, and which, though it has little plot or action, may be called a romance. The youthful and poetic hero, a passionate pilgrim in Europe, was, more or less, a reflection of Longfellow himself. A few months later, in the same year, he published his first volume of poetry — "Voices of the Night," in which he reprinted certain of his earlier verses, most of them written while he was at Bowdoin. Some of these boyish verses show the influence of Bryant, and others reveal to us that the young poet had not yet looked at life for himself, but still saw it through the stained-glass windows of European tradition. The same volume contained also some more recent poems: "The Beleaguered City," and "The Reaper and the Flowers," and the "Psalm of Life" — perhaps the first of his poems to win a swift and abiding popularity. These lyrics testified that Longfellow was beginning to have a style of his own. As Hawthorne wrote to him, "Nothing equal to them was ever written in this world — this western world, I mean."

Certainly no American author had yet written any poem of the kind so good as the best of those in Longfellow's volume of "Ballads," printed two years later. Better than any other American poet Longfellow had mastered the difficulties of the story in song; and he knew how to combine the swiftness and the picturesqueness the ballad requires. His ballads have more of the oldtime magic, more of the early simplicity, than those of any other modern English author. Of its kind, there is nothing better in the language than "The Skeleton in Armor," with its splendid lyric swing; and "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Wreck of the 'Hesperus'" are almost as good in their humbler sphere. "Excelsior," in the same volume, voices the noble aspirations of youth, and has been taken to heart by thousands of boys and girls.

He went to Europe again in 1842 for his health; and on the voyage home he wrote eight "Poems on Slavery," which he published soon after he landed. The next year he married Miss Frances Appleton. About the same time he published "The Spanish Student," a play not intended for the theater, and lacking the dramatic action the stage demands. Neither the "Poems on Slavery" nor "The Spanish Student" showed him at his best; but three years after the latter he published "The Belfry of Bruges," in which were to be found more than one of his finest poems, among them "The Old Clock on the Stair" and "The Arsenal at Springfield."

Longfellow had not been intimate at college with his classmate Hawthorne, but he wrote a cordial review of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," and it was from Hawthorne that he heard the pathetic legend of the two Acadian lovers parted on their marriage morn, when the people of the French province were shipped away by the British authorities. "If you do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem," he said; and Hawthorne willingly gave it up. This was the germ of "Evangeline," which Longfellow published in 1847, and which was accepted at once as his masterpiece. It was the most beautiful and the most touching tale in verse yet told by any American poet; and its charm was increased greatly by the skill with which the natural scenery of America, and our varying seasons, were used to furnish a background before which the simple figures of the story moved with fidelity to life. Even the strange native names were invested with magic.

In 1849 Longfellow published his last prose book, "Kavanagh," a dreamy tale which Hawthorne hailed as a true picture of life — "as true

as those reflections of the trees and banks that I used to see in the Concord; but refined to a higher degree than they, as if the reflection were itself reflected." The next year he gathered into a volume called "The Seaside and the Fireside" a score of short poems, including "The Fire of Driftwood" and "The Building of the Ship." With the sea as a subject, Longfellow had always a double share of inspiration, for he had retained in manhood his boyish love for the deep, and his sympathetic understanding of its mysteries.

As his poetic powers ripened and won prompt recognition, the daily labor of the classroom became more irksome to him, and at last, in 1854, he resigned his professorship. But he continued to reside in Cambridge, dwelling in the Craigie House, which had been Washington's headquarters. Longfellow's father-in-law had bought the house for him, and it is now known as the Longfellow House. The cultivated society of the little town was very congenial, and he had many friends near in Boston and in Concord.

Like all true artists, he was greatly interested in his craft, and was fond of verse-making experiments. He had a delicate ear, and he felt the fitness of certain measures for certain themes. For "Evangeline" he chose a form of verse suggested by the verse of the "Iliad" and the "Æneid"; and how well this suited his subject can be seen by reading this description of the song of the mocking-bird:

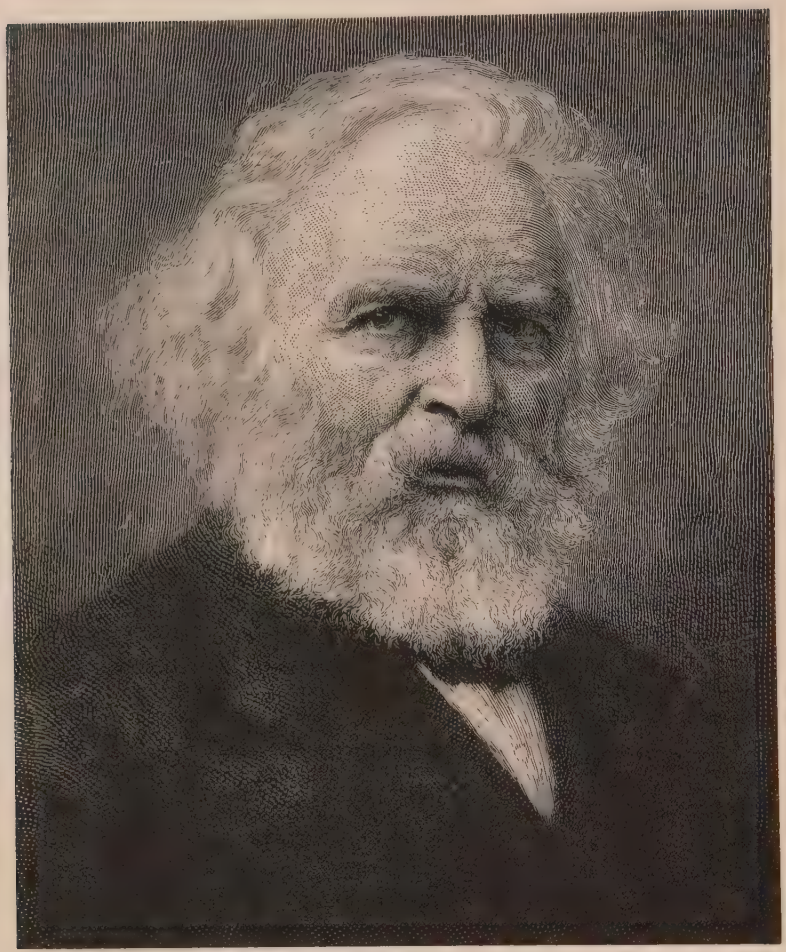
> Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
> Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
> Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
> That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
> Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
> Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
> Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful low lamentation;
> Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
> As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
> Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.

Now compare the same description as Longfellow himself rewrote it in the customary rhymed couplets:

> Upon a spray that overhung the stream,
> The mocking-bird, awaking from his dream,
> Poured such delirious music from his throat
> That all the air seemed listening to his note.
> Plaintive at first the song began, and slow;
> It breathed of sadness, and of pain and woe;
> Then, gathering all his notes, abroad he flung
> The multitudinous music from his tongue,—
> As, after showers, a sudden gust again
> Upon the leaves shakes down the rattling rain.

In his next long poem Longfellow attempted another new meter, borrowed from a Finnish poet. He was always interested in the American Indian, and one of his earliest poems was "The Burial of the Minnesink," as one of his latest was "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-face." He now decided that the mythical legends of the red men could be woven into a poem of which an Indian should be the central figure. The simple rhythm was exactly suited to the simple story. "Hiawatha" was published in 1853, and its instant success surpassed that of "Evangeline," which was its only rival among the longer poems of American authors upon a peculiarly American subject. The easy verses sang themselves into the memory of all who read the poem; and the descriptions of nature delighted all who had kept their eyes open as they walked through our American woods and fields.

Encouraged by the hearty welcome given to these two American poems, Longfellow, in 1858, published a third, "The Courtship of Miles Standish." In this he told no pathetic tale of parted lovers, nor did he draw on the quaint lore of the red men; he took his story from the annals of his own ancestors, the sturdy founders of New England. As it happened, he himself (like his fellow-poet, Bryant) was a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, whose wooing he narrated. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is only less popular than its predecessors, "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha"; all three have been taken to heart by the American people; all were composed during the brightest years of the poet's life, when his family were growing up about him, when he was in the full possession of his powers, and had already achieved fame.



LONGFELLOW IN LATER LIFE.

Suddenly an awful calamity befel him in the death of his wife by accident. One sad day in July, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow's light dress caught fire from a match fallen on the floor. The poet rushed to her aid; but despite all his efforts, her injuries were fatal. She died the next morning. Longfellow himself was so severely burned that he was unable to be present at her funeral.

When his wounds healed he was still broken in spirit. To give himself occupation, and to help him bear his sorrow, he translated into English the "Divine Comedy" of Dante. He found the labor restful and consoling; and in time he completed his translation, which was published in 1867. But while laboring on this long task he had not given up original composition. In 1863 he had sent forth a volume of poems containing the ringing lines on the sinking of the "Cumberland"; and in 1867 another collection in which was included his touching poem on the burial of Hawthorne.

During these years also Longfellow was engaged on a work exactly suited to his powers. As a poet he was not primarily a thinker, like Emerson, nor was he chiefly a musician in verse, like Poe; he was above all a ballad-singer, a teller of stories fit to be said or sung. Certain of his friends were in the habit of spending the summer at the old tavern of Sudbury, and this suggested to the poet the framework of a book. He has represented a group of guests gathered about the fire, and beguiling the time with story-telling. The first part of these "Tales of a Wayside Inn" was published in 1863, and two other parts followed in 1872

and 1873. Among the tales are some of Longfellow's best ballads,—such as "Paul Revere's Ride," "King Robert of Sicily," and "Scanderbeg."

In the spring of 1868 Longfellow went with his daughters to Europe, and received everywhere an admiring welcome. In England both Oxford and Cambridge conferred honorary degrees on him; and the Queen invited him to dine with her at Windsor Castle. He spent the winter in Rome, and came home in 1869.

After his return Longfellow took up and finished his longest work—"Christus, a Mystery," in which he finally combined the "Divine Tragedy," the "Golden Legend," and the "New England Tragedies." His liking for the dramatic form grew in his later years; and the "Masque of Pandora," which he published in 1875, was actually set to music and sung on the stage, but with little success. Afterward he wrote another tragedy—"Judas Maccabæus"; and after his death yet another, "Michael Angelo," was found almost finished in his desk. There are fine passages in all these poems in dialogue; but none of his attempts at play-making were received with the popular approval which greeted his songs and his sonnets.

Two of the longer of his later poems—the "Hanging of the Crane" (1874) and "Keramos" (1878)—showed that his hand had not lost its cunning as the poet grew older; and nothing he had written exceeded in sonorous rhythm and in lofty sentiment the poem which he read in 1875 at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Bowdoin, and which he called "Morituri Salutamus" ("We who are about to die salute you"). His poetic gift continued to ripen and to bear mellow fruit to the end of his life; and among the lyrics in his final volumes—"Ultima Thule," published in 1880, and "In the Harbor," printed after his death in 1882—were poems as tender and as delicate in their strength as any he had written in his youth: "The Chamber over the Gate," for example, and the very last verses he ever wrote—"The Bells of San Blas."

It was on March 15, 1882, when Longfellow had just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, that he penned the final lines of this final poem:

> Out of the shadows of the night
> The world rolls into light.
> It is daybreak everywhere.

The eighteenth was a Saturday; and in the afternoon there came four school-boys from Boston, who had asked permission to visit him. He showed them the view of the Charles from the window of his study, and with his customary kindness he wrote his autograph in their albums. That night he was seized with pain; but would not disturb the household until the morning. He lingered a week, and died on Friday, March 24, 1882. He was buried the next Sunday in Mount Auburn Cemetery, "under the gently falling snow."

Longfellow is the most popular poet yet born in America; and if we can measure popular approval by the wide-spread sale of his successive volumes, he was probably the most popular poet of the English language in this century. Part of his popularity is due to his healthy mind, his calm spirit, his vigorous sympathy. His thought, though often deep, was never obscure. His lyrics had always a grace that took the ear with delight. They have a singing simplicity, caught, it may be, from the German lyrists, such as Uhland or Heine. This simplicity was the result of rare artistic repression; it was not due to any poverty of intellect. Like Victor Hugo in France, Longfellow in America was the poet of childhood. And as he understood the children, so he also sympathized with the poor, the toiling, the lowly—not looking down on them, but glorifying their labor, and declaring the necessity of it and the nobility of work. He could make the barest life seem radiant with beauty. He had acquired the culture of all lands, but he understood also the message of his own country. He thought that the best that Europe could bring was none too good for the plain people of America. He was a true American, not only in his stalwart patriotism in the hour of trial, but in his loving acceptance of the doctrine of human equality, and in his belief and trust in his fellow-man.

THE TEE-HEE GIRL.

I KNOW a little maiden, but really, on my word,
You would sooner think this person was a Tee-hee bird.
For no matter what you say,
If it 's sad or if it 's gay,
This silly maiden answers you with "Tee-he-he,"
With a "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

She 's quite a pretty little girl, with bright and smiling eyes,
And, in some things, I understand that she is very wise.
But though she knows her letters,
No matter what her betters
Or her elders may remark to her, this little maiden, she
Is sure to end her answer with a "Tee-he-he,"
With a "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

If you tell her that your pocket is just stuffed all full of toys,
If you tell her you 've a headache and she must not make a noise,
If you tell her she 's your pride,
Or if you scold and chide,
It really is the same to her so far as I can see,
For her answer is a giggle with a "Tee-he-he."
A "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

I have heard this little maiden say that she was very tired;
I have heard her ask for lots of things she very much desired;
But to everything she uttered,
Or mumbled forth or muttered,
She tacked that senseless giggle that is quite devoid of glee —
That foolish little habit of a "Tee-he-he,"
A "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he!"

I sometimes feel quite worried lest an elf of whom I 've heard
Should come along and change this girl into a Tee-hee bird;
When, in all sorts of weather,
With each curl turned to a feather,
She 'd have to sit the livelong day alone upon a tree,
Just calling out to folks below her, "Tee-he-he!"
Her "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A BOY OF THE FIRST EMPIRE.

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XI.

THE PUPILS OF THE GUARD.

The Emperor had been "fooled." For even while detectives and policemen were searching the old Tower of St. Jacques, Philip the page, who had never been near it at all, was walking calmly toward the Street of the Fight, with the recovered hat-buckle safe in his pocket, and in his mind an ardent desire somehow to repay Pierre.

He had haunted the crooked streets of the dirty quarter in which he had come so signally to grief, hoping to gain some clue that would put him on the track of the marauders. When a boy's pride is hurt he will not rest until he can regain his self-esteem, and Philip felt that his duty lay in bringing the guilty ones to justice. If he could do this without the help of Pierre, the deputy doorkeeper, it would prove that boys could be just as wide awake in the Tuileries as among the strange things that went on at La Force.

So, no longer in his imperial livery of crimson and gold, but in the every-day dress of a Paris

boy, Philip was seeking to put to good use his old education of the street, when suddenly, in the narrow and dirty Street of Jean Lantier, near to the unsavory Court of the Miracles, he ran plump against Pierre.

The amateur detectives looked keenly at each other. Then the boy from La Force said to the boy from the Tuileries: "What, it is you, young Desnouettes? And doing what?"

"Hunting those fellows down, my Pierre," Philip replied. "I don't like to let things go unsettled."

"And could you not trust to me, Monsieur the Page? You gain nothing by pushing things."

"I can gain my lost standing at the palace," Philip responded.

"But leave it to me, my boy," said Pierre. "Such a hunt is more in my line than in yours. And we are both ahead of time, we two; but I have your sparklers."

"Good boy, Pierre!" cried jubilant Philip; and added, with boyish assurance, "the Emperor will repay you. Give me the buckle."

"But not in the street, stupid! Would you lose it again?" the young detective whispered. "Come you with me—say, to Citizen Popon's. You remember the place?"

Remember it? Did he not, then? It was the dark wine-cellar in which Philip had overheard the plot against the Emperor, and from which he reckoned the days of his good fortune.

So it came to pass that in the dingy wine-cellar of Citizen Popon, rather than at the old Tower of St. Jacques, the page recovered his lost treasure, and said again and again: "My faith! but you are a clever one—you Pierre. However can I repay you?"

"Wait until I ask you for payment, my Philip," was Pierre's reply; and then and there this successful young amateur detective flatly refused any compensation for tracking the lost gift of an Empress. In so doing lay his shrewdness; for Pierre, though a good fellow, was always looking out for Number One. "Philip is a page of the palace, a favorite of the Emperor, and bound to rise," he reasoned. "If he owes me return for a favor he will always bear me in mind, and I may gain a new step by not taking from him now. It is better to be generous than greedy, and in the end it pays better."

Thus sharply he reasoned; but he simply said, "It 's for old friendship's sake, my boy." And so, after a long talk the boys separated. Pierre went back to his post at the prison of La Force; Philip, hugging close his rescued treasure, sought, not the imperial palace, but the house in the quiet Street of the Fight. There Mademoiselle met him.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried. "And it is you? Tell me quickly! What happened? How did they save you?"

"What happened?" Philip queried. "'*Save*' me? Where?"

"Why, at the Tower of St. Jacques," Mademoiselle replied impatiently. "I found it all out. What happened?"

"But I do not understand you, Mademoiselle," said puzzled Philip. "I have not been to the Tower of St. Jacques."

"No?" Mademoiselle cried excitedly. "And you were not set upon by brigands?"

"Why, no," said the boy. "You see, I met Pierre in the Street of Jean Lantier, before I had reached the tower. And, see, here is the buckle. I have it safe once more."

"But, mercy! what must the Emperor think?" Mademoiselle almost wailed, scarce noticing the brilliants that had made all the bother. "He will say I misled him. Dear me, dear me! Now it is I that am in the wrong, and who will right me?"

Much perplexed, Philip asked for an explanation, and Mademoiselle told her story, and how she had petitioned the Emperor.

"But you saved my life, Mademoiselle," exclaimed the grateful Philip, "even if the danger did not come to me. For, had I not met Pierre before the time appointed, I should have been at the Tower at sunset. Mademoiselle, I thank you"; and, true to the courtliness which had become a part of his daily training, Philip bent over the girl's hand, and kissed it in knightly fashion.

"It is not for me to remain here," he said. "I must hasten to the palace and explain it all. Trust me, Mademoiselle; I will set you right with the Emperor."

Then Citizen Daunou, who had entered the room while Mademoiselle was telling her story, said: "I may be an owl, Mademoiselle, though

why the Emperor should say so passes my knowledge. But this explains certain things. Uncle Fauriel and I lingered late over our researches in the tower; and—would you believe it?—Uncle Fauriel was very nearly arrested by two officials from the Ministry of Police. Uncle Fauriel is so rabid a republican, you know, that he is ever under suspicion; and but for my being recognized by the sergeant of police who came from the market with his men, we should, I think, have been compelled to accompany the detectives as suspicious persons. My faith, though! Is not that the rarest joke? Uncle Fauriel and I were, I now see, very nearly under arrest as the intending assassins of my friend Monsieur the Page, under the special protection of the Emperor. Away, Sir Page! It is not safe for you to linger here. Behold your assassin!"

And Citizen Daunou laughed so heartily that even Mademoiselle's perplexed face broke into smiles, and Philip appreciated the joke quite as fully. But, all the same, it did not free him from a little trepidation as, on his way back to the palace, he thought over the affairs of the day, and prepared himself for a scene with the Emperor.

The "scene," however, was but a mild one. Napoleon had far more important things on his mind than the trials of pages and the woes of over-zealous maidens. Philip, too, had the advantage of being first on the ground. He had made his explanations before the report came from the police; and the Emperor, being spared the confusion that this report might otherwise have created, held the key to the situation, and, happily, looked on it all as a good joke.

"But you were never cut out for a detective, young Desnouettes," he said. "Leave that to others, and do, rather, the duties that are nearest you. As for the girl, she is a bright little creature and a wise one. She meant well. It was only you that blundered into safety without knowing, and so spoiled her excellent little drama. That boy Pierre seems to have been the cleverest one of the lot. I must—see here, you boy; do you know anything of your father?"

PHILIP'S GRATITUDE.

Startled at this sudden change of subject,

Philip looked surprised, but said, "Nothing more than you do, Sire. I have told you all I know of him."

"Nor of your family?"

"Nothing, Sire."

"So! Well — let me see — that boy Pierre, some day I may find use for his cleverness."

And Philip was dismissed, relieved but puzzled.

But so many other things were afoot in that busy summer of 1811 that a boy's concerns were speedily forgotten, and even the boy himself was so full of crowding duties as to have little time for queries and conjectures.

The month of June was one round of festivity, ceremonial, and display. It was the baptismal month of the baby King of Rome.

Napoleon the Emperor was at the height of his power. Kings were his vassals, and conquered nations were his domains. All of Europe, save only Russia and the British Isles, was subject or ally to France. The little man in the green uniform was the foremost man of all the world.

He had won his eminence by the force of his genius, the strength of his will, the brilliancy of his successes, and by hard work. For in all his vast domain there was no more tireless worker than the Emperor Napoleon the First.

No one appreciated this more than Philip the page. Many a time, far into the night, had he waited the imperial commands, or run upon the imperial errands, until tired legs refused to do their duty, and the curly head dropped, dead with sleep, upon the wearied arm.

The month of June in the year 1811 seemed the crowning point of all the magnificence of the First Empire. It was a month of display — one continued fête — in honor of the little King's baptism.

Philip had been one of the retinue that had escorted the imperial family from St. Cloud to the Tuileries on the afternoon of the sixth of June. With the other pages he had hung upon the backboard of the imperial coach, as on the next day — Sunday, the seventh of June — it was driven through a living lane of glittering helmets and nodding plumes, where a double row of the troops of the line and of the Imperial Guard stretched from the palace of the Tuileries to the cathedral of Notre Dame. Under the garlanded portal and into the brilliantly lighted church he had passed as one of the glittering procession. And there, in sight of a throng of princes and peers, of great officials of the crown, of cardinals and bishops and archbishops, of the senate, the court, and the mayors of the great cities of the Empire, regal in a coat of silver tissue embroidered with ermine, and with its train upheld by a marshal of the Empire; with his mother, the Empress, walking in imperial state under one gorgeous canopy, and his famous father, the Emperor, under another gorgeous canopy; with a princess bearing his baptismal candle, a princess holding his chrism-cloth, a countess carrying his salt-cellar, and all about him princes and dukes, chamberlains and marshals, grand "eagles," grand equerries, grand masters, and grand — lots of other things! With ushers and heralds and orderlies and pages; supported by his nurses and governesses; with an emperor for a godfather and a queen for a godmother,— this one little baby, Francis Charles Joseph Napoleon Bonaparte, King of Rome and heir to France, was presented for baptism at the high altar of the grand old church which had been the scene of so many great and marvelous and curious ceremonials, but never of one more magnificent than this.

So the baby was baptized. Then, in sight of the whole assembly, while the organ pealed out the *Jubilate*, and the First Herald at Arms, standing in the choir, cried out, "Long live the King of Rome!" the baby's proud father held his son aloft where all might see His Little Magnificence. Then all the crowded church, all the packed square without, and all the listening city raised a mighty shout: "Long live the King of Rome! Long live the Emperor!"

Do you imagine that Philip would have missed that? Not for the world! His voice was hoarse from shouting; his face was flushed with enthusiasm. He was proud of his position, proud that he was alive, that he was a Frenchman, that he was a boy of Paris, that he was a page of the Emperor!

Nor would he willingly have missed the great entertainment at the City Hall, where,

after the baptismal ceremony, the Emperor dined in public, with his crown upon his head, the Empress by his side, kings and queens on his right and left, for all the world like that great Emperor of old — Charlemagne — whose state he patterned after, and whose title he assumed. For, you see, the Emperor Napoleon was always dramatic, always startling, always effective, in whatever he undertook. Whether he kidnapped a king, or stole a pope, or "absorbed" a kingdom, or won a battle, or gave a ball, he did it so splendidly that even his enemies marveled, and all the world wondered at the audacity of this little man who had carved his way from nothing to a throne, and had filled the world with his name.

To this baptismal ceremony and banquet succeeded days and days of magnificence. And Philip was able to make the claim of the old Roman: "All of which I saw, and part of which I was." For, as page of the palace, he was on duty at almost every "high function."

There were banquets and balls, shows and processions, festivals and fêtes, street parades and water parades, tournaments, fireworks, and balloon ascensions, and everything that busy brains could devise or lavish expenditure could procure to please the people, show the grandeur of the Empire, and do honor to the one who, probably, took the least interest in it all — a pretty little baby boy, only three months old.

At the Tuileries, at St. Cloud, at stately Versailles, and at beautiful Rambouillet the summer passed in pleasure and parade and a blaze of glory; for these were the palmy days of the Empire, the climax of Napoleon's power.

And one day in the Place of the Carrousel, the great open square in front of the palace of the Tuileries, where the Emperor held his weekly reviews of the Imperial Guard, there came a new surprise.

It was a beautiful August day. The splendid palace, outlined against the clear Parisian sky, made a grand background for the mass of moving color, as battalion after battalion wheeled and circled and charged and manœuvered. Cavalry and infantry marched and countermarched, plumes nodded, bayonets flashed, helmets glittered, bands played, display was everywhere.

Then, while the regiments stood at rest, the gay strains of other military bands were heard, and into the square, beneath the triumphal arch crowned by the great bronze horses of St. Mark's, Venice, came rank upon rank, in soldierly array, spick and span in their new uniforms of green and gold, eight thousand little foot-soldiers, not one of whom was yet in his teens.

As steadily as veterans, as solid as the Old Guard itself, every boy doing his best, every eye "front," every hand shouldering a toy musket or carrying a dwarf sword, the Lilliputian battalions halted and faced the smiling veterans.

The Emperor appeared. The boys went through their manœuvers with precision and ease. And when the review was over the Emperor, standing midway between his veterans and his boy brigade, pointed to the little soldiers, and said to his grenadiers:

"Soldiers of my Guard, behold your children! These are the Pupils of the Guard, the sons of those who have fallen in battle for France, the defenders upon whose valor the future of my empire must rest. To them I confide the guarding of my son, as I have confided myself to you. For them I require, from you, friendship and protection."

Then facing the boyish brigade, he said: "My children, in attaching you to my Guard I give you a difficult duty. But I shall trust in you. I know that some day it will be said of you: 'These children are worthy of their fathers.' Pupils of the Guard! from this day you are in the service of the King of Rome."

"Long live the Emperor!" From the Guard and its "Pupils," and from the thousands who witnessed the double review, the mighty shout went up. Philip's voice helped to swell the shout. He had regarded the little Pupils of the Guard with all that patronage of superiority that fifteen accords to ten. But he was enthusiastic none the less, and led off in a fresh hail of "Long live the King of Rome! Long live the Pupils of the Guard!"

In the midst of this outburst his shout changed suddenly to a cry of recognition and joy. For, in the little knot of non-commissioned officers who had accompanied the Pu-

pils of the Guard, and whom he supposed to be their preceptors, he caught a glimpse of a familiar face. That wooden leg, that grizzled mustache, that stalwart figure, that proudly displayed cross of the Legion of Honor, that air of confidence and self-recognized ability — it could be none other! In a moment Philip had rushed across the parade, and flung himself upon the unresisting veteran.

The boy's eyes had not played him false. It was old Corporal Peyrolles — Peyrolles the wooden-legged — Peyrolles of St. Cyr!

Chapter XII.

How Philip baited the Russian bear.

"Peyrolles! Dear old Peyrolles! Where, then, do you come from?" Philip cried, hugging the veteran in a frenzy of delight.

"Why, your Serene Mightiness, if your Imperial Magnificence will but grant me space to breathe," Corporal Peyrolles replied, struggling to salute his captor, "I would say in answer, from the School of the Pupils of the Guard at Vincennes, most Noble Nobility."

"And when did you leave St. Cyr?"

"With your Excellency's permission, I would answer, your Serene Mightiness, just two months ago."

"But whatever is the matter with you, 'high-mightinessing' me like that, you Peyrolles?" Philip cried, casting a laughing look of puzzled inquiry upon the veteran's stolid face. "Why — don't you know me? — me — Cadet Desnouettes of St. Cyr?"

"So! Is it young Desnouettes?" exclaimed Peyrolles, catching the boy by the arm. "Why, to be sure — the very same boy — or, pardon me — your Imperial Excellency. And what may you be, all so fine in your crimson and gold?"

"Why, what should I be?" Philip replied. "A page of the palace, of course."

"What! over a year at court, and only a page yet?" Peyrolles exclaimed. "You are slow, you boy. By this time, as titles are going yonder, you should be a Hereditary Grand Duke, or a First Grand Marshal of the Blood Royal, at the very least."

"You dear old grumbler!" cried Philip, giving the veteran another hug. And then he laughed; for now he saw through Peyrolles's perplexing play with imperial adjectives. The old fellow did not approve of this flow of titles and honors that pervaded the court of the Emperor. Corporal Peyrolles was jealous.

"Why, look you, young Desnouettes," he said; "you can't throw a stone in Paris, anywhere, without hitting a title. And what were they all? No better than Peyrolles once. Murat a king! I marched with him at Arcola. Ney a prince! I fought beside him at Marengo. Bessières a duke! I saved his life at Austerlitz. Duroc a grand something or other at the palace! I helped him through the sand at the Pyramids. Why, even old Clubfoot, whom we drove out of the republic for an emigrant, is a prince, if you please, and weaves his web about the Emperor."

The old corporal grew so heated over this title-giving to those whom he had known as "nobodies" and subalterns, that Philip was forced to stop the tirade for fear of listeners.

But Peyrolles was right, none the less. The craze for titles and position was undermining the Empire. The Corsican lieutenant who had been the friend of the Robespierres, the general of the Revolution who had made the Republic triumphant over the kings of Europe, had now become as great a royalist as Louis XVI., as firm an upholder of the divine right of kings as his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria. He was welcoming back the emigrant nobles who had been exiled because they were royalists, and was scattering titles among his supporters like prizes at a rifle-match.

But though an old soldier of the Republic like Peyrolles might grumble, and an old revolutionist like Uncle Fauriel might growl, the attaché of an imperial court like Philip,— a boy who adored his Emperor, and had place and perquisites at the court,— could look neither beneath nor beyond the daily life of which he was a part. "Who knows?" he said; "I may be a prince some day. There is a chance for every boy now, in France." An ambitious lad, even if he did stop to think of things, would be a believer in honors and titles and rewards of merit.

But Philip was delighted to be so near his dear old Peyrolles once more, and they talked of old times until the call to duty drew the

veteran to his barracks and the page to his palace.

This very day of the review of the Pupils of the Guard, there was a grand reception at the Tuileries. The Emperor received.

The splendid palace was thronged with guests — representatives of every nation in Europe — vassal kings, allied princes, titled ambassadors, peers and marshals of France, high officials, famous citizens, dashing soldiers, grand ladies, ushers and pages.

Among the pages was Philip. With a half-dozen of his brothers in livery, he stood by the big door that opened into the splendid Saloon of the Marshals. Here they awaited the arrival of the Emperor, who was making a tour of the palace and greeting or conversing with the great ones who were present at the reception.

The pages, boy-like, were discussing everything — criticizing this person, making fun of that, and getting food for talk in whatever came uppermost, from the toilets of the ladies and the awkwardness of the "provincials" to the last hotly contested game of "bars," the greased-pole climbing at the public sports in the Field of Mars, and the foreign policy of the Emperor; for in all ages boys have been the same — making "talk" out of everything.

In all such boy-talks Philip always stood as the champion of the Emperor. He was at once apologist and applauder; but, with him, approval was real. Boys who have faith in their heroes are the most uncompromising of partizans. Whether Napoleon trod on the toes of Prussia, or snapped his fingers in the face of England, Philip was ready to approve without thinking why, and to shout: "Serves 'em right! Long live the Emperor!"

Especially was this true of our page when, cautiously, systematically, and determinedly, the Emperor of the French began to prepare the field for a great hunting of the Russian Bear. And, on the day of the reception, talk of this now historic hunt was rife at Paris, for the relations between Emperor and Czar were daily growing more and more strained.

So, as the pages grouped themselves about the doorway of the great Saloon of the Marshals, the conversation gradually drifted toward the subject that was uppermost, whereupon one of the boys had boldly declared that when England was whipped out of Spain,— as of course England would be,— that would end the war. For Prince Talleyrand, he said, wanted peace.

"Pouf! Old Clubfoot! What has he got to say about it?" Philip exclaimed indignantly.

"Careful, young Desnouettes," one of the pages whispered, with a not very gentle nudge. "Clubfoot 's around somewhere. Not so loud, you, or your ears may smart."

"Well, it makes me mad, that!" Philip declared, but with lowered voice. "Much Talleyrand knows about it! He 's got his discharge long ago. He 's nothing to say. The Emperor, he 's the one to decide; and the Emperor, I tell you, is bound to take it out of Russia. The Czar has been wild ever since he had to give in that day on the raft at Tilsit."

"That may be," the peace page rejoined; "but he 's not mad enough to fight. If he were, he would have pitched into us when the Emperor said, 'No, thank you,' at the time Russia offered him the princess for a wife. The Czar won't fight. Catch-a-Sneezy said so."

"So? What does Catch-a-Sneezy know about it?" Philip exclaimed, a bit contemptuously. "He is but a spy, anyhow."

"No, sir; he is a fine man, Catch-a-Sneezy is," declared Victor. "He gave me two napoleons for slipping him into the Emperor's study one day."

"Yes; to listen and to spy," Philip retorted, so forgetful as to raise his voice again. "I am surprised at you, you Victor. I tell you, Catch-a-Sneezy was a spy."

"And who, now, might this Catch-a-Sneezy be, young sir?"

The query came from a big, bejeweled man close at Philip's elbow. The pages caught their breath, and nudged each other excitedly. "Young Desnouettes has got himself into a pretty mess," they whispered. The questioner was Prince Kourakin, the Russian ambassador.

Philip looked around, a trifle dismayed. But, with true boyish heedlessness, he went on: "Why — that 's what we call Monsieur de Sneezy — Zernzy — Czernicheff, your highness," Philip explained, struggling with the unpronounceable name of the Russian who, it was claimed, had played the spy in Paris.

NAPOLEON REVIEWS THE PUPILS OF THE GUARD.

"And you dare to call the aide-de-camp of the Czar a spy, you boy!" the Ambassador said indignantly. "Have a care; have a care, young sir! Such a word spoken at the court of the Czar would cost even you—boy though you are—your liberty and cause you to feel the whip."

"What if he is?" cried heedless Philip, while the other pages felt alternate pride and terror at the audacity of their colleague. "Great as he is, our Little Corporal could eat him at a mouthful."

The quick temper of the Russian, irritated at

PHILIP AND THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR.

"But this is France, and not Russia, your highness," Philip replied with spirit. "Our Emperor does not knout his boys as Old Alec does."

"Old Alec? Rascally one! But this passes a jest," cried the angry Ambassador. "Be careful, young Insolence! You speak of the Czar of all the Russias. He is too great a man for a graceless boy like you to nickname thus."

the thought of being thus badgered by a boy, and for the instant forgetful of his dignity and surroundings,—stirred, too, by other things that had come to his ears that day,—flamed up at this boyish impudence. The words had scarce passed the page's lips when the hand of the Ambassador flew out, and a sudden and stinging cuff fell upon the boy's ear.

Then Philip lost his temper. He even forgot for an instant to be a gentleman — the thing he most prided himself upon.

"Ah, Cossack!" he cried. "But that is like you Russians — to strike those not your size. This is not Poland, sir; this is France. And you, Monsieur the Ambassador — you are a coward!"

The pages stood ready to back up their comrade, and in a ring about the minister glared at him like angry dogs holding a bear at bay. But the Ambassador had recovered himself, and with a scornful laugh turned on his heel and walked away to join his brother ambassadors. At that instant the voice of the usher announced, "The Emperor!" — and there, in the doorway, while the pages lined up on both sides to honor the entrance of their master, stood the little man in the chasseur's uniform — the Emperor Napoleon. Philip hoped his indiscretion had escaped the imperial eye; for few indeed, save those concerned in it, had noticed the serio-comic drama. With an ear yet tingling and a face yet hot with the flush of anger, but feeling, nevertheless, that he had the best of the encounter, Philip bowed low among the other pages as the Emperor passed by them.

And Victor whispered, "My faith! but that was a narrow escape for you, my Philip. I only wish it were over. You 'll catch it yet, I fear. The bear is sharpening his teeth for you, and he bites. If he growls at the Emperor, though — whoop!"

He must have growled a bit; for ere long the boys heard, as did every one else in the room, the voice of Napoleon rising loud and cuttingly, while the Russian statesman, concealing his discomfiture under a smile, took the scolding with scarce a word of protest.

That scolding is now historic. It grew into a harangue, and for full ten minutes it continued unchecked. Philip indeed had baited the Russian Bear, and now Sir Bruin stood at bay before the chief of the pack. Over his back Napoleon barked at Russia and snapped at the Czar. "Choose," he said, "between the English and me. I alone can help you. If you threaten, I can fight; and where then will you be? You Russians are like a hare shot in the back: it gets up on its hind legs to look around, and ouf! another shot takes the fool in its head." And so on, and so on, while Philip hugged himself with glee, and the other pages looked and listened with astonishment.

Prince Kourakin, when the Emperor's breath had spent itself in words, withdrew in haste.

"Whew, I am suffocated!" Philip heard the Russian declare to his colleague the Ambassador of Prussia. "I must get into the air. It is very hot in the audience-room of the Emperor."

As he passed he glared at Philip, and the page, true to the boy-love for teasing, could not restrain a passing shot: "It is not Poland, it is France, your highness," he said. "But, now — who gets the knout?"

The next instant, however, he regretted his hasty speech. He knew he had violated all the proprieties of court etiquette and dignity. And this, he knew, the Emperor never overlooked.

A hand fell upon his shoulder, and he recognized the voice of Malvirade, the First Page.

"To the Emperor, young Desnouettes. He calls you. Come — quickly, quickly; he is in haste."

And Philip, bracing himself for a "scene," faced about and went boldly forward "to take his medicine like a little man." For Philip, though heedless often, was never a coward.

(To be continued.)

BUTTERFLY PETS.

By Louise E. Hogan.

DINNER FOR TWO.

It may seem very strange to hear of butterflies as pets, but there is now, in New York city, a little boy who had as pets, during September and November of last year, four Archippus butterflies, and the illustrations to this article were taken from these real models.

The Archippus is one of our largest butterflies, measuring from three to four and a half inches across its outspread wings. It appears in the latter part of July, and lives all through September, and sometimes into the early part of October, if the weather is mild and warm. It loves the sunshine, and has a very leisurely and graceful manner of flying about, from flower to flower, as if it were enjoying everything to the utmost. Helen Conant tells us truly in her charming little book, "The Butterfly Hunters," that there is no butterfly that takes such strong hold of one's fingers with its feet as the Archippus. It is not so bright in color as some others, but the wings are tawny orange, and are beautifully bordered with black dotted with white. Fine black veins cross the wings, and on the tip of the fore wing are several yellow and white spots extending up on the front border. The under sides of the wings are a deep yellow, bordered and veined like the upper sides. The head and the thorax, or chest part, are black, spotted with white, and the slender feelers or antennæ end in a long knob.

The little boy referred to above, whose name is Jack, was out in the fields near Bayonne, New Jersey, one sunny morning in September, playing with his usual companion, when they happened to meet two small "butterfly hunters" who had caught three very large Archippus butterflies.

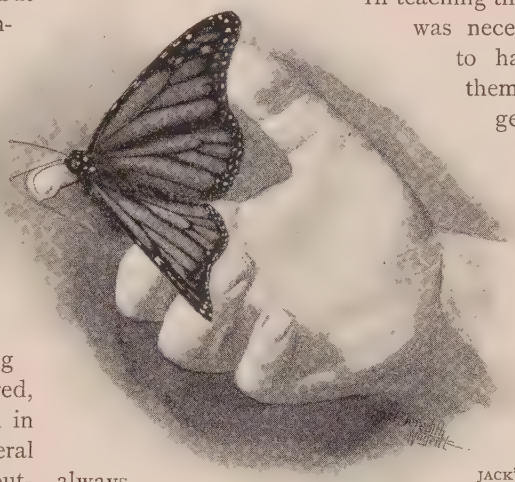
Jack was charmed with the pretty creatures, and stood quite still, gazing eager-eyed and wistful. The older boy suggested that the boy who held the butterflies should give one to Jack, which was instantly and kindly done, and Jack heartily thanked them and took home his prize very carefully.

The idea then occurred to me to find out how long the butterfly would live, if tenderly cared for; as recently a writer, in describing

some captured butterflies, spoke of their short life, saying that from ten to fourteen days was the average.

Jack's first butterfly escaped, after a week, through an unnoticed crack in the window; but it had been taught to feed quietly from his finger, a glass, or a flower. He said at once, "We must go to look for another, or I will have to cry!" You must remember that he was only four years old.

He went into the fields again, and though he saw several small butterflies, found no Archippus, and met no boy-hunters. For a week the loss of his pet was mourned, and then a beautiful specimen was spied in a neighboring yard. Jack watched it until it disappeared, and then begged his mother to go with him in search of it. On the way he interested several small boys in his quest, and they found the butterfly, secured it, and gave it to Jack, who brought it home in triumph. At home Jack found awaiting his return another Archippus, which had been caught by a boy who had heard Jack wanted one. Evidently all the boys in the neighborhood were interested, for the next day still another was brought. It took only one day to teach one of the new butterflies to eat the sugar-syrup with which they were fed. The others waited several days before they seemed to understand what was being done.



JACK'S LITTLE FRIEND ARCHIPPUS.

In teaching them it was necessary to handle them very gently, always closing the wings, and holding the butterfly by them near the head, releasing the feet very carefully at the same time with the other hand, as the Archippus clings very tenaciously, the feet having two fork-like claws which take a very strong hold of any rough surface. Jack's butterflies slept on the lace curtains by the windows, and therefore, when lifted, had to be moved very cautiously. By putting a finger in front of the butterfly's antennæ, and touching one of them very lightly (as if to let the little creature know the finger was there), the butterfly would in almost every instance creep upon the extended finger, where, after one or two trials, it would sit contentedly, sipping its sugar-water.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BATH.

One of Jack's pets used his front feet in a very impatient way, kicking out right and left, as if hunting for the finger which was usually

there when he was ready to pay attention to cleaning his wings, body, and feet, after a meal of thick and sticky sugar-water. His washing was done very daintily, in a basin or bowl in

THE BUTTERFLY ON THE CURTAIN.

which there was about a gill of water. At the same time he alternately projected and drew in the trunk-like proboscis with which he fed — which is altogether a remarkable and very interesting feature. When not in use, this organ is coiled up very closely, and when the butterfly is asleep the coil is so small that it can scarcely be seen. When feeding or taking its bath the butterfly frequently rolled its proboscis up half-way, and then opened it again and went on with what it was doing.

It was very curious to note the degree of intelligence shown by this butterfly during the six weeks of his life as a pet. It was a very pretty sight to see him sit in the bowl of water, now lapping, then picking all over his coat and wings, again taking a sip, and so on, until he seemed well satisfied with his condition, and flew away. He would alight upon the curtain, over which he crawled slowly, very likely to dry the under side of his body, which had touched the water; then he would close his wings, and take his usual afternoon nap. Before eating he was very active, fluttering about in the sunshine, up and down the curtains, and about the room, and occasionally resting upon Jack's shoulder or hand, or on the floor, where he would bask in the sunshine with wide-open wings. Sometimes Jack would find him on the under side of the head of the sofa.

This butterfly's companion lived with him, feeding from the same glass and sleeping near him, in the same closet or on the curtain, for nearly three weeks, when, through inadvertence, the poor creature was left in a room for a moment where the gas had been lighted, and he sealed his own doom by flying through the blaze. He fell to the floor, apparently unhurt, but we soon learned that he could not live.

The third butterfly brought to Jack escaped through the same space between the windows that gave liberty to the first one. They would flutter up and down the windows in the sunshine, except when resting upon the curtains, and in this way two of them got between the sashes — the lower one having been raised to give room for the window-screen — and escaped. A week after the first three were brought, another boy came with a fine Archippus, which eventually broke its wing. Jack brought his pets to New York, in a covered and well-ventilated box, where a compassionate druggist etherized the broken-winged butterfly. Jack feared it was suffering, and was glad to see it die. It was soon after this that the other butterfly flew through the gas, and Jack then had only one, and the season was too far advanced to catch any more. This butterfly was fed once a day with honey, and was allowed to fly about in the sunshine whenever that was possible. It was also put away very carefully at night in a dark closet, where it liked to sleep resting upon some soft material. If put down upon the shelf, it would flutter about in the dark until it found something soft. At one place, during their travels, the three butterflies slept on the window, behind the curtains, and in the morning they would begin their fluttering as soon as the sunshine came.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

A LITTLE robin came too soon
From Summerland away:
He must have thought that it was June
When 't was not even May.
"O Robin! with the scarlet vest
Guard well your tiny throat,
Or of the song you love the best
You cannot sing a note.
There is no other bird about;
And, in their coats of fur,
The pussy-willows are not out—
They dare not even purr.
And you will freeze!" But, as I spoke,
He hopped upon a tree,
As if the cold were but a joke,
And sang this song to me:

"O Apple-tree! the while 't is snowing,
How your pinky buds are glowing—
Growing—blowing—glowing
On everything I see!
And somewhere in your branches hiding
One small nest is safe abiding,
Waiting—waiting—waiting
My little love and me.

"O Brook! because the ice is near you,
Do you think I cannot hear you
Singing—singing—singing
Of daisies and the spring?
O Meadows white! with snowdrifts over,
Don't you know I smell the clover
Coming—coming—coming
While loud the bluebells ring?

"O frozen Flakes! that cling together,
You are every one a feather
Falling—falling—falling
To line the world's great nest.
O Night and Darkness! downward pressing,
You are wings spread out caressing,
Brooding—brooding—brooding,
All tired things to rest."

And then my robin spread his wings
And flew across the snow;
But somewhere, dear, he always sings
This little song, I know.

Harriet F. Blodgett.

THE CHICKY FAMILY'S RIDE.

JACK BALLISTER'S FORTUNES.

By Howard Pyle.

[*Begun in the April number.*]

Chapter XXXVIII.

THE THIRD DAY.

Jack was awakened the next morning by Dred stirring about. The sun had not yet arisen; the sky, mottled over with drifting clouds, was blue and mild. "Well," said Dred, "I 'm going over to the sand-hills now. You and the young lady can get some breakfast ready ag'in' I get back."

"Why, then," said Jack, "don't you mean to take me along with you?"

"No," said Dred; "'t would be no use. You can do more by staying here and getting ready a bite to eat, for I want to make as early a start as may be."

Jack watched him as he walked across the little sandy hummocks covered with the wiry sedge-grass that bent and quivered in the gentle wind.

Then he got together some wood for the fire, and presently had a good blaze crackling and snapping. The young lady was stirring, and in a little while she came to the door of the hut and stood looking at him. "Where 's Dred?" said she.

"Why," said Jack, "he 's gone across to an observation-tree over yonder"—pointing in the direction with a bit of wood. "I think he 'll be back within half an hour, and he wants that we should get breakfast ready against that time."

The breakfast was cooked and spread out upon a board when Dred returned. His impassive face looked more than usually expressionless. "Did you see anything?" asked Jack.

Dred did not seem to hear him, and made no reply. He fell to at the food without waiting for the others. "Ye might ha' roasted two or three of them 'taties we fetched with us," said he. "We hain't touched them yet, and this is like enough to be the last chance we 'll get to do so now, for we be n't like to go ashore,—leastwise this side of the inlet,—and arter that we 've got to make straight to Virginny."

He finished his meal before the others, and walked up and down while they ate. By and by he managed to catch Jack's eye, and beckoned to him. Jack nodded his head, and presently he rose. Dred led the way around the end of the house. "Well," said he in a low voice, "I 've been and took an obserwation."

"Well," said Jack, "what then?"

"Why," said he, "I see a sail off to the south'rd a-making up Croatan way."

Jack felt a sudden quick shrinking pang of apprehension about his heart. "Well," said he, "what was it? Was it the sloop?"

Dred shook his head. "I don't know that," said he, "and I can't just say as 't was the sloop —but I can't say as 't were n't the sloop, neither. It may have been a coaster or summat of the sort; there 's no saying, for 't was too far away for me to tell just what it was. But I 'll tell you what 't is, lad, we 've got to get away as fast as may be, for the craft I see be n't more than fourteen or fifteen knot astarn of us, and, give her a stiff breeze, she may overhaul that betwixt here and the inlet if we tarries too long. I 'd 'a' gone right away only the breakfast was ready, and I did n't want to frighten the young Mistress, if so be 't were n't the sloop, arter all."

Jack was looking very fixedly at Dred. "Well, Dred," said he, "suppose 't is the sloop, and it does overhaul us, what then?"

Dred shrugged his shoulders, and there was something in the shrug that spoke more voluminously than words could have done. "'T is no use axing me what then," said he presently.

"Well—all we can do is to take our chances as they come."

The danger in the possibility that the boat Dred had seen was the sloop, and the further possibility of its overhauling them, loomed larger and larger in Jack's mind the more he thought of it. For a time it seemed as though he could not bear the weight of apprehension that now began to settle upon him. Jack wondered that Dred could be so cool in the face of it. "Why, Dred," said he, "you don't seem to care whether 't is the sloop or not."

Dred looked at him out of his narrow, black, bead-like eyes and then shrugged his shoulders again. His face was as impassive as that of a sphinx.

Jack stood thinking for a while. The growing keenness of his apprehension made him almost physically sick. He believed that Dred believed that the sloop was really Blackbeard's, and that it was overhauling them. "Why not lie here for the day as you said just now?" said he, "and sail at night? At least they could n't see us at night to chase us, and we might get by them in the darkness."

Dred shook his head. "I 've debated all that there, as I told ye," said he, "and 't would n't do. D' ye see, if we tarry here so long, 't will allow them—if it be the pirate sloop I saw—to maybe get to the inlet afore we do, and to lie across it so there would be no getting out for us, at all. No; to my mind, 't is best to make a straight run for it now, and trust to luck. We 've got a four- or five-league start on 'em now, and that 's a great deal in a starn chase and a straight chase. If the wind holds as 't is now, from the sou'west, and blowing any kind of a breeze, we ought to make the inlet to-night. Contrariwise, if the wind gets down, why, then we 'll have to pull for it with the oars; and we can make better headway with them than they in the sloop can make with their sweeps."

Jack heaved an oppressed and labored sigh.

"After all, 't is a blind chance of that there craft being the sloop," said Dred. "She may be a coaster. But 't is no use stopping to talk about that there now; what we 've got to do first of all is to get away from here as quick as may be. I don't see how they got track on us, anyhow," said he, almost to himself, "unless they chanced to get some news of us at Goss's, or unless they ran across Goss hisself." He slapped his thigh suddenly. "'T is like enough, now I come to think on it, Goss has gone off some'eres to buy rum with the sixpence I gave his mistress, and has run across the Captain some'eres in the sloop."

"Then you do think the sail you saw was the sloop?" said Jack.

Once more Dred shrugged his shoulders, but vouchsafed no other reply.

The breeze grew lighter and lighter as the day advanced, but by noon they had run in back of a small island, and by three or four o'clock were well up into the shoal water of Currituck Sound.

When they had got out free of the island and into Albemarle Sound, Dred had every now and then stood up to look back. Then again he would take his place looking out ahead. Each time he had done so Jack had looked at him, but could make nothing out of his expressionless, sphinx-like face. Jack wondered whether the crooked scar across the cheek gave the face its mask-like look.

Dred glanced up overhead; the broad sunlight glinted in his narrow black eyes. "The wind be growing mightily light," said he; and then again he stood up and looked out astern. This time, when he sat down, he exchanged one swift glance with Jack, and Jack knew that he had seen something. After that Dred did not rise again, but he held the tiller motionlessly, looking steadily out across the water, that grew smoother as the breeze fell more and more away. By and by he said suddenly: "Ye might as well get out the oars and row a bit, lad; 't will help us along a trifle."

Jack went forward and shipped the oars into the rowlocks. The sun had been warm and strong all day, and he laid aside his coat before he began rowing. They were now skirting along well toward the eastern shore of Currituck Sound. There was a narrow strip of beach, a strip of flat green marsh, and then beyond that a white ridge of sand. Flocks of gulls sat out along the shoals, which, in places, were just covered with a thin sheet of water. Every now

and then they would rise as the boat crept nearer and nearer to them, and would circle and hover in clamorous flight. Presently, as Jack sat rowing and looking out astern, he himself saw the pursuing sail. The first sight of it struck him as with a sudden shock. He felt certain that Dred believed it to be the sloop. He himself felt sure that it must be, for why else would it be following them up into the shoals of Currituck Sound?

Suddenly in the silence the young lady spoke: "Why, that 's another boat I see down yonder, is it not?"

"Yes, Mistress," said Dred, briefly. He had not turned his head or looked at her as he spoke, and Jack bowed over the oars as he pulled away at them.

After that there was nothing more said for a long time. The young lady sat with her elbow resting upon the rail, now looking out at the boat astern, and now down into the water. She was perfectly unconscious of any danger. "What if the sloop should overhaul us!" Jack was saying to himself, "what if the sloop should overhaul us!" The thought was always in his mind as he rowed. A long flock of black ducks threaded its flight across the sunny level of marsh. There was no cessation to the iterated and ceaseless clamor of the gulls. Now and then a quavering whistle from some unseen flock of marsh-birds sounded out from the measureless blue above. Jack never ceased in his rowing; he saw and heard all these things as with the outer part of his consciousness; with the inner part he was thinking ceaselessly of the possibility of capture. "What if the sloop should overhaul us!" He looked at Dred's impassive face, and now and then their eyes met. Jack wondered what he was thinking of; whether he thought they would get away, or whether he thought they would not. "What if the sloop should overhaul us!"

The sail was still hanging almost flat: only every now and then it swelled out sluggishly, and the boat drew forward a little with a noisier ripple of water under the bows. Jack pulled steadily away at the oars without ceasing. It seemed to him that the sail of the boat in the distance stood higher from the water than it had. At last he could not forbear to speak. "She 's coming nigher, ain't she, Dred?" he asked.

"I reckon not," said Dred, without turning his head; "I reckon 't is just looming to the south'rd, and that makes her appear to stand higher. Maybe she may have a trifle more wind than we, but not much."

The young lady roused herself, turned, and looked out astern. "What boat is that?" said she. "It has been following us all the afternoon."

Dred turned toward her with a swift look. "Why, Mistress," said he, "I don't see no use in keeping it from you; 't is like that be Blackbeard's boat—the sloop."

The young lady looked steadily at him and then at Jack. "Are they going to catch us?" she asked.

"Why, no," said Dred, "I reckon not; we 've got too much of a start on 'em. It be n't more than thirty knot to the inlet, and they 've got maybe six knot to overhaul us yet." He turned his head and looked out astern. "D' ye see," said he, "ye can't tell as to how far they be away. It be looming up yonder to the south'rd. 'T is like they be as much as seven knot away rather than six knot." Again he stood up and looked out astern. "They 've got a puff of air down there yet," said he, "and they 've got out the sweeps, too."

Jack wondered how Dred could see so far as to know what they were doing. The breeze had died away now to cat's-paws that just ruffled the smooth, bright surface of the water. Dred, as he stood up, stretched first one arm and then another. He stood for a while resting his hand upon the boom, looking out at the other vessel. Then he began to whistle shrilly a monotonous tune through his teeth. Jack knew he was whistling for a wind. Presently he took up his clasp-knife, and opened it as he stepped across the thwarts. Jack moved aside to make way for him. He stuck the knife into the mast, and then went aft again. The young lady watched him curiously. "What did you do that for?" said she.

"To fetch up a breeze, Mistress," said he, shortly.

Jack pulled steadily at the oars without ceasing. The sun sloped lower and lower toward the west. "They ain't gaining on us

now," said Dred, but nevertheless Jack could see that the sail had grown larger and higher over the edge of the horizon.

The yellow light of the afternoon changed to orange and then to red, as the sun set in a perfectly cloudless sky. "I can't row any more, Dred," said Jack; "I 'm dead tired." He had not noticed his weariness before; it seemed as though it suddenly fell upon him like a leaden weight. The palms of his hands were burning like fire. He looked at the red, blistered surface; they had not hurt him so much until he stretched them, trying to open them.

"Take a bite to eat," said Dred; "'t will freshen you up a bit."

"I don't feel hungry," said Jack.

"Like enough not," said Dred. "But 't will do you good to eat a bite, all the same. The biscuits are aft here. Here, Mistress, eat that"; and he handed a biscuit to the young lady.

The sail in the distance burned like fire in the setting sun. The three looked at it. "D' ye say your prayers, Mistress?" said Dred.

She looked at him as though startled at the question. "Why, yes, I do," said she. "What do you mean?"

"Why, if you do say your prayers," said Dred, "when you say 'em to-night just ax for a wind, won't ye? We 've got to make the inlet to-night."

The sun set; the gray of twilight melted into night; the ceaseless clamor of the gulls had long since subsided, and the cool, star-dotted sky looked down silently and breathlessly upon them as they lay drifting upon the surface of the water. "I 'll take a try at the oars myself," said Dred, "but I can't do much. You go to sleep, lad; I 'll wake you arter a while."

Jack lay down upon the bench opposite the young lady. He shut his eyes. "What if the sloop should overhaul us!" he thought, and then he saw the bright level of the water and the green level of the marsh, as he had seen them all that afternoon. He seemed to hear the clamor of the gulls singing in his ears, and his tired body felt the motion of rowing. "What if the sloop should overhaul us!" At last his thoughts became tangled; they blurred and ran together, and before he knew it he was fast asleep — in the dead sleep of weariness — and all care and fear of danger was forgotten.

Chapter XXXIX.

THE FOURTH DAY.

Jack felt some one shaking him. He tried not to awaken — he tried to hold fast to his sleep; but he felt that he was growing wider and wider awake. Dred was shaking him. Jack sat up, at first dull and stupefied with sleep. He did not, in the moment of new awakening, know where he was. His mind did not fit immediately into the circumstances around him — the narrow, hard space of the boat, the starry vault of sky, and the dark water. Then, instantly and suddenly, he remembered everything with vivid distinctness. He looked around for the pursuing boat: it was nowhere to be seen in the darkness.

"Come," said Dred, "I 've let you have a good long sleep, but I can't let you have no more. We 've got to take to the oars again, and that 's all there is about it. I tried to row, but I could n't do it; and so ever since you 've been sleeping the boat 's been drifting. I 'll lend a hand with one of the oars for a while; 't will not be so hard on you as if you had to pull both. But I could n't row by myself, and that 's all there is of it."

"How long have I been asleep?" asked Jack.

"Why," said Dred, "a matter of four or five hour."

"Four or five hours!" exclaimed Jack. It seemed to him that he had not been asleep an hour. He stood up and stretched his cramped limbs. There was not a breath of air stirring. In the stern lay the young lady, dark and silent, covered over with the overcoats and wraps, and evidently asleep. She stirred just a little at the sound of their talking, but did not arouse herself.

"Have you seen or heard aught of the sloop?" asked Jack.

"No," said Dred. "Go and take your place, and we 'll pull a bit. I 'll take this seat here; you take the one amidships."

Jack climbed over the thwarts to his place; he was still dazed and half inert with the fumes

of sleep. He took up his oar, and settled it quietly into the rowlock so as not to disturb the young lady. "Do you know what time 't is, Dred?" he asked.

"I make it about two o'clock," said Dred, "judging by the looks of the stars." He was leaning over his oar and opening the bag of biscuit. He handed one back to Jack. "We 'll take a bite to eat and a drop to drink afore we begin rowing," said he. "Where 's the bottle? Oh, yes; here 't is."

The young lady stirred at the sound of his voice near her.

Jack's hands were still sore and blistered from the rowing of the day before. At first the oar hurt him very much; but his hands presently got used to the dragging pull, and he dipped and pulled in time with the moving of Dred's body, which he could dimly see in the darkness. They rowed on in perfect silence. Now and then Jack's consciousness blurred, and he felt himself falling asleep; but he never ceased his rowing. Then again he would awaken, looking out, as he dipped his oar, to the whirling eddy it made in the water. Every stroke of the oar drew the heavy boat more than a yard and a half onward. "A thousand strokes," said Jack to himself, "will make a mile." And then he began counting each stroke as he rowed. Again his mind blurred, and he forgot what he was counting. "'T was three hundred and twenty I left off with," thought he, as he wakened again. "Maybe there 's been twenty since then; that would make three hundred and forty. Three hundred and forty-one, three hundred and forty-two, three hundred and forty-three" — there was a splash. "That was a fish jumped then. Three hundred and forty-four, three hundred and forty-five."

Dred stopped rowing. "I 've got to rest a bit," said he, almost with a groan. "Drat that there fever! I don't know what a body 's got to have fever for, anyway!"

Jack rested upon his oar. It seemed to him that he almost immediately began drifting off into unconsciousness, to awaken again with a start. Dred was still resting upon his oar, and the boat was drifting. They were enveloped and wrapped around by a perfect silence, through which there seemed to breathe a liquid murmur.

Still there was no breeze; but there began to be an indescribable air of freshness breathed out upon the night. The distant piping of a flock of marsh-birds sounded suddenly out of the hollow darkness above. It was the first spark of the newly awakened life. Again a tremulous whistle sounded as if passing directly above their heads. The young lady still lay darkly motionless in the stern. All the earth seemed sleeping excepting themselves and that immaterial whistle sounding out from that abysmal vault of darkness. Jack fancied that there was a slight shot of gray in the east. Again the whistle sounded, now faint in the distance. Then there was another answering whistle; then another — then another. Presently it seemed as if the air were alive with the whistling. Suddenly, far away, sounded the sharp clamor of a sea-gull; a pause; then instantly came a confused clamor of many gulls. There slowly grew to be a faint, pallid light along the east, as broad as a man's hand; but still all around them the water stretched dark and mysterious.

Dred was again resting upon his oar, breathing heavily. "'T will be broad daylight within an hour," said he, "and then we can see where we be."

His sudden speech struck with a startling jar upon the solitude of the waking day, and Jack was instantly wide awake. "How far are we from the inlet now, do you suppose, Dred?"

A pause. "I don't just know," said Dred. "'T is maybe not more than fifteen mile."

"Fifteen miles!" repeated Jack. "Have we got to row fifteen miles yet?"

"We 'll have to if we don't get a breeze," said Dred, still panting. "And as we did n't get a breeze to reach us to the inlet last night, we don't want it now. 'T will only serve to fetch them down upon us if a breeze springs up now."

Again the sleeping figure in the stern stirred a little at the sound of voices. The growing light in the east waxed broader and broader. In that direction the distance separated itself from the sky. Jack could see that they were maybe a mile from the marshy shore, over which now had awakened the ceaseless clamor

of the gulls and the teeming life of the sedgy solitude. To the west it was still dark and indistinct, but they could see a further and further stretch of water. "I see her," said Dred. "Well, she don't appear to have gained any on us during the night, anyways."

Jack could see nothing for a while, but after a time he did distinguish the pallid flicker of a spot of sail in the far-away distance. Had it gained upon them? It seemed to Jack, in spite of what Dred had said, that it was nearer to them.

The day grew wider and wider. The sun had not yet risen, but everything stood out now in the broad, clear, universal flood of light that lit up the heavens and the earth. The east grew rosy, and the distance to the west came out sharply against the dull, gray sky in which shone steadily a single brilliant star. The boat was wet with the dew that had gathered upon it.

The young lady roused herself, and sat up shuddering in the chill of the new awakening. She looked about her. Then Dred stood up and looked long and steadily at the strip of beach to the east. "I don't know much about the lay of the coast up this way," said he. "There ought to be a signal-mast over toward the ocean side some'eres about here. But, so far as I can make out, we be ten mile from the inlet. I thought we 'd been nigher to it than we are."

The water was as smooth as glass.

Suddenly the sun rose big, flattened, distorted from across the marsh, shooting its broad, level light across the water. Presently the sail in the distance started out like a red flame in the bright, steady, benignant glow. Again Jack and Dred were rowing, and the boat was creeping yard by yard through the water and leaving behind them a restless, broken, dark line upon the smooth and otherwise unbroken surface.

The sun rose higher and higher, and the day grew warmer and warmer, and still not a breath of air broke the level surface of the water. It was maybe ten o'clock. The point of land they had been abreast of an hour before lay well away behind. "That 's the inlet where you see the sand-hills ahead yonder," said Dred.

"How far away are they?" said Jack.

"Not more 'n three mile, I reckon. I was mistook about its being so far away."

The pirates in the sloop were rowing steadily with the sweeps. Jack could see every now and then the glint of the long oars as they were dipped into the water and came out wet and flashing in the sunlight. "They 're gaining some on us, Dred," said he after a long look.

"That comes from a sick man rowing," said Dred, grimly. "Well, they won't catch us now if the wind 'll only hold off a little longer. But I 'm nigh done up, lad, and that 's the truth."

"So am I," said Jack. The keen sense of danger that had thrilled him the day before seemed to be sunk into his utter weariness — dulled and blunted.

They rowed for a while in silence. The sand-hills crept nearer and nearer. Suddenly Dred stood up in the boat, holding his oar with one hand. He did not speak for a moment. "There 's a breeze coming up, down yonder," said he. "They 're cracking on all sail. They 'll get it like enough afore we do. 'T is lucky we be so nigh the inlet." He took his place again. "Pull away, lad," said he. "I reckon we are pretty safe, but we 'll make it sure. As soon as we gets to the inlet we can take all day to rest."

Jack could see that they were raising every stitch of sail aboard the sloop. Then, presently, as he looked, he could see the sails fill out smooth and round. "They 've got it now," said Dred, "and they 'll be coming down on us hand over hand."

The young lady was looking out astern. Jack managed to catch Dred's eye as he turned for a moment and looked out forward. Jack could not trust himself to speak. Again the leaden weight of fear and anxiety was growing upon him — a weight that swelled almost to despair. He did not say anything, but his eyes asked, "What are our chances?"

Dred must have read the question, for he said: "Well, it hain't likely they 'll overhaul us now. If we 'd only had wind enough to carry us to the inlet last night, we 'd been safe; but the next best thing is no wind at all, and that we 've had. I reckon we 'll make it if we keep close to the shore, where 't is too shoal

for her to folly. Yonder comes the breeze. We 'll get it afore I thought we would." He drew in his oar and handed it to Jack. "You take this," said he, "and keep on rowing and I 'll trim sail." He went forward and raised the gaff a little higher. "Pull away, lad, pull away! and don't sit staring."

In spite of what Dred had said, Jack could see that the sloop was rapidly overhauling them. It was now coming down swiftly upon them, looming every moment higher and higher. In the distance Jack could see a black strip lining the smooth surface of the water. It was the breeze rushing toward them ahead of the oncoming sail. Suddenly all around them the water was dusked with cat's-paws. Then came a sudden cool puff of air—a faint breath promising the breeze to come. The sails swelled sluggishly and then fell limp again. The line of oncoming breeze that had been sharp now looked broken and ragged upon the near approach of the wind. "Now she 's coming," said Dred.

He was looking steadily over the stern. The sloop, every stitch of sail spread, was making toward them. There was a white snarl of water under her bows. It seemed to Jack that in five minutes she must be upon them. Suddenly there was another cool breath, then a rush of air. The boom swung out, the sail filled, and the boat gave a swift lurch forward, with the ripple and the gurgle of water about them. Then the swift wind was all around them, and the boat heeled over to it and rushed rapidly away.

Jack was still rowing: the motion had grown habitual with him, and now he hardly noticed it. The sloop seemed to be almost upon them. He could even see the men upon the decks. Dred sat grimly at the tiller. He sat looking steadily out ahead, never moving a hair. Jack sat thrilled as with a sudden spasm, and everything about him seemed to melt into the fear rushing down upon them—the despair of certain capture. It seemed to him that he felt his face twitching. He looked at Dred: there were haggard lines of weakness upon his steadfast face, but no signs of anxiety. Again Dred must have read his look. "They can't reach us here," said he; "the water is too shoal." Suddenly, even as he spoke, Jack saw the sloop coming about. He could hear the creak of the block and tackle as they hauled in the great squaresail. He could see the mainsail flapping limp and empty of wind. Dred turned swiftly and looked over his shoulder. "D' ye see that?" said he. "They 've run up in the shoal now. They 've got to keep out into the channel, and that 's about as nigh as they can come to us. They 'll give us a shot or two now; then they 'll run out into the channel again. What they 'll try to do now 'll be to head us off at the inlet, but they 've got to make a long leg and a short leg to do that. Ay!" he cried exultantly. "You 're too late, my hearty!" and he shook his fist at the sloop.

The sloop had now fallen off broadside to them. Its limp sails began again to fill. It looked ten times as big now as when running bow on. Suddenly there was a round puff of smoke in the sunlight, that instantly broke and dissolved in the wind. There was a splash of water; then another splash and another, and at the same moment a report of a gun. Boom! A dull, heavy, thudding sound, upon the beat of which a hundred little fish skipped out of the water all about them.

At the heavy beat of the report, the young lady uttered an exclamation like a smothered scream. The cannon-ball went skipping and ricochetting across their bows and away. "Don't you be afraid, Mistress," said Dred; "there be n't one chance in a thousand of their hitting us at this distance; and, d' ye see, they 're running away from us now. Each minute there 's less chance of them harming us. Just you bear up a little and they 'll be out of distance."

She brushed her hand for a moment across her eyes, and then seemed to have gained some command over herself. "Are they going to leave us?" said she.

"Why, no," said Dred, "not exactly. They know now that we 're making for the inlet. What they 'll do 'll be to run out furder into the channel, and then come back on another tack, and along close into the inlet so as to head us off. But, d' ye see, the water be too shoal for them, and they 're likely to run aground any moment now. As for us, why

we 've got a straight course, d' ye see, and our chance is ten to one of making through the inlet afore they can stop us."

Again there was another puff of smoke that swept away, dissolving down the wind. Again came the skipping shot, and again there was the dull, heavy boom of the cannon! It seemed to Jack that the shot was coming straight into the boat. The young lady gripped the rail with her hand. The cannon-ball went hissing and screeching past them. "See that!" said Dred; "that was a nigh one for sartin. 'T was Morton hisself laid that gun, I 'll be bound." Another cloud of smoke, and another dull report, and another ball came skipping across the water, this time wide of the mark. The sloop was now running swiftly away from them; growing smaller and smaller in the distance, her sails again smooth and round with the wind. They did not fire any more. Jack bent to the rowing. He no longer felt the smart of his hands or the weariness of his muscles. It seemed to him that he had never felt so strong.

It was not until the guns had been fired that the young lady appreciated the full danger they were in. Jack now saw that she was wringing her hands and tearlessly sobbing, her face as white as ashes. "Come, come, Mistress!" said Dred, roughly; "'t won't do no good for you to take on so. Be still, will you?"

The bruskness of his speech silenced her somewhat. Jack saw her bite at her hand in the intensity of her self-repression.

"How far is it to the inlet?" said Jack, hoarsely.

"Half a mile," said Dred.

Jack turned his head to look. "Mind your oars," said Dred; "'t is no time to look now. I 'll mind the inlet. 'T won't get us there any quicker for you to look."

The sloop was maybe a mile away. Again it was coming about. "Now for it!" said Dred; "'t is they or us this time." Jack rowed desperately. "That 's right; pull away! Every inch gained is that much longer life for all on us."

The water was now dappled with white-caps, and the swift wind drove the yawl plunging forward. The sloop was now set upon the same course that they were, only bearing toward them to head them off. As for them, their leeway was bringing them nearer and nearer the shore. Dred put down the helm a little further, so as to keep the boat off the shoals. This lost them a little headway. Jack's every faculty was bent upon rowing. The sea-gulls rose before them in dissolving flight. The cannon-shots had aroused them all along the shore. Jack heard their clamor dimly and distantly through the turmoil of his own excited fears. His throat was dry and hot, and his mouth parched. He could hear the blood surging and thumping in his ears. He looked at the young lady as though in a dream, and saw dully that her face was very white, and that she gripped the rail of the boat. The sloop, as he looked at it, seemed to grow almost visibly larger to his eyes. It seemed to tower as it approached. He could see the figures of the men swarming upon the decks. He looked over his shoulder—the inlet was there. "Unship the oars!" said Dred, sharply; "'t is sail or naught now." Then, as Jack unshipping the oars tipped the boat a little, Dred burst out hoarsely: "Steady there, you blundering fool! What d' ye heave about so for?" Jack drew in the oars and laid them down across the thwarts, and again Dred burst out roughly: "Look out! What ye 're doing! You 're scattering the water all over us."

"I did n't mean it," said Jack. "I could n't help it."

Dred glared at him, but did not reply. Jack looked over his shoulder. The broad mouth of the inlet was opening swiftly before them—the inlet and safety. Suddenly the bottom of the boat grated and hung upon the sand, and Jack, with a dreadful thrill, realized that they were aground. The young lady clutched the rail with both hands with a shriek as the boat careened on the bar, almost capsizing. Dred sprang up and drew in the sheets hand over hand. "Push her off!" he roared. Jack seized one of the oars, but before he could use it the yawl was free again and afloat. Dred sat down, quickly running out the sheets once more.

Jack's heart was beating and fluttering in his throat so that he almost choked with it. Dred did not look at the sloop at all. Some one was calling to them through a speaking-trumpet; but Jack could not distinguish the words,

and Dred paid no attention to them. There was another puff of smoke, and this time a loud booming report, and the almost instant splash and dash of the shot across their stern. Jack saw it all dully and distantly. Why was Dred sailing across the mouth of the inlet instead of running into it? "Why don't you run into the inlet, Dred?" he cried shrilly — "why don't you run into the inlet? You 're losing time! They 'll be down upon us in a minute if you don't run in!"

"You mind your own business," shouted Dred, "and I 'll mind mine!" Then he added, "I 've got to run up past the bar, hain't I? I can't run across the sand, can I?

"About!" called Dred, sharply; and he put down the helm.

Jack could see straight through the inlet to the wide ocean beyond. It was a quarter of a mile away, and at its edge there was a white line of breakers. There was a loud, heavy report,— startlingly loud to Jack's ears,— and a cannon-ball rushed screeching past them. He ducked his head, crouching down, and the young lady screamed out shrilly. Dred sat grim and silent as fate. Again the bottom of the boat grated upon the sand. "Oh, Dred!" burst out Jack, "we 're aground again!" Dred never stirred. The yawl grated and ground upon the sandy bar, and then, once more, it was free.

Then Dred looked over his shoulder; he looked back; then he looked over his shoulder again. "Get down, Mistress," said he, sharply; "get down in the bottom of the boat! They 're going to give us a volley." Jack saw the glint of the sunlight upon the musket-barrels. The young lady looked at Dred with wide eyes; she seemed bewildered. "Get down!" cried out Dred, harshly. "Are you gone daft? Get down, I say!" Jack reached out and caught her violently by the arm and dragged her down into the bottom of the boat. Even as he did so he saw a broken, irregular cloud of smoke shoot out from the side of the sloop. He shut his eyes spasmodically. There was a loud, rattling report, and the shrill piping and whistling of the bullets. There was a splashing and clipping. Would he be hurt? There was the jar of thudding bullets. There was a shock that seemed to numb his arm to the shoulder; he was hit. No; the bullet had struck the rail just beside his hand. He was unhurt. He opened his eyes; a vast rush of relief seemed to fill his soul. No one was hurt; the danger was past and gone. No! some of them were aiming again. There was a puff of smoke; a sharp report; another and another; then three or four almost together. The bullets were humming and singing, clipping along the top of the water; one—two struck with a thud against the boat. Jack saw in a blinded sort of a way that the sloop had come up into the wind; she could follow them no further.

There were half a dozen puffs of smoke all together. Would the dreadful danger never be past? Was there no way of escape? The distant rattling report of the muskets came thudding down the wind. Again the bullets were about them. Jack bent his head, waiting blindly for his fate. He listened to the pinging scream of bullets. They were thudding and crackling against the side of the boat; again they were splashing in the water. Would they pass?

"Ach!" cried out Dred.

Jack looked up with an agonizing, blinding terror. Was Dred hurt? No; he could not be. There was no sign of hurt. Was that a little tear in his shirt? It could not be. Oh, could it be real? There was blood. Oh, it could not be. Yes; there was a great, wide stain of blood shooting and spreading over his shirt. "Oh, Dred!" screamed Jack, shrilly.

"Sit down!" roared Dred. He put his hand to his side. Suddenly there was a broken swirl and toss all around them. It was the ground-swell coming in past the shoals. The boat pitched and tossed; there was a great splash of breakers that nearly capsized them. Jack sprang up. "Steady!" cried out Dred. The pirate sloop was far away in the distance. Were they still shooting? Jack did not know. He saw everything with blinded eyes. Was it, then, possible! Dred's shirt was soaked with blood. What was it now? — there was something. They were out in the ocean; that was it. The inlet was passed. "Oh!" groaned Dred — "oh, I 'm hurt!"

(To be continued.)

THE PIRATES FIRE UPON THE FUGITIVES.

"The bullets were humming and singing, clipping along the top of the water."

(SEE PAGE 496.)

WILD MICE, RATS, AND GOPHERS.

(Thirteenth paper of the series, "Quadrupeds of North America.")

By W. T. Hornaday.

Outside of scientific circles, probably not one person in every thousand is aware of the tremendous overhauling that our American mouse, pouched-rat, and pocket-gopher families (and others also) have received during the last ten years. In the course of the systematic field-collecting set on foot by Dr. Merriam, Dr. J. A. Allen, Mr. True, Dr. Mearns, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Bryant, and others, vast areas of new territory have been systematically explored, and an immense number of new species and subspecies have been discovered and described. Even now, however, Dr. Allen mournfully declares that "we know almost nothing about the white-footed mice, and the whole group remains to be worked over."

Glance for a moment at these figures, which will give an idea of the enterprise and thoroughness of our professional mammalogists in three families alone:

	Total species known in 1884.	New species added since.	Total on Jan. 1, 1895.
Pouched-rat Family.....	13	71	84*
Pocket-gopher Family...	9	23	32
Mouse Family..	37	126	163*
	59	220	279

Think of it! An increase of new species amounting to three hundred and fifty per cent. in ten years—and we are yet far from the end!

THE LONG-LEGGED JUMPING MOUSE.

This great increase in number of species, many of which resemble each other very closely, brings us face to face with new conditions. The time was when it was possible for you and me really to know every species of American mammal, and recognize it with comparatively little trouble. Now, however, with the lines of separation more finely drawn, we can hardly do more with the "rats and mice and such small deer" than to become acquainted with the typical or representative forms, and to leave the fine distinctions to the men who have the large collections.

To-day we have four families to account for, the first of which is that of the Jumping Mouse, containing only two species, one of which is new. In proportion to its size, I believe this is the most active and powerful of all vertebrate animals. This tiny creature—no larger than a man's thumb—is from two and one half to three inches in length, with a tail about twice

JUMPING MOUSE.
(Za'pus Hud-so'ni-us.)

* These totals are larger than those given for the same families in the previous paper. Since the latter was put in type, Dr. Allen and Dr. Merriam have described twenty-three new species, and "revived" two that had been abandoned by authors.

as long as the head and body. It is therefore no larger than a house mouse, but it has light fore quarters, strong hind quarters, very long hind legs,—and it can jump from eight to ten feet! If a mouse weighing two ounces (average) can jump ten feet, how far should a one-hundred-pound boy of equal agility be able to jump? Figure it out for yourself, and when you have obtained the correct answer, you will properly appreciate the hind legs of this wonderful little mite.

When you are hauling in sheaves of wheat from the field, and a little animal suddenly makes a tremendous flying leap from the bottom of a shock, that is a Jumping Mouse,—and the chances are as ten to one that you will not catch it. Talk about speed,— why, it is actually flying without wings! This little creature lives on seeds and nuts, burrows in the ground, carries its marketing in its cheek-pouches, becomes perfectly dormant and apparently dead in winter, and is quite nocturnal in its habits. It is found scattered throughout the northern United States and Canada, in wooded regions from New York to Oregon, and as far north as Lake Nushagak, Alaska.

If ever an elf takes on the form of an animal, I am sure it will be found in the KANGAROO RAT, a droll little creature of the pouched-rat family, provided with external cheek-pouches nicely lined with fur. Of all the rats that ever lived, excepting white ones, the members of the genus *Dipodomys* are surely the most attractive and interesting. Instead of being ever ready to squeal shrilly and then bite your finger to the bone, like a common rat, these cunning little fellows do not attempt to bite you, even when first caught (so says Mr. Arthur B. Baker concerning the New Mexican species). The picture tells their shape, and I have only to add that their fur is soft, silky, rather long, and usually of a tawny-brown color. In length of head and body, specimens from New Mexico average four and one half inches, and the tail measures five and three quarters, with a very artistic tuft of long hair at the end.

KANGAROO RAT.
(*Di-pod'o-mys Phil'lips-i.*)

From 1841 to 1887 the world knew but two species of Kangaroo Rats, and even those were known by no means well. But during the last ten years the genus *Dipodomys* has received very special attention. Not only have sixteen new species been discovered and described, but a new genus, called *Perodipus*, has been created, and eleven new species have been found for that also. In the dry and sterile regions of Mexico and our great Southwest, from Oklahoma to central California, where the deserts produce nothing but sand, cacti, yuccas, and sage-brush, these saucy little creatures hold forth. They are apparently fire-proof, for no amount of heat affects them, and they are water-proof also, for its utter absence does not depress their agile spirits in the least.

KANGAROO RAT.

Mr. Baker says that Ord's Kangaroo Rat builds for itself mounds of dirt and gravel from one to three feet in height, from five to ten feet in diameter, and literally honeycombed with burrows and run-ways, as if quite an industrious community inhabited each mound. So far as known, these creatures are all quite nocturnal in their habits, and in going about hop on their hind legs, balancing with the tail, and holding the fore feet tucked up close under the chin, almost hidden by the fur.

West of the Mississippi there is a very large and numerous clan of our Pouched-rat Family, brought together under the generic name of *Perognathus*, and consisting now of forty-three species, of which thirty-seven are new. They are known generally as Pocket-mice; and the COMMON POCKET-MOUSE may be taken as an example, even though it is the largest of them all. It is about four inches in length, to which the tail adds four inches more.

COMMON POCKET-MOUSE.
(*Per-og'na-thus fas-ci-a'tus.*)

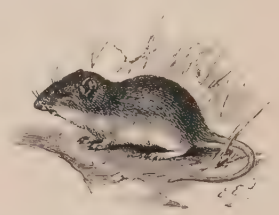
Next to this large group comes a small one containing only two tiny species, one of which, the Least Pocket-mouse, is, I believe, the smallest American member of the great order *Rodentia*.

LEAST POCKET-MOUSE.
(*Cri-ce-tod'i-pus par'vus.*)

The next family, which is that of the Pocket-gophers, contains some of the farmer's worst enemies. Look at this fine portrait of the Red Pocket-gopher, and tell me if he does not look like a hardened criminal. Notice that big, chubby, shapeless body—a perfect bag in which to store stolen potatoes and corn. He has little, beady black eyes, like a snake's, and mean little ears that look as if a pair of good ears had been bitten off. Those large front teeth are so big and so ugly he actually can't shut his mouth, and on each side of them is a great, big hairy pocket that serves the double purpose of holding stolen goods and carrying dirt. And those claws on his fore feet! Like the thorns on a prickly pear, they were made to do damage,—and in making them, and putting such tremendous fore legs behind them, the farmer believes that Nature made a great mistake, for which she owes him an unqualified apology.

RED POCKET-GOPHER.
(*Ge'o-mys bur-sa'ri-us.*)

The worst of it is that the nature of the Pocket-gopher is no better than his looks. He is so mean and so unsociable that each one burrows alone. Like a rogue elephant, he leads a solitary life, and does not even connect his burrow with those of his very nearest neighbors.



POCKET-MOUSE.

Besides the grain and vegetables he eats, he destroys far more by smothering the young crops with fresh dirt. Wherever he digs a burrow,—and he digs many,—he heaps up a big mound of earth around the mouth of it, killing half a square yard of grass or corn, wheat or oats, every time. I have seen fine meadows completely ruined by a multitude of unsightly gopher hills. And to the average farmer the Gopher is a difficult animal to trap. Now,

RED POCKET-GOPHER.

however, the farmers have learned how to kill them with wheat soaked for twenty-four hours in strychnine, using an ounce of strychnine to every bushel of wheat. The dose is a spoonful to each hole.

The Pocket-gophers, of which there are thirty-two species known at this date, are worst

Family, and one hundred and sixty-three species; and out of this bewildering multitude it is possible to mention only the representatives of the most prominent groups.

To me the lower animals are like people: some seem born to be liked, others not.

I would like to write an entire paper on the

MUSKRAT AND NEST. (THE NEST IS SHOWN WITH ONE SIDE REMOVED.)

in the prairie regions of the West, beginning at the Mississippi; but they are also found in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, California, the Southwest generally, and Mexico and Central America. There are but two genera, however, which is one comfort. The one known as *Tho-mo'mys* contains seventeen species, all of which are generally smaller in size than those belonging to *Geomys*.

When I was a farmer boy in the Hawkeye State, the big Red Pocket-gopher and I were sworn enemies. He invaded my father's cornfields and meadows, and since he was an outlaw with a price upon his head (our county paid a bounty of ten cents each on gopher scalps), I waged continual war upon him, chiefly by means of steel traps.

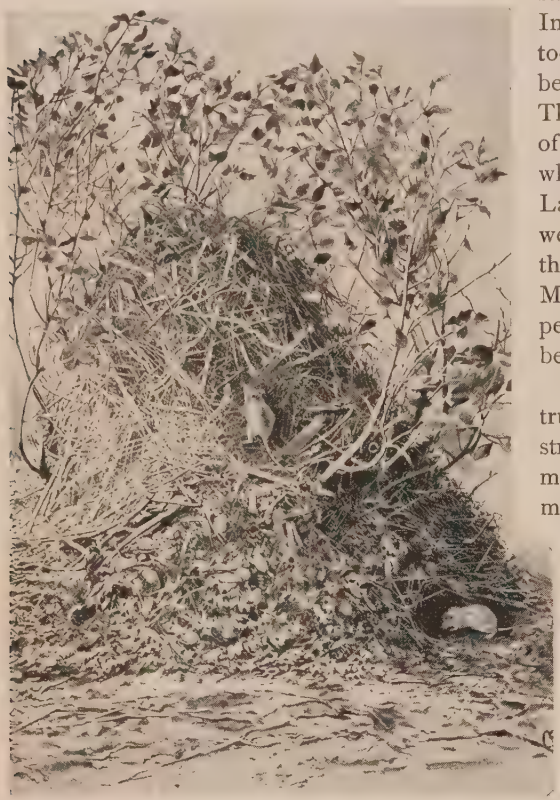
There are seventeen genera in the Mouse

droll ways of certain distinguished members of the Wood-rat, Pack-rat, Trading-rat, or Bush-rat genus (*Neotoma*); but it is not so nominated in the bond, and I must be more brief. In the days of our mammalian poverty we possessed but four species of this genus. Now, however, we are really rich in Neotomas, and have *forty-three* to our credit, with several rural districts yet to hear from. These are the amiable little rascals who come into your camp, or your home in the woods, and play the maddest pranks imaginable with your small belongings. They are not half so much inclined to steal as to play practical jokes upon you by taking little things from where they belong, and hiding them in the most unlikely places.

The latest narrative of the queer doings of

the FLORIDA WOOD-RAT, the best-known of them all, comes from Mrs. C. F. Latham, of Micco, Florida. Previous to the destruction by fire of the old Oak Lodge, year before last, it was often visited by a pair of very sociable and quite harmless Wood-rats, who nested in a palmetto hut near by, and made

FLORIDA WOOD-RAT.
(*Ne-ot'o-ma Flor-i-dan'a.*)



NEST OF THE FLORIDA WOOD-RAT.

it their home until some cats came into the family. The Wood-rats were big-eyed, handsome creatures, without the vicious look of a common rat, with fine, yellowish-gray fur, white feet, and white under parts. Inasmuch as they never destroyed anything save a pair of Mrs. Latham's shoe-strings, which they *had* to cut in order to get them out of the eyelet-holes, they were tolerated about the premises, and here are some of the queer things they did.

They carried some watermelon seeds from the lower floor, and hid them up-stairs under Mr. Baxter's pillow. In the kitchen they found some cucumber seeds, and of these they took a tablespoonful and deposited them in the pocket of Mr. Baxter's vest, which hung up-stairs on a nail. In one night they took eighty-five pieces of wood from a box of beehive fixtures, and laid them in a corn-box. The following night they took about *two quarts* of corn and oats, and put it into the box from which the beehive fixtures came. Once Mrs. Latham missed a handful of pecans, and they were so thoroughly hidden that she never found them. About *a year* later the rats realized that Mrs. Latham had "given it up," and lo! the pecans suddenly appeared one day upon her bed!

FLORIDA WOOD-RAT.

All this sounds like a fairy tale; but it is all true, for Mrs. Latham says it is. Many similar strange stories of the Pack-rat have been told me across the camp-fire by Western hunters and miners. This creature is as industrious as the night is long. Although he is but the size of a common rat, he builds a huge mound of sticks, grass, leaves, and bark, two or even three feet high, and calls it home. For an animal whose flesh is said by Dr. Coues to be better than that of the squirrel, and is generally eaten by Mr. Lo, the building of such conspicuous nests is very injudicious, to say the least of it. A hungry Indian can see them altogether too far for the well-being of *Neotoma*. The

MEADOW-MOUSE.

accompanying illustration, drawn from a nest in the National Museum, is an excellent repre-

COTTON-RAT.

sentation of the large brush-piles of this very industrious and interesting little creature. The Wood-rats are very widely distributed throughout the whole southern half of the United States, Mexico, and Central America; and, as a matter of course, their nesting habits vary according to the character of their surroundings. Sometimes they build in trees, but often in hollow tree-trunks or logs, or under stones.

Our old friend the MUSKRAT belongs scientifically to the Mouse Family, though I dare say it would astonish him beyond measure to find it out. Commercially he is by far the most valuable one of the family. His warm fur coat is now very much in demand by the furriers, and when dyed a glossy black it becomes "French seal"! When Uncle Sam's soldiers are so unlucky as to be obliged to take the field in bitter cold weather, it is gloves and caps of muskrat fur that keep fingers and ears from freezing. I know also, by hunting experiences, that when camping without a tent, with the mercury down to twelve degrees below zero, a cap of muskrat fur makes a most excellent night-cap. But surely, with the picture on page 501 to help us, we need not tarry for a description of so familiar a friend as our architect of the pond and back-water, who must be a personal acquaintance of very many ST. NICHOLAS boys.

MUSKRAT.
(*Fi'ber zi-beth'i-cus.*)

Of the great, wide-spread WHITE-FOOTED MOUSE genus (*Si-to'mys:* formerly called *Hesper'o-mys*), and its thirty-eight species, of which *Si-to'mys leu-co'pus* is the best known member, there is no room to tell. The MEADOW-MOUSE genus (*Ar-vic'o-la*), with twenty-four species, must also be passed undescribed; nor do I see how to save the COTTON-RAT genus (*Sig'modon*), the LEMMING-VOLES (*Sy-nap'to-mys*), and

THE WHITE-FOOTED WESTERN MOUSE.

the RED-BACKED MICE (*E-vot'o-mys*) from the same fate, except by the exhibition of a specimen portrait of each.

LEMMING-VOLE.

RED-BACKED MEADOW-MOUSE.

THREE FRESHMEN: RUTH, FRAN, AND NATHALIE.

By Jessie M. Anderson.

BACK TO COLLEGE. THE "SPECIAL" TRAIN FOR NORTHAMPTON.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter X.

THE BOWER DESERTED.

Ruth, at home again, with all the little delights of home,—putting Elsie to bed, with her clinging arms and her sleepy kisses; doing the "marketing" every morning in the pleasant old routine; teased from morning to night by the ingenious Will,—thought many times of Fran's discontent with the "everlasting *girls*" at college. But she felt that no four years could change her place at home; and she had a new glimpse of the dearness of the home life, seeing its value with eyes the clearer for a different experience. The old scenes had a new charm.

Nathalie was homesick at first, and pined for "Ole Virginny." But the crisp afternoons of skating and sleighing were a new experience, and an uncommonly jolly one—when she did not get too cold. It was very pleasant to come home by moonlight—though all too soon it was by starlight—to a hot supper of chicken and waffles and maple syrup; and afterward to sit quietly in the library, with the hickory fire throwing incongruous dancing lights on the sober, heavy furniture, and leaving the far corners of the room regions of delightful, unexplored mystery.

Nathalie would sit with her guitar, playing softly, and singing "Dresden China," or some old ballad—dreamily forgetting that the room

held so many listeners lounging in easy chairs and watching her sweet face in the fire-glow.

"How empty Boffins' Bower must look!" Ruth soliloquized aloud, one of these evenings. "The pictures all turning their faces to the walls, the tea-cups packed up in the old Trojan Horse, and the bookcases swathed in blue-and-white bedticking."

"Yes; I have no doubt Tara's halls must have a soul-of-music-fled effect," remarked Will, leaning over to poke the fire.

"We shall sadly miss our little minstrel," Dr. Chittenden said, in the tone which gave weight to his lightest word. Ruth had always felt awe of her grave, tall father, which kept her from the lighter caresses which she lavished on "little mother." But Nathalie, sadly longing for her own father, had from the first day an affection for the stately old man, and had drawn from him a gentleness of expression that surprised Ruth. Now she laid down her guitar, and, standing behind Dr. Chittenden's chair, patted and stroked his hair, and leaned over and kissed his forehead.

Fran was expected the next morning, to spend the last two days of the vacation at Homewood. She came in gayer spirits than ever, full of the dances and theater-parties which had been given for her, and exulting beyond measure in a whole trunkful of new gowns.

"Did you see anything of those two Chicago Juniors?" Ruth asked,—"the ones that seemed so eager to call on you?"

"No, dear; I was out when they called. And I was glad enough. They 're such sedate creatures, someway,—too much like taking college home with me, like the Old Man of the Sea! You know I 'm just joking, love," she added, kissing Ruth impetuously. "I love the dear old Bower, and am simply pining to get back to its peaceful shade. As for Homewood, it is just the name for this place! I *knew* your home was like this: it 's a picture and a dream."

Then they talked of Nathalie. "She is prettier here than at college. There is more chance for her, more background for her dainty ways. Will will be losing his heart to the little witch!" said Fran mischievously.

"You do talk shockingly!" said Ruth, trying not to laugh at the ingenuous smile in Fran's eyes, and the irresistible dimpling of her chin. "Now put on that hat you say you look like a cherub in, so that I can forget your naughty ways!"

Ruth and Fran were both in high spirits over going back to the Bower. But Nathalie was very sober in the train, as they sped across Massachusetts from Boston to Springfield, now and then picking up groups of "the girls."

When they came to "change at Springfield," according to the very loud and nasal directions of the brakeman, they found the Northampton car nearly full of Smith students; and for the whole forty minutes they made things rather hard for such of the passengers as were of the "town" and not of the "gown" — although some of these were good-humored enough to enjoy the bright chattering and "Happy New Years" that were sent across them or over their heads, by girls oblivious of their presence.

That night the bookcases of the Bower shook off their dismal bedticking, and the pictures no longer averted their faces like angry goddesses.

And that curious feeling came over our Boffins that so often comes on a return to familiar haunts — that they had not been away at all, but had passed through a pleasant dream. And so things settled down into the much complained-of but much loved routine.

Chapter XI.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY.

"Ah, *please*, Mrs. Boffin!"

"My dear Ruth, I never made a speech in my life. I *detest* societies and pledges. And as for promising not to wear the hat that I look like-a cherub in, the little pheasant turban, you might as well ask me to throw this dress away because, very possibly, the sheep got snipped in the shearing! You 're a fanatic, Ruthie!"

"But, Fran dear, I ask you only to go to the meeting, just to lend your influence. You know you are a leader, and I need your help to get the girls together. If you do that, I 'll let you off from the speech! And you need not sign the pledge. Only come over."

"*Perge modo!* Well, it 's nearly two now,

so come along, and wipe that tear out of your soft hazel eye! Where 's Nathalie?"

So all three Boffins walked across the campus, to join the freshman class, urged, by a notice posted on the bulletin-board, to "come together in room No. 4, to consider uniting themselves with the upper classes in forming a branch Audubon Society."

Ruth had gone into it, Fran said, with all the enthusiasm she could spare from her mill-girls. She had entreated the freshmen individually, "*please* to come," till she had gathered together thirty-eight of them. Half scared now by the size of her undertaking, she rose, after Fran had called the meeting to order, and began in a quaking but eager voice:

"Girls, you have doubtless seen in the papers of late, or have heard the upper-class girls talking about, the Audubon movement throughout the country. It has grown rapidly. Societies have already been formed in some of the woman's colleges, in sympathy with this movement, pledging their members not to wear the skins of wild birds as hat or dress trimming. I have prepared some statistics, showing the two great reasons for this crusade: one, a more purely ethical one, the cruelty of the methods by which the skins or feathers are obtained and prepared; the other, the scientific reason, that most beautiful and valuable species of wild birds are thus being exterminated."

She then read from a tiny red leather note-book some figures, and told tales that in the good old days of Æneas would have caused the listeners' hair to stand on end. Then she called upon one of the girls to read from a scientific magazine some account of almost incredible barbarisms practised in skinning the birds alive, to preserve the delicate coloring of the feathers. Next, she called for volunteer remarks.

To her amazement, Fran, the skeptic of an hour before, jumped up and said:

"Girls, when I came in, I had not the coldest sympathy with this thing, and now I am almost a convert. We see a kitten jump at the canary's cage, and we slap its paws, and say '*Naughty* kitten!' and hold up its natural and untaught impulse as a *crime* before little children with like cruel propensities! And then we go down town and buy a little round hat, with canary-birds all around the brim, and unteach all we have taught the child — who very likely will say, '*Poor* little dead birdies!'"

Fran sat down as unexpectedly as she had gotten up; and a Miss Brownell now read from Longfellow's "Birds of Killingworth":

"The thrush, that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song,—
You slay them all!

* * * * *

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech
You contradict the very things I teach?"

Then another girl, at a sign from Ruth, read passages from a poem by Browning:

"What clings
Half savage-like around your hat?"

"Ah, do they please you? Wild-bird wings!
Next season — Paris prints assert —
We must go feathered to the skirt:
My modiste keeps on the alert."

"*You!* — clothed with murder of His best
Of harmless beings!"

Then Ruth rose again, and said, with the eager, naïve enthusiasm which had already carried along with it the half-unwilling Fran:

"You see, girls, we have the poets with us! Now, I know that some of you are prejudiced against signing pledges. We ask those that *are* willing to pledge themselves to give up wearing birds' feathers (except ostrich-feathers, which can be obtained with no harm to the birds), to come forward and sign this paper, entering them as regular members of the 'Audubon.' Those who are willing to lend their influence toward the support of this side of the question may — without taking any pledge — become associate members of the society. I do beg even those who have already bought birds, to

replace them with some other trimming, for the example of the thing. I feel as if I were pleading for little friends, and you would not need teasing, if you knew birds as I do!"

To Ruth's utter delight,—and it meant *everything* to her totally loyal soul, now given up to the cause,—there were soon eleven names signed to the unconditional pledge,—led off by Fran's: which move that young lady seconded by going home and at once retrimming her "pheasant turban" with dark-green velvet caught into knots by tiny gold buckles.

"It is the dearest hat you ever had!" cried Ruth rapturously; "and you *are* a 'cherub in it'!"

Chapter XII.

A MODULATION.

"O RUDDIER than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph, more bright than moonshine night,
Like kidlings, blithe and merry!"

sang Nathalie, in reminiscence of choral-class practice in Handel's "Acis and Galatea";

"Ripe as the melting cluster,
No lily has such luster;
Yet hard to tame as raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster!"

"O whiter than white trillium!"

improvised Fran teasingly;

"O sweeter than sweet-william!
O maid most rare since Helen fair
Made trouble in old Ilium!

"Thy cheek is ever ruddy,
Thy skin is never muddy!
Pray tell me how; by rite or vow,
I 'd fain make this a study!"

Fran's mocking voice rang out merrily in the staccato notes, an octave higher than Nathalie's.

Nathalie looked up from the white linen handkerchief which she was embroidering, and laughed, as she threaded a very fine needle with a bit of refractory silk. "I wish I could do these initials as fast as you can make rhymes," she said admiringly.

"Don't you wish to hear my story for Rhetoric?" Fran asked restlessly. "Miss Folsom said it must be a 'bit of pathos,' so perhaps you 'll *need* your handkerchief there! Anyway, it will be a change from that frisky song you 've been rolling under your tongue like a sweet morsel for the last hour!"

Nathalie, patient with Fran's mood, smiled brightly, and listened as Fran read a half humorous, half pathetic story of Western life.

"That is charming, Fran," Nathalie said, half in smiles and half in tears, while Fran herself gave a dab at each eye, under cover of the big sheets of manuscript.

At this point Ruth came in with letters; and, handing Fran two and Nathalie one, sat down to read a chubby little one from Elsie.

Fran spent an hour reading the first one she opened, although it was only two pages. She looked so preoccupied that nothing was said in the Bower—Ruth sewing and Nathalie taking up her embroidery—till she looked up and remarked, with a nonchalant sigh, "Well, good-by to Boffins' Bower!"

Then she walked across the room and flung herself on the "Trojan Horse," staring hard at "Mona Lisa," which hung on the wall in line with her eyes. "She looks as if she had been through things and understood them and accepted them! And she smiles that puzzling smile, which says, 'You will know, too, some day!'" she said aloud.

"What is it, dearie?" asked Ruth, thinking better of her first intention to kiss Fran, and sitting down on a hassock by the lounge.

"Oh, well," Fran answered defiantly, "nothing! Only father has lost everything he had in the world. Poor mama! she thinks only of me. She says, 'Come home, darling, and we will try to get along some way. It breaks my heart that you have to leave college.'"

Nathalie stepped out of the room, and Ruth soon followed, having tried in vain to think of something to comfort Fran. "Please do go away, Ruthie," the obstinate girl said quietly. "I 've got to think it out. It 's the very strangest thing, but I was half thinking I would leave college,—after our talk, you know, about its disadvantages,—but now I would give *anything* to stay!" And she turned her face to the wall till Ruth was gone, when she jumped up and locked the door.

(To be continued.)

The Clever Princess

By Margaret Johnson.

I.

A step rang lightly on the stair; the palace
door-bell pealed;
The sleepy page came tumbling from his stool;

"THE SLEEPY PAGE."

And a sudden radiance broke
Down the gloomy halls of oak,
For the little Princess Emmeline was coming
home from school.

II.

She hung her little mantle on a little golden peg,
Laid her books upon a little golden shelf,
Brushed her golden locks galore,
Tied her little pinafore,
And on tiptoe in the glass surveyed her royal
little self.

III.

Then she skipped across the corridor to find
her Queen mama;
But the pretty maid who met her at the sill,
With a rosy finger-tip
On her gravely pouting lip,
Warned her softly not to enter, for Her
Majesty was ill.

IV.

On the stair two courtiers whispered, pages giggled in the hall,
Lords and ladies paced the floor with anxious looks;
And a group of grave-browed men,
Each with tablet, ink, and pen,
In the council-chamber gathered round a table piled with books.

"THE PRETTY MAID."

V.

One and all they bowed profoundly as the
Princess, hurrying by,

To the throne-room, where the King was
sitting, sped;
And the sunshine of her face
Brightened all the dreary place,
As she climbed his knee and hugged him
till the crown fell from his head.

VI.

"Well, my Emmy," said His Majesty (and
heaved a woeful sigh),
"I am glad to see you home again, my dear."
"Now, *papa!*" the Princess said;
And he hung his guilty head,
For he could not keep his countenance before
her look severe.

"THE LITTLE PRINCESS, EMMELINE."

VII.

"Something 's wrong," she said. "I know it! You 're not glad, papa, at all.
If you 'll tell me, I can help you, dear, maybe."
"You!" he cried. "Sweet, simple child!"
And he stroked her cheek, and smiled,
With a sad, indulgent pity for her artless vanity.

VIII.

Then she drew herself up proudly, with a
slightly quivering lip.
"I am in the Second Reader," she replied;
"And I know my tables, too."
Quoth the King, "Nay; that will do.
To my Emmy's tender ears the dismal tale
I will confide."

IX.

Putting on in sad abstraction upside down his royal
crown,
"You must know, love," he began,
"this pleasant day,

"ON THE STAIR TWO COURTIERS WHISPERED."

When I 'd opened Parliament,
To the palace court I went,
Just one little game of tennis with Her Majesty to play.

X.

"Fatal game! I served — or tried to; for
perhaps you are aware
That I 'm not, my dear — well, not an
expert yet.
Though I aimed the ball so nicely,
Yet it did n't go precisely
(Where I certainly supposed it would) across
the tennis-net.

"ONE AND ALL THEY BOWED PROFOUNDLY."

"'AS FOR ME, I LOST MY BALANCE.'"

XI.

"As for me, I lost my balance, and fell head-
long to the ground.
Do not weep, my love, my injuries were
slight —
But a piercing scream arose,
As I staggered to my toes,
Which diverted my attention from my own
distressing plight.

XII.

"For Her Majesty's small pleasure-house
stands just beyond the court,
And she vowed, with tears, that she had seen
the ball
Through the open window pass,
Where it *must* have smashed the glass
Of her favorite mirror opposite, against the
western wall.

XIII.

"I believed her much mistaken, for I had my
glasses on.
(Your mama is sometimes hasty, love, you
know.)
And I 'm certain, I may say,
That it went the other way;
So I pleasantly but plainly thought it right
to tell her so.

XIV.

"All in vain I argued with her; she was
calm, but positive.
So I asked a dozen lackeys, young and
old,
A professor and a peer,
All of whom were standing near,
And, believe me, every one of them a
different story told.

XV.

"Then I summoned all my councilors, I
called my cabinet,
And"—he paused to wipe the moisture
from his brow—
"I telephoned to town
For my lawyers to come down,
And they 've been at work together
from that moment until now.

XVI.

"They have reproduced the angle of the
window and the net;

"IT MUST HAVE SMASHED THE GLASS!"

They have measured the momentum of the ball;
They have weighed me and my jacket
And my royal tennis-racket,
And they cannot ascertain the truth about it, after all.

XVII.

"Some declare the ball deflected to the right or to the left,
And the glass escaped beyond a human doubt;
But the others still insist
That it could n't have been missed;
And they 've turned the question up and down and round and inside out.

XVIII.

"They made a map in sections, and a dozen diagrams;
They consulted every language, live or dead;
And they talked and talked until
Your mama was really ill,
And I felt my reason tottering, and from their presence fled!"

XIX.

There was silence for a moment while the Princess Emmeline
Leaned her royal little chin upon her hand,
And with serious eyes cast down,
And a thoughtful little frown,
Strove with all her little might the puzzling tale to understand.

XX.

Then the King resumed, in accents still more husky than before,
As he struggled his composure to recall:
"It is not the broken glass,
If indeed — but let that pass;
'T is the terrible uncertainty that 's torturing us all.

XXI.

"I have lost my heart for business, and, I fear, my appetite,
For the strain upon my feelings is immense;
And I 'd give my royal crown
To the courtier or the clown
Who would solve the hateful problem, and thus free me from suspense.

XXII.

"Whether 't is or 't is n't so," he sobbed, "the wisest can't decide;
It 's impossible to make their views agree."
"But," the little Princess said,
As she shook her curly head,
"For goodness sake, my dear papa, *why don't you go and see?*"

TWO LITTLE AMERICANS AT THE COURT OF KING CHRISTIAN IX.

(A True Story.)

By Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

It was the day before the children's ball at the palace that a maid-of-honor called at the house of the American minister to invite Ellen to attend. Ellen's elder brother, Hoyt, had been looking forward to the event for two weeks, but no children under eight were invited, and Ellen was only seven—plainly too young to go. So her mother had no expectations on the subject, and was well content to leave her little girl at home. Especially content was she because Ellen's head had already been slightly turned by royal flattery. The queen, while walking one day, desired a lady in attendance to ask the name of "that pretty little girl with black curls."

"Miss Ellen, the daughter of the American Minister, madam," answered the nurse.

The Queen of Denmark has proved a wise mother to her own daughters, but just then she yielded to royal impulse, and, turning to Ellen, said, "Tell your mama that you are the prettiest little girl in Copenhagen."

Ellen neither bowed nor answered. Her great black eyes gazed into the blue ones bent upon her, and she drew a deep draught of pleasure. The next day her mother found Ellen perched on a table before a great pier-glass; and then the child told how the queen had praised her.

This is why, when a maid-of-honor came especially to invite Ellen to the ball, her mother was somewhat disturbed, and said, "We thank Her Majesty for the invitation; but she is too young to go."

"But the queen desires her presence," answered the maid-of-honor.

"And now there is not time to make her a dress," the mother added.

"Something quite simple will answer; you really must let her come"; and the maid-of-honor rose to go, as though the matter were quite settled.

The minister's wife and the seamstress sat up late making a dainty muslin frock that night, and the following morning, while it was being tried on, Ellen received a drill in court etiquette. "If the king speaks to you, be sure, when you answer, to call him *Your Majesty*—do you hear, Ellen?" for Ellen was evidently intent upon her new frock.

"Yes, mama; and may I try on the pink sash and slippers now, too?"

"Remember, Ellen," continued her mother, "you must *never* turn your back on the king or queen."

Thus the drill continued, with intermissions, until the time that Ellen and Hoyt entered the palace ball-room. Many children were already there,—blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little creatures; and though some were of royal blood, and many were heirs of noble houses, they were more simply dressed than ever were children at a ball in any great American city. When Ellen, cheeks aflame and dark eyes dancing, stepped in with Hoyt and her mother, the queen was there, very simply and cordially making her young guests welcome.

When she came to Ellen, she exclaimed: "Ah, here is my little friend!" and to Ellen's mother she said, "I know your daughter already. I gave her a message for you a few days ago." To which the minister's wife answered, smiling:

"Your Majesty's kindness flattered my little girl greatly. I told her that while her black hair is admired here, in America the golden heads of the Danish children would be thought more beautiful." This delicate suggestion to

herself and her little friend, the queen accepted smilingly. Then, at an inclination of her majesty's head, the minister's wife courtesied, and the queen turned to greet a group of children who had just entered the room and stood shyly clustered about their mother.

When it was time to open the ball, it appeared that several of the boys were absent, among them the youngest prince and Hoyt. Several maids-of-honor immediately began a search for the delinquent partners, and hearing sounds of laughing from an apartment near by, they quickly opened the door. In the middle of the room, surrounded by several boys, was the prince, his head on the floor, and his feet held aloft in the air by Hoyt. He was receiving practical instruction in the manly art of standing on his head, but as yet was unable to balance himself without assistance. At the sound of the opening door, quick as thought Hoyt loosened his grasp, the prince reversed his position, and, almost before the maids-of-honor could see what was going on, the boys stood ready to follow them to the ball-room; and I do not know whether, to this day, that prince of Denmark can stand upon his head properly.

It was to Ellen a never-to-be-forgotten night. The crowds of happy children; the great room, brilliantly lighted; the strains of music; the presence of a real king and queen—all combined to make the scene a fairy-land, wherein events took place which made Ellen feel herself a sort of fairy queen.

The king opened the ball with little Ellen. Hardly understanding the honor, some sense of it nevertheless thrilled her childish heart. She could not even see his face, so tall was he, but his strong arms bore her around and around, she knew not how, for Ellen danced with as little precision and method as the leaves on a tree, or the ripples in a lake. Yet all through her being she felt that she was dancing with the king. It seemed but fitting, after that dance, to find herself seated on the sofa between the king and queen. With royal disregard to the claims of other small guests, and with royal indifference to the effect upon little Ellen, they lifted her up between them. She looked pretty, natural and unconscious, and was herself a little queen in all her ways! While Ellen sat there, too happy and pleased to feel proud, the other children danced on. With no thought of imitating their elders in manner or motion, the young dancers abandoned themselves with childish freedom and simplicity to the enjoyment of the

"ELLEN RESTED BETWEEN THE KING AND QUEEN UNTIL SHE WAS READY TO DANCE AGAIN."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"ELLEN WAS EVIDENTLY INTENT UPON HER NEW FROCK."

hour. Those who never had been trained in the different steps adapted their movements to the promptings of happy hearts and light feet, and were as contented as the others. And little Ellen rested comfortably between the king and queen until she was ready to dance again.

The evening wore on, and Ellen was overcome with weariness and sleep. Slipping away from the children, who now were whirling around in some dizzy game, she threw herself on a couch. Just as the scene grew misty to her eyes, and the dazzling events of the evening began to weave themselves into the suggestion of a dream, she was aroused by some one asking, "Where did you get your pretty pink slippers, Ellen?" and she opened her eyes. Why was the king sitting beside her and talking to her when she was so sleepy? She had a confused idea that he ought to put on his crown, and sit on a throne. "Please, Mr. King, don't bover me; I 'm *so* sleepy"; and Ellen, turning her face upon royalty, slipped away to her pleasing dreams. "Little Ellen, little Ellen," said the king musingly, "it is not often that I hear the truth so plainly told, and it is refreshing to my ears."

Ellen, having driven away the intruding monarch, remained undisturbed until it was time for her to go home; and she did not really wake until next day.

"'PLEASE, MR. KING, DON'T BOVER ME; I 'M SO SLEEPY.'"

IT 'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

"Goodness me, there goes my hat!—
But I 'll not complain of that,"
Said dear old Doctor Ebenezer Bites.

"Though this wind is rough on *me*,
I am really glad to see
It 's a most delightful wind for flying kites."

THE SONG OF THE METRO-GNOME.

By Elsie Hill.

Hid in his funny, three-cornered home,
Lives the little brown Metro-gnome;
And always when Polly begins to play,
Here 's what the Metro-gnome seems to say:

"Tick-tock! Tick-tack!
Poor—little—aching back!
Patient hands, forced to glide
Up and down, inside:
Outside—golden gleams—
Sweet spring sunbeams.
Dull scales—drive her wild—
Dear—little—good—child!
Quick, quick! lazy clock!
Tock-tick! Tick-tock!"

But, as Herr Klugmann declares, 't is clear
Something is wrong with Miss Polly's ear;
For instead of the nonsense that fills her head,
Here 's what the Metro-gnome really said:

"Tock-tick! Tock-tick!
Not so slow—that 's too quick!
Tiresome child, listen to me,
Each scale is an elfin key,
Guarding close—treasure of song
Till Polly's fingers grow swift and strong.
But oh, when you idle time away,
Being a Metro-gnome does n't pay!
Wanted: A place in an eight-day clock—
—— Tick —— tock!"

A FAIRY TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

By Annie Matheson.

Yes, Annette had certainly lost her way. She looked up the road, and down the road, and on each side of the road: but all in vain. In front of her she saw only the white, dusty highway, shut in by hawthorn hedges in full bloom, and tiring her weary little eyes in the glare of the sunlight, till at last it ended in an iron gateway and an avenue of tall trees. Behind her she beheld the same dazzling, dusty line stretching away, away into the dim, hazy distance. And Annette was too small a person to look over the heads of the blossoming hawthorns, and discover the country on each side of her. She was a very little girl — not much higher than the mile-stone she had just passed. Her brown eyes looked out under a white sunbonnet above a white pinafore, and she carried a large blue silk parasol, of which she was very proud. It did not matter in the least to Annette that the parasol had a great slit down the middle of it, and had therefore been put away in the nursery cupboard for charades and other like festivities. In her eyes it was a resplendent ornament; and, as she was going to seek the fairies, she thought it would be well to take it with her.

Annette's father had gone to "the city," and her brothers and sisters were at school. Her mother was "counting out her money," and nurse was in the garden "hanging out the clothes"; so Annette had walked serenely out of the house, and down the lane, and across the turnip-field, and into the road. She had never been so far alone before, and she felt quite grown up as she walked solemnly along under her big parasol, with her dearest doll, "Judy," under her arm. She had not gone far before she had come to a place where two ways met, and then she had been puzzled. She had looked up at the guide-post and down at her dusty little shoes; and then she had appealed to the small thing under her left arm.

"Judy," she had said, "shall we take the straight road or the twisty one? The straight one has hedges with sweet flowers all over them, and the twisty one goes under trees among daisies and buttercups."

Judy did not answer; but just at that moment a gentle old cow had come wandering down the "twisty" road, and without another word Annette had taken the other turning. She had walked on and on and on, with a growing sense of expectation, until all at once she began to feel very tired, and to wonder where she was. She did not know at all. In fact, she had lost her way.

But Annette was not frightened. She was rather a brave little girl, and she had no idea that she was doing anything wrong. She had never been forbidden to go out alone, and she supposed she had a right to go and see the fairies if she pleased. The thought had come into her head, and she had not waited to tell anybody. Of course that was a mistake; because little girls should always tell their fathers and mothers when they go to seek the fairies, in case the fairies should persuade them to make too long a visit, and nobody should know where to look for them. You see, Annette had not considered that.

Soon a little brown pony came trotting down the road, and stopped when he was right in front of her.

"Where are you going?" said the pony.

"I 'm going with Judy," replied Annette. "We 're going to find the fairies."

The pony looked thoughtful. After a minute he said, "Get up on my back, both of you, and I will take you."

"I don't think we can climb on," said Annette; "we 're afraid — specially Judy."

"You need n't be at all afraid," answered the pony. "I never kick. See: I will put down my hind legs — so, and my fore legs —

"'HOW DID YOU LIKE HIM?' ASKED THE GIANT." (SEE PAGE 519.)

so, and you can take hold of my mane and pull yourself up; only mind you don't drop Judy." And so saying, the obliging pony knelt down in the middle of the road, and waited for Annette to get up on his back.

After staring at him for a moment or two in very great wonderment, Annette did as she was told. When she was seated at last on the middle of his shaggy brown back, he said, "Are you comfortable—you and Judy?" And when Annette answered, "Yes; quite comfortable," he advised her to hold fast by his mane with both hands. Then he rose to his feet, turned quietly round, and walked gently along in the opposite direction.

"THEN THE BIRD LAUGHED."

"I did n't know ponies could talk," said Annette.

"Nobody knows anything," said the pony.

"Oh, yes, they do," said Annette. "My mama knows a great deal, and my papa knows everything."

"Does he know the fairies?" asked the pony.

"He knows a great deal about them—specially Puck."

"He 's a mischief, that Puck. He gets on to my back every night, and rides me over the moon and in and out among the stars."

"Oh!" said Annette; but she did not altogether believe it. "I am afraid you are a very wicked pony," she said; "I am afraid you tell stories."

"Yes," said the pony, "I do; but nobody believes them."

"Dear me!" said Annette. "Please let me get down directly. Judy does n't like wicked ponies—I 'm afraid she 'll cry."

"I 'm not a pony," answered the strange creature; "I 'm a bird." And before Annette had time to think, she found herself seated between the wings of a beautiful strong bird, flying through the sweet spring air as fast as the wind.

"Tell me your name," she said. "It is all such a jumble, and I don't quite know which you are, and which is Judy, and which is me. Do you know, I think Judy would like to go home; but I am not quite sure—it all looks so lovely from up here, and the air makes me laugh, we go through it so quickly."

"Is n't it nice?" said the bird. "I always did like flying best."

Annette looked down on the fair round world. Underneath her the fields and woods and rivers lay spread out like a map.

"Do you know any giants, Bird?" she inquired.

"What makes you ask me that?"

"I was thinking how different everything looked up here."

"But what has that to do with giants?"

"Why, it must look just so to them, because their heads are so high up in the air—but I *should* like to see a giant, and so would Judy."

Then the bird laughed. Annette had never heard a bird laugh before.

"You shall see a giant before long," he said.

Annette began to tremble, and the bird laughed still more, and flew low and nearer to the earth, while Annette held Judy closer.

All at once she heard a sound of great crashing footsteps behind her, and a voice like a thunderstorm cried out to her: "Why did you drop your parasol, little girl? Little girls should n't drop their parasols."

Annette was frightened, and shut her eyes tight lest she should see something dreadful.

"Open your eyes, little girl," cried the same loud voice; and then Annette found herself in the hands of a great bearded giant.

"Ha! ha!" he said; "so you are afraid of me, little girl, are you? Well, I 've got your parasol quite safely in my pocket, and that 's where I shall put you."

The strange bird had flown away, and Annette could only hold tight on to Judy and hope that the giant's pocket would not be *very* dark. She found it very dark and very soft and very warm, and soon fell fast asleep.

When she awoke she found herself in a large, brightly lighted cave. The giant was holding her in his hand and looking at her intently. "Why, I could swallow you up at a mouthful," he said. But he smiled so gently all the time that Annette did not believe he meant it.

"Gallipots, bring this dainty morsel some food."

Gallipots, the giant's servant, went to a table, in the corner of the cave, where there stood a huge plum-cake from which he cut an enormous slice, and brought it on a trencher to the giant who seemed to be much amused. To him Annette was a mere Hop-o'-my-Thumb. He set her down on the trencher, and bade her nibble away at the great wall of cake which rose up in front of her. Annette broke off a modest little bit between her thumb and finger, and, sitting down on the rim of the plate, began to eat it.

"Well, and how did you like Puck?" asked the giant. Annette looked at him wonderingly.

"That was Puck, you know, who was riding off with you. He can change into any shape he pleases. How did you like him?"

"Quite well, thank you," said Annette, vaguely; for she was very much astonished.

Then the giant laughed a great roaring laugh, and he set the trencher down on the floor, with Annette upon it, and bade her finish the cake while he went out to pull up a few trees by way of sport.

Gallipots vanished too, and the door to the cave closed with a click of the bolt, which made Annette feel as if she were in a prison.

Presently a beautiful white cat came and rubbed his nose against her hand, and begged for a bit of cake. Annette gave it to him, and stroked him gently with one hand while she held Judy with the other.

"I 'm Puck, you know," said the cat. "I thought I 'd better come and look after you a bit. Shall we go and visit the fairies now, or shall we go home to your mother?"

Annette thought for a minute, and then she said, "Thank you; I think I 'll go home."

"Then shut your eyes and take hold of my left ear," said the cat; "and mind you do just what I tell you. Stoop down a little, we must go through this hole." Annette stooped down, and crept after him for several yards.

"You can open your eyes now," said the cat; "and please stop pinching my ear, will you?"

Annette opened her eyes, and found herself in a lovely wood among crowds of hyacinths. The stars were peeping through the branches overhead, and at her side stood an elfin boy with bright, laughing eyes and rainbow wings. She knew at once that it was Puck. "Hush!" he said. "Stand behind this tree, and you will see the queen pass."

He led Annette behind a big beech-tree, and soon she saw what seemed to her like a procession of flowers, all laughing and talking together in the sweetest of voices.

The fairy queen, who rode upon a white moth, was clad from head to foot in moonbeams, and she was so dazzlingly beautiful that Annette could not look at her without winking.

"Peas-blossom," cried the queen, "where is Puck?"

Then Puck darted away from Annette, and a silvery mist passed across the little girl's eyes, and she fell into a deep sleep.

She was aroused by the sound of the tea-bell, and found herself curled up in her mother's lap.

She looked round the room, and felt as if she had been away for twenty years. Then she looked down on her mother's knee to see whether Judy was safe. And at last she rubbed her eyes, and looked up at her mother, and wondered how she should ever be able to tell her everything.

"Mama," she said, "where is my blue parasol?"

"My dear little girl," replied her mother, "we found it in the water-butt."

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

SHALL I confess it? Your Jack has been taking a nap or two, of late, and the congregation, consequently, has been unusually awake. But then of what use is it to be awake if one gets no sermon?

"SPRING is here," says the almanac; "warmer, frequent light showers," says the weather report; "April fools!" cry my merry young folk on the First if a good opportunity can be secured:— and "April!" says ST. NICHOLAS, even before March is fairly over.

Then April it is, my hearers, and April it shall be. The fools of the first day will be keener-witted on the second, and sudden showers will write their slanting Spring messages upon the sunny air to every one's surprise and expectation, as has been April's way for ages.

But your Jack is now a wide-awake Jack, and — having the Deacon and the Little Schoolma'am close at hand,— he is a learned Jack, as Jacks go. In proof whereof here is an original clipping just laid upon this pulpit which will startle you, my hearers. Study it, my little lightning calculators, and you will see that an April shower, though over in ten minutes, may be quite a weighty matter after all.

Few people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression, "An inch of rain." It may aid such to follow this curious calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches: an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which, at 277 to the gallon, is 22,000 gallons. This immense quantity of water will weigh 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons. One hundredth of an inch (0.01) alone is equal to one ton of water to the acre. The measures are English.

A FLORIDA LEAF.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In my cabinet is a curious thing that I think all your young friends would like to see. Some months ago a friend brought me a few withered flowers in memory of a visit to one of the beautiful private gardens of Florida. Among the collection was a thick leaf that seemed still fresh. This I put into my cabinet and forgot, until one morning I noticed a bunch of delicate green stalks on the shelf. I examined, and behold! from every point of the original leaf grew a little plant. These I carefully watched from day to day, until now there is quite a miniature forest, six or eight inches high, growing round the old leaf.

Now, who can give me the name of this leaf or plant? LUTIE E. D——.

REFLECTIONS OF A CAT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Is there a catnip bed in your meadow, and do cats ever roll in it? If they do, they are sure to purr; and whenever a cat purrs, it is thinking. I am sure of it. Here are some cat-thoughts that I found printed in an old newspaper. I read them to my cat, and while I read she purred, and purred as though she agreed with every word.

Your sincere friend, AMY G——.

The old maid is the cat's good Samaritan.

If it were not for rats and mice, I should be an outcast.

I think I have a pretty nose when it is well rubbed.

I am blamed for a great many things the hired girl breaks.

In all my experience I never saw a cat on our back fence hit by a bootjack.

When people wish to sit down, they never see that I am asleep in the chair.

If I had n't claws, the small boy would find no fun in pulling my tail.

The missis and I can never agree as to the place where I shall bring up my kittens.

No one but a cat knows how we always manage to land on our feet.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

THE Little Schoolma'am requests me to say that the answer to Voltaire's riddle given from this pulpit last month is, simply, "Time."

LEVEL-HEADED DOGS AND BEES.

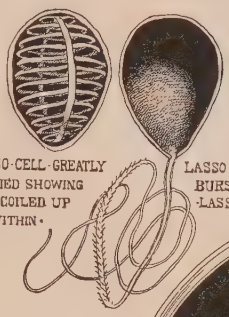
DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have been reading about Mexico, and have learned to my surprise that on account of the hot climate the native dog has no hair on any part of its body. Mother Nature, it seems, has kindly taken off his coat, for the simple reason that he does not need one. Also, for a similar reason, there are no little busy bees in that sunny country. Flowers they always can find, the whole year through, and so they very sensibly take life easy, and do not lay up any honey.

Now, will some of your hearers who live in Mexico, or who have been there, please tell us whether they can testify to the truth of these statements or not? Yours truly, A CONSTANT READER.

A CREATURE WITH MANY HEADS.

(The drawings are from specimens in the Museum of Natural History.)

It was believed in ancient times that in a certain part of a lake or marsh called Lerna, in Greece, there once lived a horrible serpent or dragon, known as Hydra. This serpent, it was said, had a great many heads, all armed with poisonous fangs; but the strangest and most terrible part of the story ran, that no one, however strong or brave, might hope to kill it, for as soon as one of the terrible heads was cut off, another grew in its place. At last, after many had fallen a victim to the monster, it was slain by a hero named Hercules, who, with a burning brand, scorched the necks, after he had cut off its heads, and so kept them from growing again. Now there is, really and truly, to be found in ponds, marshes, and lakes, all over our own country, an animal, also called hydra, that, in everything but size, is far more wonderful than its namesake. In the first place it not only does not hurt the real hydra to have its heads cut off, but, if left alone, they will finally drop off of themselves and new ones will grow to take their places; and, what is more, the heads that have come off the animal are hydras in their turn, and grow more heads! Nor is this all, for in the second place, a hydra can be cut in pieces, sliced up lengthwise, or even turned inside out without killing it. All the fragments into which it is cut set up business for themselves and become complete hydras, and, when the creatures are turned inside out, the lining of the stomach becomes the outside skin, and the outside skin becomes in turn the lining of the stomach. One of the most wonderful facts relating to the hydra is that its fangs instead of being in its mouth are in its arms, of which it has from six to eight in a row around its mouth, and these turn and curl and twist in search of prey.



LASSO-CELL GREATLY MAGNIFIED SHOWING LASSO COILED UP WITHIN.

LASSO CELL AFTER BURSTING OPEN LASSO EXTENDED

FABULOUS HYDRA

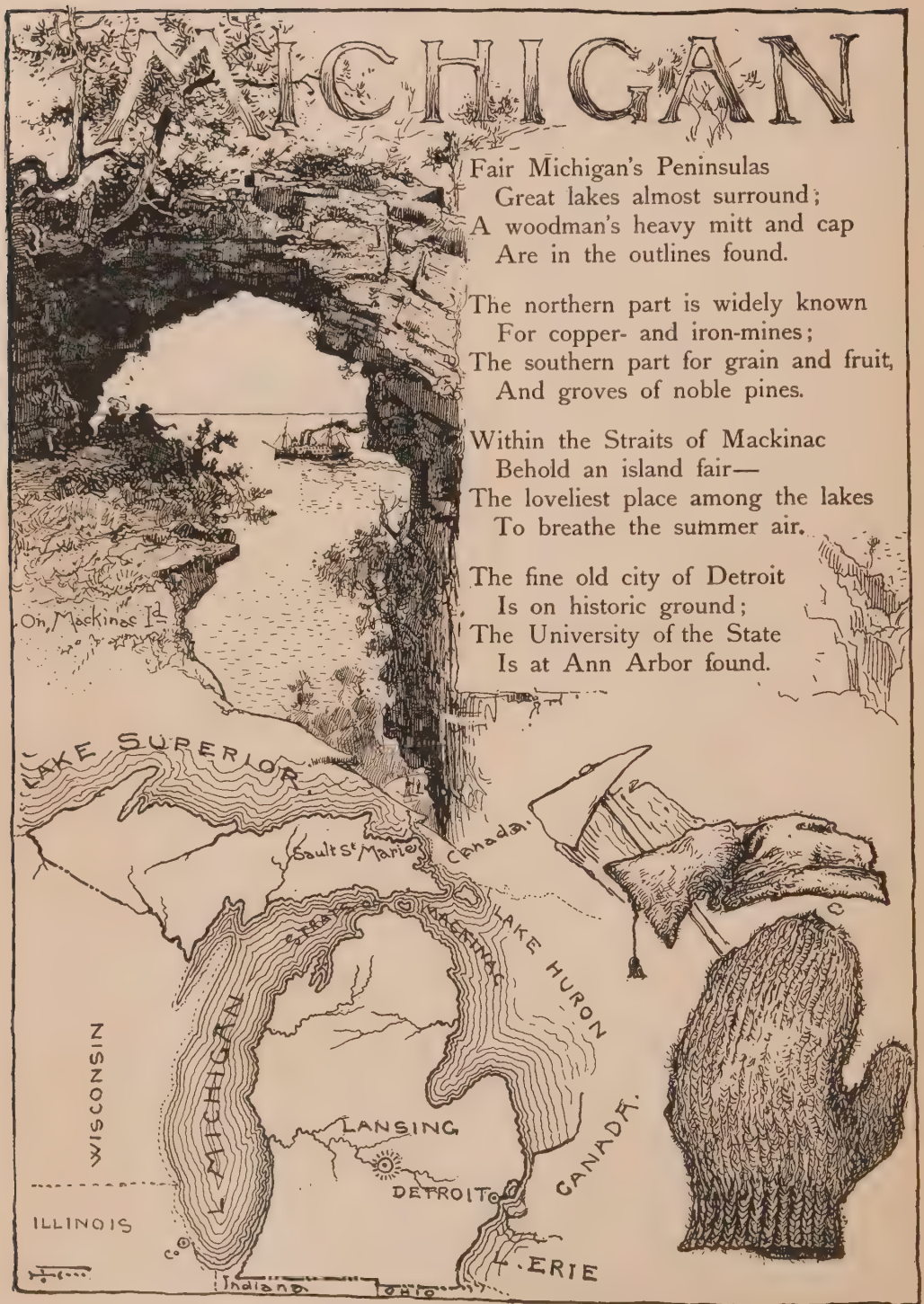
LIVING HYDRA IN THE ACT OF THROWING OFF YOUNG HYDRA BUDS.

Whenever in the course of aquatic events any unfortunate little creature fit for the hydra's food comes within reach, it is secured and thrust into the mouth and devoured; for these arms have all the power of serpents, to strike, hold, and poison their prey. They are not called fangs, but lassoes, because they consist of long hollow threads. These lassoes are kept neatly coiled up ready for use, in little sacks or cells buried in the skin of the animal. Here are two sacks one inside the other (see illustration); the outside sack is perfect and complete, but the inside sack is turned or folded down in upon itself. One end of this inner sack, you see, narrows into a neck, a rather large neck or tube to begin with, but one that soon grows very much smaller and becomes the long thread-tube of the lasso which lies coiled up in its nest like the little living serpent it is, quite ready to bite. As soon as anything touches the mouth of the sack the lasso shoots out and stings, and possibly the thicker part, with its hooks, buries itself in the flesh of the victim, and the liquid venom from the sack flows through the hollow lasso into the wound. The lasso cells are so near together that it is impossible to touch one without at the same time coming in contact with a number of them, so that not one alone, but many lassoes are shot out at the same time. Other tentacles now come into play; the victim, stung in many places, "faints," and the hydra secures its prey. Having been once employed, the sacks are useless, as the discharged lassoes cannot be withdrawn into the sacks. The hydra sometimes breaks into two parts, each part becoming a perfect animal. It lays eggs, too; but the hydra's favorite way of raising itself a family is by growing more heads. In this case a bud starts as a small rounded swelling on the body of the parent; it grows longer and becomes a stem, upon which is produced a circle of tentacles. Nothing more is required to make it a complete hydra, and it sets up in business on its own account catching and eating its own prey. Before it separates from its parent, however, a bud may appear upon it, grow into a perfect animal, which buds out into a third, and the third into a fourth hydra, all, child, parent, grandparent, great-grandparent, living and connected as the trunk, branches, stems, and blossoms of a plant.

J. Carter Beard.

Thank you, very much, Mr. Beard. Every boy in this congregation may now become a hero—and conquer his Hydra if he should meet one. Your hydra has the advantage of being a fact in the present, while the Hydra of mythology is only a fable in the depths of the past.

By Garrett Newkirk.



Fair Michigan's Peninsulas
Great lakes almost surround;
A woodman's heavy mitt and cap
Are in the outlines found.

The northern part is widely known
For copper- and iron-mines;
The southern part for grain and fruit,
And groves of noble pines.

Within the Straits of Mackinac
Behold an island fair—
The loveliest place among the lakes
To breathe the summer air.

The fine old city of Detroit
Is on historic ground;
The University of the State
Is at Ann Arbor found.

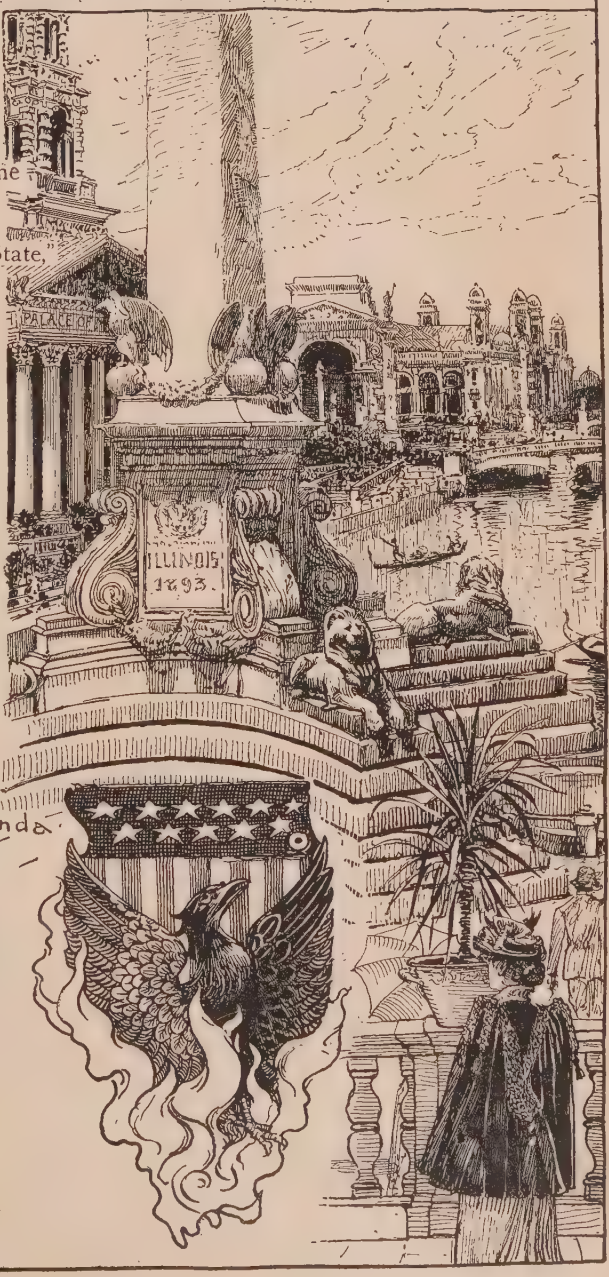
ILLINOIS

The Illinois, an Indian tribe
Once numerous and great,
Were all destroyed, but left their name
To a river and a State.

It is sometimes called the "Prairie State,"
The soil is rich and fine;
Her pastures green are dotted o'er
With horses, cows, and swine.

Chicago, Queen of Illinois,
Each rival has surpassed;
Her clothes are never big enough
Because she grows so fast.

A great World's Fair Chicago held
Not very long ago;
Beside the lake grand palaces
By magic seemed to grow.



MARBLE-TIME. THE CHAMPION'S TURN.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much. My father is a druggist. In the store window on Thanksgiving there was a bear-trap, but papa called it a "Michigan mouse-trap." The stories I like best in the December ST. NICHOLAS are "Santa Claus's Pathway," "President for One Hour," "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," and "The Martyrdom of a Poet." I am always glad when you come.

I remain one of your many readers,

ELMA M——.

A CORRESPONDENT of Atlanta, Ga., sends us the following sentence as a test of spelling, in response to our inquiry in the February Letter-Box:

The unsympathizing satellites of an ancient sibyl, perceiving a sacrificial augur surrounded with stationery, who maintained sacrilegiously by rhythmical innuendoes the incomprehensibility of being agreeably benefited by the maintenance of an unwieldy plebeian upon a preparatory dietary of peeled monkeys which had been combated with a poniard, the hemorrhage necessarily dyeing their whiskers with vermeil hues, and tingeing homogeneously with porphyritic tints even the symmetrical archetypes which affectionately separated the sophistical gaugers from the harassed cobblers, whereupon a peddler's monkey, seized with ecstasy, ate the solder from a basin, to the unfeigned embarrassment of the superintendent, who was balancing himself with unparalleled judgment on a stationary trestle-work with an auger in one hand and a leveling-instrument in the other, the cynosure of unprejudiced neighboring pigeons and partridges.

ANOTHER friend sends this letter upon the same subject:

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think the following paragraph is the one you asked for in the February Letter-Box. There are also several others equally good in the book in which I find this:

"The most skilful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mullein-stock as an instrument of coercion, to tyrannize over his pony shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas.

"A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of 'Gipsy,' went into ecstasies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without dyeing or singeing the ignitible queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the capitol, to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a bouquet of lilies, mignonette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a drachm-phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha, for deleting purposes, a ferule, a clarionet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier, and a parishioner of mine, preferring a woolen surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally-recurring idiosyncrasy), woefully uttered this apothegm: 'Life is checkered; but schisms, apostasy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished.' The sibyl apologizingly answered: 'There is ratably an allegeable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trisyllabic dieresis.' We replied in trochees, not impugning her suspicion."

HELEN C. McC——.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mama gave you to me one year for a Christmas present, and I enjoy reading your stories very much. There are many interesting places in this city. Among them is Druid Hill Park. There is a beautiful road that leads from one of the entrances to the "Mansion." The Mansion, which formerly was a

private house, is now used as a hotel. Not very far from the Madison Avenue entrance is a statue recently erected to the memory of Sir William Wallace. There are some very fine tennis-courts in the park near the Palm House. In the evening, after the games are over, a great many players row on the boat-lake, and they make a very pretty sight. I am very fond of poetry, and I study nearly all of the poems which appear in your numbers. I recited "The Boy's Cartoon" in school, and both my teacher and classmates thought it very pretty. I think the picture of Eutaw Place, in the August number for 1893, is very good. Excursion boats go from this city every day to various places on the eastern shore. I have taken you for two or three years, but have never written to you before. Hoping to see this in print, I remain your devoted reader, JEAN E——.

MERAN, AUSTRIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are living in a beautiful old castle on a hill, about two miles out of Meran, called Schloss Labers, with dear little peasants' chalets all about on the hills. Behind the house there is hardly anything but wooded hills, and in front a beautiful view of Meran with the mountains in the background. On all the neighboring mountain-sides there are castles and castles. One or two made into pensions and the rest private residences. One of them belongs to Karl Ludwig, the brother of Kaiser Franz-Josef of Austria.

There was such a nice thing here, a little while ago: an open-air theater; but now it is too cold for it to be kept up any longer this season. They played once a week a piece called the "Tyrolese Heroes." It was the most beautiful performance I have ever seen, I think, for instead of having poor, painted scenes, they had the real, grand Tyrolese mountains.

I have a dear little pug-dog, but because he has a strain of fox-terrier in him he will probably never grow as fat as the pugs usually are. "Bijou" can jump quite a good deal higher than he himself is; can sneeze, speak loud (barking), speak softly (whining), and roll over, when told. He can drag a cart, too, as the German dogs do, with my dolls in it. When he gets tired he sits down (very un-horselike, by the way), and then my little seven-year-old brother promptly pulls him up by the tail. He is very intelligent, and when I take down my hat from the hat-rack he begins to sneeze violently, waiting at the door anxiously for fear I may not take him to walk. About twenty minutes from here there is a saw-mill, and some times we go over there and play in the saw-dust bin. Sam and I bury Bijou right up to the chin, which he does n't like very much, and when he is set free it is rather hard to get him to let it be done again. He 's very good-natured, though, and lets us do almost anything we like with him.

Wishing you long life and success, I am your interested reader, FAITH P——.

FOX CHASE, PA.

DEAR OLD ST. NICH.: We are three little country girls, and live about half a mile apart, in two of the oldest houses in the country, named Birwood and Ury.

In the year 1600 our houses were used as forts by the Swedes while fighting with the Indians.

Not long ago, we found a couple of cannon-balls in the cellar wall.

George Washington once dined in one of our houses, which was considered a great event by our grandmothers.

We look forward to the coming of ST. NICHOLAS with joy every month.

We remain ever your loving friends.

CLIFFORD, JESSIE, and SARITA.

CORK, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of ten years and a month. My father is a lieutenant in the British Army. We have been in Natal, Cape Colony. And when we were coming across to England, we saw at Madeira little boys who dived to the bottom of the sea. At Africa the place is very hot. Oranges, lemons, and grapes grow there. I am much interested in your magazine.

I am your interested reader. J. H. W——.

SAN JOSÉ, COSTA RICA, CENTRAL AMERICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder how many of your little readers have seen and picked coffee? Here in Costa Rica there are big coffee-plantations. We had one ourselves, and in the season we used to go and pick it. The coffee season is in December. The coffee is picked by men, women, and children. It is something like the grape-picking in Italy. The natives dress very queerly; they wear a petticoat, a skirt, and a waist that has no sleeves. They speak Spanish. I have music lessons, and in February will have violin lessons. I myself speak English, German, Spanish, and I am learning French.

Last week we had feasts. Every year on the thirtieth and thirty-first of December, and first of January, there are all kinds of music and fun — it is like the Fourth of July. Costa Rica's Independence day is September 15.

I remain your loving reader. LILLY M. D——.

BALTIMORE, MD.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Soon after the New Year number of your magazine arrived, a friend of mine received a gift from Florida, in the shape of a small alligator. We had much fun over the article entitled "Beelzebub." Here the very same thing had happened in our family. Much to the amusement of our friends, he was immediately christened "Beelzebub." Thanks to the hints in your delightful paper, he is thriving very nicely.

I noticed in the "Letter-Box" a note from Elizabeth M. B——, who possesses the spoons of Decatur. We, fortunately, have two large salt-cellars belonging to George Washington. They have his coat-of-arms on one side, and are very oddly decorated on the other. Any one in our household wishing to eat "porridge," may eat it out of a bowl over one hundred years old, with a spoon that was made in the time of George III. We have a fine "antique" flavor among us, have we not? Wishing you many years of prosperity,

I am yours very truly, LUCILE W. C——.

CHARLEROI, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In our quiet home ST. NICHOLAS is welcomed with greater pleasure than any other magazine or paper, from our eighteen-year-old brother down to our six-year-old baby brother. I am eleven years old, and have taken my recitations from the ST. NICHOLAS. When I read "Nan Merrifield's Choice," I thought I would do my best for Abraham Lincoln, so I committed his Gettysburg address. When I stepped on the platform, and linked both hands behind me, and recited the beautiful address, I imagined I saw Judge Lane nodding approval. I know my mama did.

Hoping that you may live forever, and do other little girls as much good as you have done me,

Your loving reader, ALATHEA M——.

P.S.— My mama gave me Lincoln's autograph.

FOX RIVER, GASPÉ.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Through the kindness of a good brother-in-law, I have been receiving your magazine for over four years, and the more I read it the more I love it. I live in a very quiet country place in Lower Canada, called Gaspé. Have you ever heard of such a place? I am eleven years old. I am very lonely at times, as I have no sisters to play with. I had one, but she is married, and gone away to live in Montreal. I have one big brother at home, eighteen years old. We have great fun together. We have lots of ice and snow here generally, but this winter we have very little so far, and no ice at all. I am very sorry, as I like the winter very much. I go to school. I can also play the piano. Every summer I go to Montreal, and I like the place very much. Our house faces the Gulf of St. Lawrence. My brother Edgar loves shooting, and kills wild sea-birds very often.

May you live long, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

I remain yours affectionately,

WILHELMINA S. L——.

DRESDEN, SAXONY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since I was able to read, I have faithfully read your valuable magazine, and I am now a boy of fourteen years, and still a constant reader.

I was born in Alameda, California, and have been at school in Germany since my eighth year. For the first three years I was at a boarding-school in Wuerzburg, Bavaria. My brother and I were the only ones who spoke English at that school, and we might have forgotten our native language, had it not been for your magazine, which our dear parents kept sending us. Even now we speak better German than English. After our parents had finished their travels on the Continent, they took us to Dresden, where we are now living.

I am working very hard to get through with the school, so that our exile from our beloved country, America, will thereby be shortened. We observe all American holidays most faithfully, the only one which we cannot celebrate properly is the Fourth of July, for there is no noise allowed here.

Dresden is a lovely city. Its gallery, museum, and the like, where entrance is free many days of the week and on Sundays, are an education in themselves.

In the December number of ST. NICH., just received, is a description of an American fire-department. We were much amused in comparing the way the American and the Dresden fire-laddies turn out. All of a sudden you hear a horn blowing a toot-toot, which, when once heard, is never forgotten. The wagons, etc., get out of the way, and around the corner come three or four teams at a breakneck pace, as they think, but you can easily run alongside, if you care to. Usually there are one or two hook-and-ladder companies, and a hose-cart; they have no fire-engines, but a hand-pump. Arrived at the place of fire, which — every time I have witnessed one—has already been put out by the inmates of the house, the firemen, attired in a dark-green uniform, with a hatchet dangling by the side, act as at a drill, moving only at a command. After a detachment has examined, and reported that there is nothing to do, an officer blows a whistle, they all mount; another whistle is blown and off they go, leaving an awe-stricken and admiring crowd behind them.

I remain always your interested reader.

A. A——.

A TRUE STORY.

(*Printed just as it was written.*)

WE have a Farm of 'bout an acre,
(Or, at least, we call it one;)
The house, is a large old rambling place;
But the barn, is the place for fun.

The hay, piled up to the beams above
Through which we love to crawl;
And *many* attractions down below;
One, is Buttercup in her stall.

The dear old cow, is *gentle* as a lamb,
But as every one must fail,
She had a fault, like all the rest,
And would put her foot in the pail.

In vain did we try to stop this trick;
We tied her feet with rope,
We fastened her tail to the side of the wall,
But with all, not a bit of hope.

And if by chance papa had to milk,
(The girl sometimes got sick)
Buttercup seemed to know her chance,
And would raise the very "old Nick."

At last there came an Irish girl,
(The other one *went* one day;)
She sat down to milk, and commenced to Croon.
The cow was charmed right away.

And ever since that lucky time,
When that Crooning song is sung,
The ropes on her feet are taken away,
And now, she is A No 1.

So Farmers, all who have kicking cows,
I 'll give you a speck of advice;
Just get a Crooning Irish girl,
And she 'll charm them in a trice.

SADIE M. H——.
(Twelve years old.)

WE thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Wm. D. C., Hally B. M., Lizzie B. L., Alvin J., Harry C. M., Edith McM., "Lady Edith," Beulah K., Victor C., Mabel C., Mary B. W., Edward F. P., Helena S. D., Mabel B., Arthur H., Harold S. G., Marjorie S., W. Noble B., Fanny P., Geo. D., Jeanie B. P., Mabel S. C., William S., U. C. P., Claire S. H., Berthany F. A., Leslie V. C., Audrey H., Pussie M. and Bessie A., Annie A. B., Olaf T., Alice M. J., Hubert O. J., Matthew M. C., Mamie W. D. S., Elizabeth C. A., Sylvia P., Florence A. P., Jean H., Bertha D., Virginia W. W., Adelaide H., T. Harold T., "M.," Marie J. S., E. W. A., Adelaide W. E., Therese D. M., Renée M. H., Nina J. W., Wilhelmina S. L., John F., Jean S. O., Henriette G. J., Bessie E. M., Lachita G., W. D. F., Margaret de G. H., Ava R., Charles A. G., Augusta I. C., Alma R., Helen H., Emily M. W., Edward S. S., Dorothea G., Pierre M., Eileen McC., Nelson W., Hugh McC., Herbert T. W., Elsie I. G., H. E. H. Jr., Angel and Fred. B., Morris and Gertrude E. H., Kate S. B., F. R., Eugene M. B.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Primals, Keats. 1. Kangaroo. 2. Eagle. 3. Alligator. 4. Turtle. 5. Snail.

ZIGZAG. Saint Patrick's Day. Cross-words: 1. sane. 2. bane. 3. slit. 4. fawn. 5. kite. 6. apex. 7. also. 8. atom. 9. curb. 10. Lodi. 11. inch. 12. akin. 13. scan. 14. eddy. 15. fray. 16. cloy.

OCTAGON. 1. Ant. 2. About. 3. Notre. 4. Turin. 5. Ten.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "It is better to suffer wrong than to do it, and happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust."

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Pascal. 1. Pigeon. 2. Rabbit. 3. Pistol. 4. Abacus. 5. Sandal. 6. Mussel.

PI.

O, sad-voiced winds that sigh about my door!
I mourn with ye the hours that are no more.
My heart is weary of the sullen sky,
The leafless branches and the frozen plain;
I long to hear the earliest wild-bird's cry,
And see the earth in gladsome green again.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Longfellow. Cross-words: 1. Snail. 2. Negro. 3. Stint. 4. Badge. 5. Puffs. 6. Bleak. 7. Slice. 8. Along. 9. Ounce. 10. Weeds.

RIDDLE. A peel, appeal, a peal.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Limicoline. Cross-words: 1. shallop. 2. divided. 3. scamper. 4. soliped. 5. blacken. 6. unbound. 7. stilted. 8. divined. 9. slander. 10. incense.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. Repast, tapers, paters, parest, prates, praste, paster.

MISPLACED NUMBERS. Physics, before, often, into, canine, charity, create.

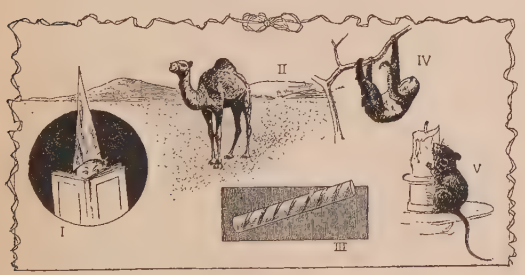
FALSE COMPARATIVES. 1. Sauce, saucer. 2. Wart, water. 3. Tart, tartar, 4. Butt, butter. 5. Bat, batter. 6. Mat, matter. 7. Neck, Neckar. 8. Rome, roamer. 9. Mart, martyr. 10. Hawk, hawker.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from M. McG.— Helen C. Bennett — Mama and Jamie — Ella and Co. — Paul Reese — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.— Helen C. McCleary — W. L.— Mary Lester and Harry — A. M. J.— Josephine Sherwood — Fletcher Chaps — T. H. R.— Louise Ingham Adams — L. O. E.—"Jersey Quartette"— Walter Haight — G. B. D. and M.— Mabel, Margery, and Henri —"The Tivoli Gang"— Mama and Helen — Marguerite Sturdy — Mewyn and William Palmer —"Will O. Tree"— Embla"— Jo and I —"Highmount Girls"— Harold and Percy —"The Big Four— "James family"— Sigourney Fay Nininger — Marjory Gane —"Hilltop Farm"—"Duck"— Lyle E. Mahan —"Tod and Yam"—Blanche and Fred — Ida Carleton Thallon — Paul Rowley — Harry and Roy Williams —"The Butterflies."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from A. C. R., 1 — Marian Townsend and Mary Clark, 1 — Everett T. Spinning, 1 — Herbert A. Snow, 1 —"Mistletoe," 1 —"Princess Goldenhair," 1 — Mary S. Compton, 1 — Lulu Hoffmann, 1 — G. B. Dyer, 10 — C. N. Briggs, 1 — C. W. Wickersham, 1 —Lois Young, 1 — Myra Stephens, 1 — Alma Maass, 1 — Mary Wood, 1 — John R. Kuhlke, 1 — Carl Riley, 1 — Belle Harrigan, 1 — Warren M. Newcomb, 1 — Narcissa H. Niblack, 1 — Waverly Baxter, 1 — Irma F. Rothschild, 1 — Francis W. Honeycutt, 1 — Isabel I. Drury, 1 — Ella J. Darling, 1 — Carrie de F. P., 1 —"King," 3 — Ella J. M., 1 — Mama and L. W. F. 4 — Lawrence Crockett, 1 — Victor J. West, 2 — Prudie Hitchcock, 1 — Kathleen Comstock, 1 — "Berkshire Grimalkin," 1 — No Name, Lawrence Ave., Roxbury, 1 — Augusta Gardner, 1 —"Four Weeks," 10 — Helen Koerper, 1 — Morris Schwarzschild, 1 — Xena Crawford, 1 — Eugene T. Walter, 2 — Mary Caruso, 1 — Mama and Sadie, 7 — Thomas O. Hatch, 1 — S. M. Chandler, 1 — Cora and Daisy, 1 — Paul Chamberlain, 1 — Karl Smith and Edna May, 1 — Bessie Dockstader, 1 — Hugh B. Robinson, 3 — Mabel Riney, 2 — No Name, Towanda, Pa., 4 — Blanche Garlock, 1 —"The Twin M's., 1 — Adelaide M. Gaither, 2 — Franklyn, Farnsworth, 8 — F. C. Burke, 1 — Horace E. Hayden, Jr., 2 — Bertha and Mary, 1 — H. S. W., 6 — C. W. Fellows, 1 — Jay Fay, 1 — Mabel Wilson Owens, 1 — Julia A. Bennett, 1 — Joseph Nelson Carter, 6 — Helen S. Coats, 2 — Martha W. Lucas, 1 — Pearl F. Stevens, 10 — Florence Cahoone, 7 — J. T. S. and W. L. S., 10 — Hubert L. Bingay, 8 — William Adams Dayton, Jr., 1 — M. Louise Baldwin, 4 — Dorcas Below, 5 — R. O. B., 6 — Geo. S. Seymour, 7 — Marian F. Gragg, 8 — Alice and Malcolm McBurney, 4 — Sadie Hubbard, 7 —"Two Little Brothers," 8 — Katharine T. White, 1 —"Three Blind Mice," 6 — Maud Mulhern, 2 — R. S. B. and A. N. I., 10 — Kathryn Lyon, 9 —"Merry and Co., 6 — Harry and Helene, 10 — Ann Francisco, 4 — Dorothy Swinburne, 10 — Ruth M. Mason, 3 —"Tip-cat," 9 — Cyril Bruyn Andrews, 1 — Alma and Virginia, 1 — Theo. S. Butcher and "Mary," 2 — Claire Hall, 1.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.



ALL the words pictured contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the diagonal (from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a celebrated Italian poet.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in hoist, but not in pull;
My second, in empty, but not in full;
My third is in bad, but not in good;
My fourth is in metal, but not in wood;
My fifth is in pork, but not in ham;
My sixth is in press, but not in jam.
Turn a few pages and you may find
When I wrote this rhyme what was in my mind.

GEORGE L. HOSEA.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a distinguished American author.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An insect. 2. Final. 3. Wasted. 4. A plate or bowl. 5. Anything which allures. 6. To eat away. 7. An entrance. 8. A leading theatrical performer. 9. An aquatic bird. 10. An ecclesiastical dignitary. 11. One of a certain political party. 12. A dull color. 13. A tract of low land. 14. To imply. 15. A long-pointed tooth. 16. A ruler.

T. E. I.

RIDDLE.

I 'M seen in the day, but not in the light;
I 'm found in the dawn, but not in the night;
I avoid the bright sun, and am ever in shade;
And though out of work, I am always in trade;
I shine in the stars, but not in the moon;
I 'm found in the ladle, but not in the spoon;
I 'm not in the storm, but in all sorts of weather:
I 'm not on the moor, though I hide in the heather;
I 'm always in rain, but I 'm not in a shower;
I 'm in every leaf, but not in a flower;
I 'm not in the months, but remain in the years;
And though not in grief, I am always in tears;
I 'm always in reason, but never in rhyme;
And though always in harmony, never in time.
In the Garden with Adam,— you 'll hardly believe,
Though perfectly true,— I was not there with Eve.
I 'm found in the autumn, but not in the spring;
I 'm in every shadow, but not in a thing!

I 'm not in the Whole, but in every part;
And though not in your soul, I 'm enshrined in your heart.

LUCY E. ABBOT.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and my finals each name a famous musician.

Cross-words: 1. Soft and ripe. 2. A character in Shakspere's play of "Twelfth Night." 3. Something that has short turns or angles. 4. One of a fabulous race of female warriors in Scythia. 5. A gorge. 6. Extreme fear. H. E. J.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1	7	13
2	8	14
3	9	15
4	10	16
5	11	17
6	12	18

From 1 to 7, a dignitary of the church; from 2 to 8, one chosen to see that the rules of a game are strictly observed; from 3 to 9, an evergreen shrub whose leaves were used to make crowns for victors; from 4 to 10, ardor; from 5 to 11, a puzzle; from 6 to 12, the price paid for the redemption of a prisoner; from 7 to 13, to go the rounds in a camp; from 8 to 14, power; from 9 to 15, the eastern coasts of the Mediterranean Sea; from 10 to 16, a play of Shakspere's; from 11 to 17, a musical term meaning "slow"; from 12 to 18, a dark crimson.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 6 and from 13 to 18, name a famous novelist; from 7 to 12, one of his works. F. W. F.

CHARADE.

When I reproved dear little May,
She shook her curly golden head.
"Am I so *first second* youth? Now pray
What will I be *second third?*" she said.
With saucy *whole* she thus beguiles
Her stern old father, till he smiles.

M.

DIAMOND.

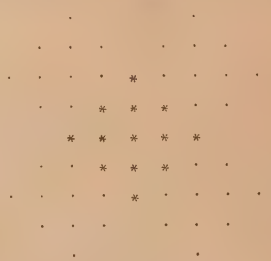
1. In clavier. 2. A vulgar fellow. 3. Responsibilities. 4. A kind of candy. 5. To depress. 6. A clique. 7. In clavier. S. STRINGER.

CONCEALED AQUARIUM.

The names of twenty-nine creatures that live in the water are concealed in the following story: which are they?

Three sisters, Kate, little Ellen, and Sal Montgomery went to visit their grandmother, who had lived a century. She would sit for hours watching the clouds melt and go by, and at night on a brilliant star pondered. How hale she looked! Not a shadow on her face, and her smiles whisper cheer to all hearts. She reproved a boy sternly who somehow hit, in going by, a coal scuttle, upsetting it on the carpet. His exclamation and his call opened her eyes to his carelessness. Words ensued, and Bob assented, considering he had best urge on her his innocence, although he absconded with her ring, a beautiful sard. I never saw a finer one. Her son Adolph in haste had docked his horses' tails, and followed the boy. He did not return till the evening was gray. Lingering about us was a wasp rattling his wings. It routed up Ike, his friend, who cries "Hark!" and giving a wink, lets the window down. FLORENCE AND FLOSSIE.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. Upper Left-hand Diamond: 1. In sleep. 2. To cover the end of. 3. A frame used by artists. 4. To fondle. 5. In sleep.

II. Upper Right-hand Diamond: 1. In sleep. 2. The ocean. 3. A shelf. 4. Past. 5. In sleep.

III. Middle Diamond: 1. In sleep. 2. A plant. 3. To let. 4. A serpent. 5. In sleep.

IV. Lower Left-hand Diamond: 1. In sleep. 2. By way of. 3. Pliant. 4. An interjection. 5. In sleep.

V. Lower Right-hand Diamond: 1. In sleep. 2. Recompense. 3. Part of a building. 4. A tree. 5. In sleep. HULME.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAMS.

The letters in each of the following anagrams may be transposed so as to form the name of a holiday:

1. Daily for Palos. 2. A silly road-fop. 3. Soap for Lady Li. 4. Fairy doll soap. 5. Alloys paid for. 6. Dolf, pay sailor. 7. Aid poor Sally F. 8. I pay dollars, F. O. 9. Polly Ford, Asia. A. C. B.

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